

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

*free paper pattern*

PRICE **2**d.  
Biggest  
Value  
in the  
World.

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. 1. No. 37.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,  
for transmission by post as a newspaper.

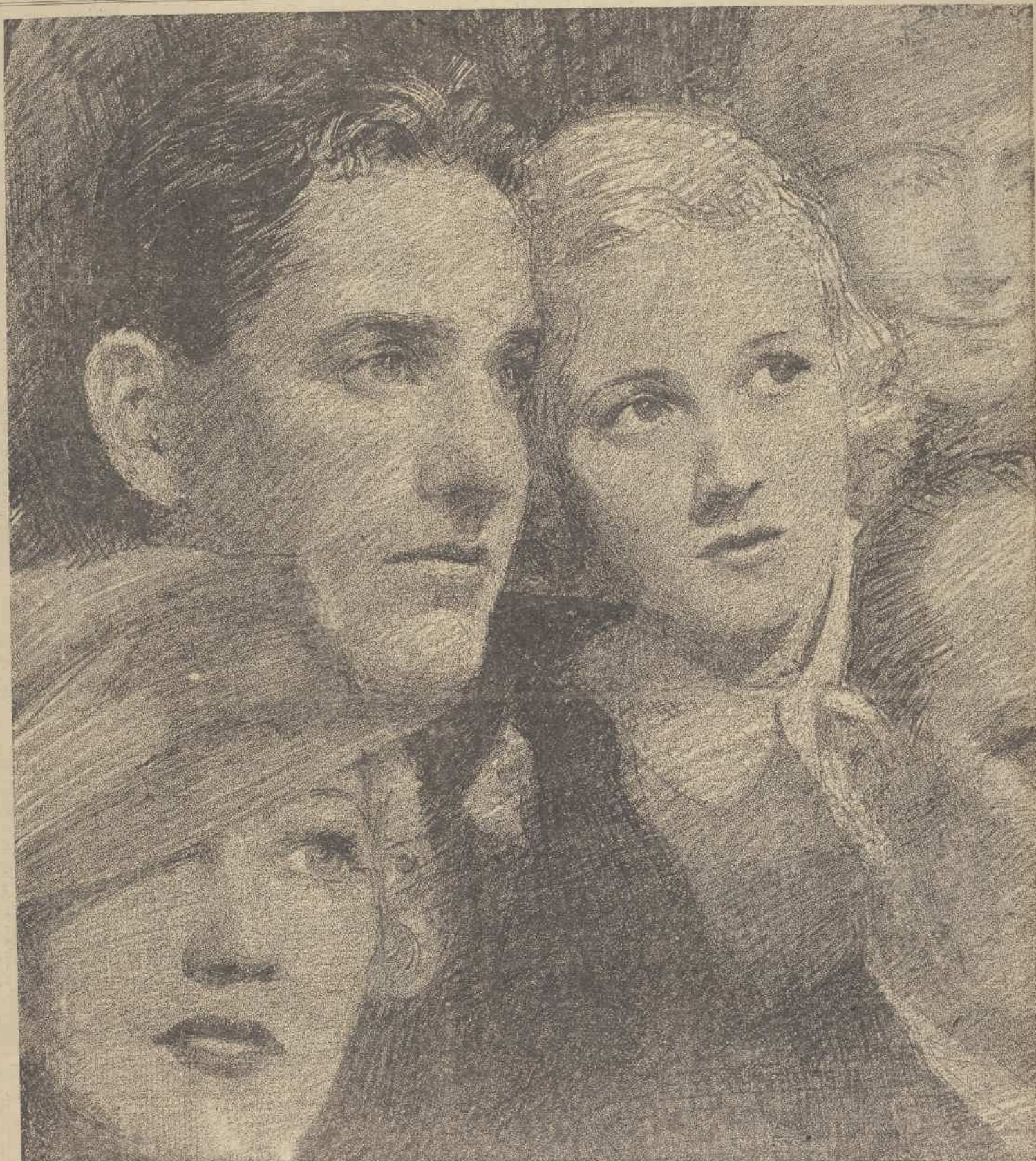
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1934.

321 PITT ST. SYDNEY.  
Phones: M2781 (4 lines)

POSTAL ADDRESS:

Business, G.P.O. Box 4085W.  
Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1531E.

44 PAGES



The shuffling is stilled and breaths are quickened slightly,  
Secret in the darkness hands are claspng tightly.

Youth is tense, expectant, for life is still a game,  
But deep in more mature hearts are dreams the same...

## At the Pictures

Dreams that have no place in lives of every-day,  
In them, we play the lead in life's alluring play;

In them we see ourselves, attractive shadows too  
Playing so romantically stories that are true.

P. Duncan-Brown.





CAPTAIN EDWARD MOLYNEUX, one of the most famous designers in Paris, is an Englishman.

# RIOTS Interrupt PARIS DRESS SHOWS

Atmosphere of French Revolution ... Fashion Shops Looted!

Unparalleled in history is the following report cabled by Miss Muriel Segal, special representative in Europe of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Miss Segal flew from London to Paris to report on the opening of the new season's dress shows of the world-famous Parisian couturiers. Never before has a political situation so vitally affected a great fashion event.

The riots followed the public indignation with the Government consequent upon the losses caused to everybody by the colossal frauds of Stavisky.

By beam wireless from MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.



PAUL POIRET, who has been called the High Priest of Fashion.



SCHIAPARELLI wears a deep blue ensemble at Longchamps.

PARIS, Wednesday. BUYERS from London, America, Australia, and many other countries are waiting in Paris to secure authentic models created by the great designers. These will set the season's fashion styles for the world. They will set in motion countless factory wheels, provide a vast amount of employment, and effect a most desirable distribution of money.

And the Parisian riots have held up the fashion shows! It is not difficult to see how disastrous an effect this interruption of a great fashion event may have on an industry of world-wide importance.

The atmosphere is similar to that of the French Revolution, and casualties far exceed published reports. Spectacular scenes are provided by mounted firemen hosing the advancing hordes of looters and rioters.

Police are losing control, and women are being bayoneted and trampled on.

Shop windows which were formerly filled with beautiful and valuable goods are smashed, and many bear the sign "Smashed by Police." The criminal elements are looting wildly.

THE fashion shows have been interrupted by the riots, and buyers are almost unable to do business.

Until the actual openings took place the secrets of the various collections were so closely guarded that even the sales girls in the great houses had no idea of what was being created in the workrooms.

Sometimes a seamstress in the workrooms succumbs to the temptation of a large bribe, and slips a tiny pattern of a new texture in a new color to a spy from what is known as a "copy-house," and sometimes even a sketch is smuggled through. Then the original model worth thousands of francs is useless. It appears in cheaper material and with no cut worth speaking of, but still recognisable, on the boulevards. And once a model appears on the boulevards all claim to chic is gone.

## Fashion Trends

But that is another story. I have managed to secure admittance to several private views, and am able to give some exclusive highlights of the new mode.

The general tendency to "dip at the back" applies to waistlines, suits, jackets, and formal skirts. Extensive use is made of printed silks. There is a suggestion of the bustle.

Favored colors are black, navy, and the new patou blue, which is a luminous dark shade.

NO emphasis is placed on sleeves or shoulders. Evening skirts are slit, and slightly trained. Day skirts are shorter and have their fullness placed low.

Hats are enormously varied. Their brims are large, square, flat, or rolled at the sides, and longer in front than at the back. Bonnet effects and haloes are also featured.

THE principal points about the 1934 silhouette may be divided into two classes.

For day wear all fullness will concentrate towards the front. In coats the

stormy weather line will be given by broad lapels opening forward, and the whole ensemble looking as though you were being blown round a corner.

For evening wear all the importance attaches itself to the back. The interest of the neckline will be at the back, the belt swatches towards the back, ruffles mass themselves at the back. In

## PROTECT Women Against DESPICABLE BIGAMISTS

Trivial Sentences Inflicted for Detestable Crime

By Our Special Commissioner.

So pitiable is the plight of the woman who has been hoodwinked into contracting a bigamous marriage that women in general are surely justified in demanding that, in flagrant cases, a deterrent sentence should be passed on the man who has been responsible for inflicting so much misery.

A case was heard in the New South Wales Court, last week, in which a laborer, of 22 years of age, was proved to have induced three young women to "marry" him within a space of less than two years. The sentence imposed, in this instance, was twelve months' hard labor. Actually the offender, if of good behaviour, will serve nine or ten months.

SEVEN bigamy cases were dealt with at the Sydney Quarter Sessions last week. This constitutes a record in the history of the State. Figures for 1932-1933 are not available, but statistics for the preceding 12 months show that 17 men and five women were convicted of bigamy in New South Wales. In the other States the crime was almost unknown, Victoria having one case, South Australia two, and Queensland and West Australia none.

The Legislature has shown that it regards bigamy as a very serious offence. The penalty is similar in most of the States of the Commonwealth to that in England—seven years' penal servitude. There is, however, no record of a maximum sentence having been passed in Australia, so that it would appear that the judges of the Criminal Court take a less serious view of the offence than those who framed the laws for their guidance.

### Two Types

CASES of bigamy which come before the Courts are of two distinct kinds—those in which second marriages have been contracted by men or women who have honestly, though erroneously, believed they were free to marry again; and those in which men have deliberately duped women into bigamous marriages either for gain or as an elaborate form of seduction.

Cases of the former type call for all the leniency and sympathy which the Courts can give them. Usually, as was done in several cases in the Sydney Court last week, the offenders are only nominally punished by being bound over to be of good behaviour for a period of years.

It is classes of the latter type which merit severe punishment. Consider the intense shame and bitter humiliation suffered by a woman who



HOW TRAGIC is the plight of the woman who discovers she has been villainously duped into contracting a bigamous marriage.

has been the victim of a deliberate bigamist. Is not her plight analogous to that of the woman who has been the victim of criminal assault? If children should be born of such a union, how irreparable is the damage done them.

IN the case of the young man who, last week, was proved to have married three times in two years, his victims were all young. Before the last "marriage" he laid a six months' siege to the girl, seeing her daily, gave her what appeared to her innocence to be satisfactory bona-

fides and even changed his religion to marry her. The deluded girl arranged her marriage on the same day as that of her elder sister.

The man who so vilely deceived these girls was given an interesting homily on deceit, and the sentence of 12 months' hard labor already mentioned.

For obtaining money by false pretences the law provides a long term of imprisonment. Obtaining possession of a woman's person by falsely pretending to marry her does not appear to be regarded legally as a grave crime.

WHERE crimes against women are committed by violence, the death penalty may be imposed.

The line of distinction between criminal assault and seduction by deceit under the form of bigamy is a very thin one, and if women are to be protected against this class of depredator the punishment for bigamy should be made to fit the crime.

## Where To Find

BOOKS	6
BRAINWAVES	14
BEAUTY	33
CLEVER IDEAS	30
COOKING	35
CROCHET, NEEDLEWORK	37
FILM NEWS	34
GARDENING	30
HOME DECORATION	30
LOUISE MACK ADVISES	14
MEDICAL	32
MOTHERS AND WIVES	32
PATTERNS	31
SPORT	43
SO THEY SAY	17

white rose      californian poppy      black tulip

**ATKINSONS**  
LONDON - PARIS - SYDNEY

**FACE POWDER SO PURE THAT IT CANNOT POSSIBLY MAKE YOUR SKIN ROUGH.**

Here is a face powder that never makes the skin dry or coarse, no matter how often you use it. Atkinsons powder

- Cannot clog or enlarge the pores.
- Will not coarsen the skin.
- Never irritates—contains no harmful ingredients.
- Contains NO rice flour or bismuth.

Atkinsons powder gives the same wonderful results on every type of skin. Lightweight powders will not hide shine, and very heavyweight powders "cake" on the skin. But the specially blended texture of Atkinsons powder makes it spread smoothly and evenly—and eliminates constant re-powdering.

A shade to match your skin exactly! Among these six new shades you'll find just the right tint for your complexion. Choose from Rachel, Natural, Suntan, White, Brunette, Rachel No. 2, Suntan and Rachel No. 2 are very smart for daytime, and Brunette is the newest of the dark shades.

**ATKINSONS Face Powders**  
Black Tulip... Californian Poppy... White Rose 1/6 and 2/6 Box.



Let's Talk of  
**Interesting  
P.E.O.P.L.E**



WOMAN JUDGE

**JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN**, of Ohio, is the first American woman to be elevated to a State Supreme Court Justiceship. American women have now entered all but a few of the businesses and professions listed by the census. Outstanding names, beside that of Judge Allen, are Secretary for Labor Frances Perkins, Airwoman Amelia Earhart, Diplomat Ruth Bryan Owen, and Chief of the Children's Bureau, Grace Abbott.



—Desmond Woolley.

**CONCHOLOGIST**

**MISS JOYCE ALLEN**, one of the four women conchologists in the world, holds the position of assistant conchologist at the Australian Museum, Sydney. Her research and scientific work have won for her praise from all parts of the world. Recently the Florida Museum authorities forwarded to Miss Allen a number of sea slugs, which they asked her to name, and she is now busily engaged upon this task.



—Broothorn.

**OFF TO EAST**

**MRS. J. G. LATHAM'S** tact and charm will contribute much to the success of the Australian goodwill mission to the East, on which she will accompany her Attorney-General husband. She has gone with him on several missions to Europe, and will be a great help to him. Her organising ability will be missed by the Melbourne Children's Hospital, where she has been on the executive for many years. After some years as vice-president she became president a few months ago. She has been a very active member of the building committee of St. George's Hospital, for which she raised £2200 at the two-days fete given at her home last year. As well as her philanthropic activities, Mrs. Latham devotes a great deal of her time to various committees in her husband's electorate.

# The Most DANGEROUS WOMAN in EUROPE?

## Madame Lupescu and King Carol's Royal Love Drama

(Special to The Australian Women's Weekly)

**KING CAROL**, of Rumania, has set European diplomatic circles on edge, by his associations with Madame Lupescu.

The recent assassination of Dr. Ion Duca, the Premier, has at last led to the Lupescu being exiled once more from the land of her royal lover.

She is now supposed to be safe in England. But as it is not the first time she has been exiled and has returned to Carol, strict watch is to be kept on her by the secret service agents of half-a-dozen nations, whose futures are interwoven with the stability of the Rumanian Government.

**MAGDA LUPESCU**, a blue-eyed, red-haired Jewess, of whom it has been said that if you met her in a country lane you would think of her as Mary of the milkmaid nursery rhyme. For her complexion is of the "cream and roses" kind; a beautiful skin that is clean and fresh-looking and delightfully colored; her beauty depends on this, for her cheeks are a trifle too round, and she has teeth that project a little too much. Such is Magda Lupescu, believed by many students of international politics to be the most dangerous woman in Europe.

On May 16 of last year it was reported that Mme Lupescu, the woman



lady was said to have been his companion. He wrote letters to his father and mother, King Ferdinand and Queen Marie, and to his wife, Princess Helene. The letter to his wife was couched in warm terms, but declared that he had given up married life with her, and had no intention of resuming it. He gave her full liberty to take proceedings for divorce. The Princess completely broke down, and declared that she was entirely ignorant of the whole affair.

For a time he lived in seclusion at the Hotel de Ville, Milan. One of his companions there was Mme Magda Lupescu, a beautiful red-haired Jewess, the daughter of a merchant of Jassy. This lady, who arrived at Milan soon after Prince Carol, is stated to have been in London at the same time that the prince was officially there for Queen Alexandra's funeral.

### Settled in Paris

IN March, 1925, Prince Carol, under the democratic name of Carol Caracoman, settled down in Paris with Mme Lupescu. Early in May, 1928, however, he came to England from the Continent with a small circle of friends, including Mme Lupescu, but he was ordered by the British Government to quit the country, his presence being "no longer welcome."

Two years later, in June, 1930, by a dramatic stroke, he snatched the crown of Rumania from the head of his eight-year-old son, Prince Michael, and was proclaimed King.

One of the conditions of his return to Rumania was that he should break with Mme Lupescu, for whom he went into exile. This eventually he decided to do, and Mme Lupescu went to Switzerland. As to her future, she promised never to return to Rumania. Declaring that she sacrificed herself in the interest of the Rumanian nation, she stated that she had released King Carol from his word of honor and that her relations with him had been broken off for ever. As a solatium for renouncing all claims on her former lover, she was given £20,000 and a chateau in Transylvania.

In May, 1931, rumor was busy as to her whereabouts. Queen Helene's attitude in refusing to consent to the annulment of the divorce decree, which she obtained in



Madame Lupescu, the red-headed beauty, who caused a King to renounce his throne. This photo was taken when she was staying in England with Carol, at an ex-Prime Minister's home. King Carol and the young Prince Michael, who ascended the Rumanian throne, under his mother's regency, while Carol had his affair with Lupescu.

that she was living secretly in one of the royal palaces, but, following official denial that she was in the capital, Mme Lupescu became the mystery woman of Europe and vanished completely from sight.

It was hinted that she might be at her villa on the outskirts of Paris, but the Surete Generale, France's Scotland Yard, insisted that she had not been in the country for months, and expressed an opinion that she was either in Vienna or Rumania.

Vienna did not know of her whereabouts, but stories of her movements were in circulation in the city. One of the stories was that she had been on a shopping expedition to Paris three weeks before, and that she was gambling at Monte Carlo a week earlier than that; but nothing was known of her at Monte Carlo.

She seemed to disappear completely.

### HOWEVER, while the Crown Prince

Michael was on a visit to his mother, Princess Helene, in England, in 1932, his stay was cut short by a command from his royal father, King Carol. While passing through Paris on his way back, the boy Prince, during the course of an interview, displayed a gold wrist-watch which he said was a birthday gift from "Daddy's lady," the name he applied to Mme Lupescu.

Please turn to Page 4

*A Flawless Skin comes from within*

THE basis of all beauty is a well-regulated system—free from constipation, no accumulation of uric acid, an intestinal tract kept clean of poisons which affect the whole functioning of the body.

That is what a small dose of CARLISTA every day will do for you. You will feel the benefit from the very day you start this health-giving habit.

Who would not purchase abounding health at so low a price? There are 64 average doses in every jar of CARLISTA.

**CARLISTA**  
MINERAL SPRING  
**SALTS**

2/3  
LARGE JAR

POSTAGE EXTRA  
Write for Free Sample

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES  
And at Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd.  
160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches.



# GRUDGING Attitude to WOMEN in SPORT

Men are in Control... and  
Mean to Stay There

Why do men's sporting bodies adopt such a grudging attitude to women?

In tennis, swimming, cricket, golf, etc., women must go cap in hand to some male panjandrum before being allowed to hold special matches, or invite overseas champions.

women's sporting associations that a majority of Australian women are actively participating in organised sport.

The history of the development of the various associations discloses not only excellent performances by individual members and by teams, but executive work of a very fine order.

Let us consider the subservient position of women in various sports.

Women tennis players are not granted representation on the Australian Council. In N.S.W. alone are they granted a voice in the State executive.

Though as a general rule, the men lend a sympathetic ear to their pleas, women have definitely to abide by the men's decisions.

In winning the Australian singles championship recently, Joan Hartigan displayed such excellent form as to force the council to recognise her claims. After considerable debate, the Australian Council agreed to advance a paltry £100 to supplement a similar amount advanced by the N.S.W. Association, and she will leave for England next month.

It was requested by the women that an English women's team be invited to Australia during the centenary celebrations. After lengthy discussion of the pros and cons, the men decided to invite two women players.

## Swimming Champions

WOMEN swimmers have formed their own associations in each State, which are affiliated with the men's swimming association.

In their case a curious position has arisen.

The most prominent swimmers in Australia to-day are women, with the exception of Noel Ryan. In Mrs. Chambers, secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association, and member of the N.S.W. Council, swimmers are fortunate in having the services of one of the most efficient and enterprising officials in the annals of Australian sport.

British champion, Joyce Cooper, whose visit has proved such an unqualified success, was brought to Australia mainly through Mrs. Chambers' personal endeavours.

The entire visit, including the details of travel, the conduct of the carnivals, and the finances, has been completely organised and controlled by women, but the men's permission had first to be obtained before the invitation was sent.

## Is It Cricket?

THE Women's Cricket Association are an entirely separate body from the men's association, and in the conduct of their activities they are a law unto themselves.

Yet they, too, have been brought face to face with masculine prejudice. This year the interstate matches will

## Charming Study of Mrs. Mowll



OUR London correspondent sends us this exclusive portrait of Mrs. Mowll, wife of the Archbishop-elect of Sydney. Dr. and Mrs. Mowll are expected in Sydney at the end of this month. Mrs. Mowll has lived in China during the past 19 years, and speaks not only Chinese, but several difficult dialects. She is a great educationist, and is noted for her charming personality and manner.

be played in New South Wales, and teams from Victoria and Queensland will meet in Sydney this month.

Though this event is only played in New South Wales once in three years, on approaching the trustees of the Sydney Cricket Ground for permission to use the ground for this all-important week, the women were informed that it would not be available to them.

The only reason advanced was that the men would need the ground for practice.

The other States were less churlish in this matter. In Queensland last year the women's teams played on the Woolloongabba Ground, and recently the Victorian men's association asked the Victorian women to arrange a match as a curtain raiser to the men's match on the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

The Sydney Cricket Ground was originally granted by the Government for the furtherance of the interests of cricket, but there was no stipulation either for or against women's cricket, as it was not at that time an organised or a recognised sport.

## Golf "Associates"

WOMEN golfers are definitely a secondary consideration in every club, with the exception

of matters of finance, when their aid is sought and proves more than equal to the occasion.

With the foundation of new clubs, the opportunity has arisen for women to take up debentures and thus, their money having been paid, they are entitled to full voting powers.

When, however, the membership of the club grows, men endeavor to relegate the women to their accustomed golfing sphere, that of associate member.

This status does not entitle them, how-

ever, to a game on Saturdays, nor, in many clubs, on Sundays.

## Athletic Prowess

WOMEN athletes, like the swimmers, have formed a women's association affiliated with the men's association, and by reason of their prowess have forced the men to recognise them.

Summing-up the situation we find women have forced recognition to a point at which a woman tennis player will be sent to Wimbledon and two English women players have been invited to Australia; an English champion swimmer has just visited Australia; women representatives were sent to the Olympic Games in America, and of the twelve representatives for the forthcoming Empire Games in England it is confidently predicted that at least five or six will be women.

Yet the men still try to rule them!

## CATARRH

relieved at once!

Just a little Tiger Salve in your nostrils is a really amazing remedy for the worst case of Catarrh.

44, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. 2/- per tin. S-3-2



FOR BETTER JUNKET THAN YOU'VE EVER TASTED

GLADS JUNKET TABLETS



REDUCE QUICKLY —FREE

HERE'S HOW! NOW you can actually reduce quickly and easily—by a NEW simple method. Without dangerous drugs, strenuous exercise or starvation diets. Simply, in your own room—you can really watch fat going!

Try This To-day TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce you—it costs you nothing! I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to reduce this way is marvellous!

Sent FREE If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amuse you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND THIS AT ONCE!

Joan Powell, Dept. W2, 107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2/- stamp for postage. Name Address 17/2/34

WOMEN'S activities in the field of sport are not only subservient to, but, in many cases, actually hampered by, the men's associations.

During the past ten years there has been such an amazing growth in the

## Tennis Hold-up

THOUGH the late Daphne Akhurst (Mrs. Roy Cohen) was seeded third in the world's grading list after her performance at Wimbledon, it is now five years since Australian women tennis players have been afforded an opportunity to play against international players, either abroad or in Australia.



LAUNDRY MODERNISED  
for 10/- deposit - 10/- a month

Your old fuel copper demolished . . . in its place a clean, work-saving gas copper . . . no more stoking and cleaning . . . no more heat and smoke and a stuffy laundry . . . a copper that is always ready to use, scarcely needs any attention and does not give you any preliminary work, or any afterwork . . . all for 10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

You could not imagine anything handier than a gas copper. You can start your washing just when you wish, and you do not have to "stand by" the copper stoking the fire or waiting for the water to boil. Your laundry will be cool and comfortable on the hottest day, and you will be able to get your washing done in almost half the time.

Here are the details of our special offer:

Demolishing Fuel Copper ..	15/-
Fitting Gas Copper ..	20/-
Up-to-date Gas Copper, Cash Price from ..	£3/10/9

Make up your mind to have a cool comfortable laundry this summer by installing a gas copper now for 10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:  
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN 1/2d. A UNIT

## Most Dangerous Woman

Continued from Page 3

It appears that she arrived in Paris a few months before her enemies having forced her to leave Rumania, even threatening her with death if she defied their orders, but she returned to Bucharest and established herself at Court as the power behind the throne. All those known to have favored Princess Helene and her party had been banished, and their places filled by partisans of Mme Lupescu.

This was also true in regard to the personal suite of the boy Prince. The tutors and servants of English nationality or of English ideals placed around him by his mother were dismissed and their places filled by nominees of Mme Lupescu.

At first Prince Michael resented the coming of the woman who tried to influence his life, but later accepted her in much the same way as he accepted his mother's control when he was King.

If you have imagined Mme Lupescu as a dangerously fascinating woman, a temptress—vampish, as villainous a figure as ever pulled the strings behind a throne—you are mistaken.

## Ordinary Woman

AT one word from her a whole nation may crash in revolution; yet, as I have mentioned before, she is of the traditional dairymaid type.

She is extremely shy, as though she were not used to meeting people, and, in men's company, she is not only quiet,

but uses no facial tricks and devices, such as lowering the eyelids or pouting prettily, or flinging back her head to attract their attention to her lovely Titian hair.

She is not in the least an exotic personality; in fact, Press photographers from all over the world have been disappointed in her homely appearance. If she applied for a vamp part at Hollywood, they would only laugh at her as an artless country girl.

Yet, amazing though it is, she is possibly the most dangerous woman in Europe to-day—the woman who has turned a king's brain, the woman whose almost hypnotic influence over the Court of Rumania has led to tremors which may yet cause an earthquake in Europe.

She has lived in danger of losing her life. Outside the gates of her mansion in Bucharest has surged a crowd yelling insults; high officers of the army have taken a pledge to kill her; university students would be only too willing to sacrifice their high ambition in order to realize what they would regard as the still higher ambition of assassinating her to save their country; and shots, which, without a doubt, have been intended to take her life, have been fired in her presence. Even revolution is possible on her account.

Time and time again King Carol has tried his utmost to tear her out of his life, only to realize that he is utterly and hopelessly incapable of giving the final blow that will tear her out of his heart.





# ONLY One SORT OF Woman

Sometimes he caught Jane looking at him sympathetically over her shoulder, and that made up for things a little.

Illustrated By Boothroyd



**B**RIAN OLIVER BEITH, lodged in a country branch of the London and Provinces Bank, was trying to maintain his balance, which sounds like a cheap pun—and is, because his money was sparse, and he was on the brink of love.

He had not been long transferred to this branch which was in a small town on the road to the sea and last night he had attended a dance in aid of the local hospital.

He had met there a girl, and to-day he wondered how he had previously managed to see light or color in any other female of the species. It seemed to him a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs that this so wonderful girl had been going about for 23 years, or thereabouts, doing things, seeing places, meeting people, even interesting other men, all without his protection. It suddenly struck him that other people had taught her everything she knew. He had had no hand in it at all!

But he was going to make up for that now.

Last night he had taken possession of her. They had danced together all the evening. No doubt people had talked, but what of that? They are still talking about Romeo and Juliet being seen on the balcony that night, and it is a profound truth that a man has to fall in love to resent the way other men talk about women. Had he but known it, other men—and women, too—had been talking about this girl, if not for 23 years, certainly for two or three.

**A**S he sat thinking, he suddenly realised that the manager was addressing him.

"So you've met Jane Furbisher?"

"Who told you that?"

"Oh, people at the dance last night."

Brian's manager had been in this beastly little place for practically a lifetime; it had infected him.

"Of course, the Furbishers are an old country family," he said. "They used to live at Weymouth Hall. They say about the Furbishers that they breed all sorts of men, but only one sort of woman, and this Furbisher girl has kept up the tradition. She went adventuring like the others. Now and again she pops up as a week-end wonder, breaks a heart, and goes away again."

Brian was looking over the top of a ledger at nothing.

"The Furbishers," that carping, cricketer's voice went on, "went broke. But the old man stuck it, and somebody got him a pub to run. The 'George' at Tillington."

"That's not a pub," said Brian stoutly. "It's a damned good guest-house on a motor road."

"Yes, but you must remember they used to live at the Hall. It was a bit of a come-down, Jane Furbisher imagined herself waiting on people—or rather she couldn't imagine it—and

Sweetly slim she was; even the way her soft hat was pulled on was courageous . . . it was defiant. Youth she had, yet had lived long enough and had seen enough of life to add to youthfulness a fearless sophistication.

she went off to London. Now she occasionally comes down, as I say. Her clothes put the local people in the shade, and they wonder how she gets them. There's generally someone knocking about who falls for her, and then she goes away with a funny look over her shoulder at the local people as she gets on the train. They call her 'That Furbisher Girl.'"

Brian turned solemnly, filling his chest.

"Well, this is all very interesting, no doubt, but what is it to do with me? I suppose she comes down to see her people, and instead of looking shabby, and awkward, she walks slap into the middle of them and lets the local crowd say what they like. And I bet they do say it. I admire her."

"I only mentioned it. You're in the bank, and you're well known round here. People will talk—in fact, are already talking—about you two last night, and I thought I might as well give you the tip."

As only a chilly silence followed, the manager walked away, and Brian was left with red cheeks and a sore throat.

**W**ELL, KNOWN was he? Yes, because he happened to be a first-class cricketer. Had Brian gone to a University, he would have got a Blue. Instead, he had gone into a bank; but even this couldn't keep him under. His extraordinary bowling performances had attracted notice, and in the holidays some years ago he had been invited to play for a metropolitan county. He had done so and had taken nine wickets for 37 at his first attempt, a performance which had straightway got his name on to the front page of the evening papers. He had taken five more in the second innings; and after that the county were always trying to get him, but succeeded only rarely.

Last season he had, on the strength of two sensational occasions on which he had run through a county batting side, been invited to play for the Gentlemen v Players, and again he had achieved a very marked success. This had used up one lot of summer holidays.

This year the Australians were here.

In the meantime he had been transferred to this country branch, and writers in the Press were demanding to know where he was. He was a match that the best amateurs in England are playing hot for counties but for clubs. Beith had never failed in any test. He had the big match temperament. England wanted young players, and spectators wanted care-free cricket.

"Bring In Beith!" was a new slogan.

**E**VEN Jane Furbisher had been hearing about him.

"You know the man you danced with so much? That was Beith, the cricketer. Everyone will think you made a dead set for him."

"He never mentioned cricket to me."

"He thought you were bound to know."

"Nonsense! Why should I?"

"Well, anyway, he's made one bright remark since he's been down here, which has become notorious. Somebody said that after being in London he must find Linster very dull, and he said there was only one amusement here—the women."

Brian stood at the counter, feeling in

∴ By Hylton Cleaver ∴

"I rather agree."

"Yes, but he didn't mean it that way. He meant the way they fall for him."

"And that one remark became famous?"

Jane was amused. Her friend appeared disgruntled.

"Oh well, of course, a thing never seems the same when it's repeated."

"No, I've noticed that in Linster myself when I've said something."

"Anyway, he thinks all the women love him."

"And what do you imply by that?"

"Only that I thought till now you were at least original."

"I don't know why you should. According to Linster anything in trousers is good enough for me."

**T**HE door of the bank opened.

Brian looked up and stayed with that lost air which makes even a man of bright wits appear a little wanting. Yet, where is he who, being in love, does not seem lame to others when he regards his beloved?

Brian had not seen Jane cross the floor. He only saw the top half of her now. But he did note the gallant way she held herself in this benighted town, where everyone looked at her significantly. Sweetly slim she was; even the way her soft hat was pulled on was courageous. It was even defiant. And she wore a leather coat because the day was grey. An old coat it was, but she could make old coats fashionable. Her slim white hands were hidden in its pockets. Youth she had, yet had lived long enough and had seen enough of life to add to youthfulness a fearless sophistication.

A cashier was attending to her. Brian looked across, waiting for her to glance up. His heart was rattling behind his ribs. Evidently she banked with the London and Provinces in town. If he intended to say anything he must be quick.

She was handing in her paying-in slip as he got to the counter, and she looked up as he said "Good morning."

"Hullo, how are you to-day?"

There was no affectation about her; she was self-possessed and matter-of-fact. She smiled at him.

"I'm very fit, thanks," said Brian.

"The fool of a cashier stood there listening, looking from one to the other. Brian wanted to kick him. Now someone else had come into the bank."

"Tired?" she said. "It doesn't show on me. I'm lucky. But there are things I'm tired of, and so I'm going home to-day."

She had taken up her gloves and was stuffing the paying-in slip into her pocket. She looked at him very interestedly, and then she suddenly gave him a very intimate, confidential smile, and turned and walked out.

Brian stood at the counter, feeling in

his waistcoat pocket for something, without the vaguest idea of what he was feeling for. Her behaviour left him with a sense of perplexity. At first he wanted to go out after her, and catch hold of her elbow and ask her what she meant. Did she suppose he cared a damn what people thought?

He supposed something had happened. Someone had said something. Or had she been talking, not for his benefit, but for that of the cashier? Anyhow, she was going away from him, walking through the streets with her hands in the pockets of her leather coat, and perhaps feeling rather lonely and disturbed in mind.

For the truth was, having gone to the dance to please her father, she had simply allowed Brian to monopolise her. No doubt it was a bit enob-

..A..  
Topical Short Story of the Cricket Tests

bish, but together they had seemed to belong to something better than Linster, and, defying gossip, had spent most of the evening talking in undertones.

**I**N her own little flat in London, Jane sat some days later. Hers was a high-backed chair. One foot was under her, the other stretched out; her chin was down, her eyes were meditative. Suddenly her bell rang, and the woman of worth downstairs, who answered rings for everybody, appeared on the threshold with the words: "A gentleman."

"As an epitaph that couldn't be improved on," said a voice, "but it is not an introduction."

Then the door closed and left Brian in the room alone with Jane. His hat was in his hand. He wore a flannel suit of summer grey, by no means new; a tie she did not recognise. His expression was rather shy. He said:

"Excuse my coming in like this?"

"Why, how else would you come in?"

He shrugged and smiled.

"I got your address from your father when I knew I was coming up to town. And what I want to know is . . . what did you mean about being tired of something? That's what I can't make out."

She had not moved her position except to turn her head, and she was looking at him oddly. Now, as he waited for an answer, she got out of her chair with a cheerful smile. She had decided she was pleased to see him.

"Why, what did I say? I don't suppose I meant anything much. Why are you up in London? Is there a bank convention on, or something?"

"I'm playing in the Test Trial tomorrow."

"Cricket? I say, that's jolly good, surely."

"Well, it's not bad, I suppose, for a bank clerk." He grinned. "I rather wondered whether you'd like to come along one day and see the game?"

She hesitated, looking at him with a funny sort of smile which was more pronounced at one corner of her mouth than the other. It was, in fact, a very fascinating smile, which might almost have been mistaken for a pout. She looked adorable. She had on a picture frock, and her hair was longish and waved back into a little curled rim behind her ears. She fingered a string of beads.

"I would have liked to, awfully, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to get away at all in the day-time for the next few days."

Please turn to Page 36



# Confide your Loveliness to Cashmere Bouquet

Toilet Soap  
Cleansing Cream  
Tissue Cream  
Foundation Cream  
Face Powder  
Lipstick  
Rouge  
(Creme or Compact)  
Talcum Powder  
Dusting Powder  
Brilliantine  
(Liquid or Solid)



Colgate's  
**Cashmere Bouquet**

WOMEN who adore Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap and use it regularly with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum are rejoicing in the creation of a new Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—new, infinitely finer; delicately tinted in Flesh, Naturelle, Rachel, and Dark Rachel, also in White. Imagine the delight of using none but fragrant Cashmere Bouquet creations to protect and beautify your skin!

**PICK-ME-UP  
SAUCE**

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS  
whenever you need them with—

**P.M.U. EXTRACTS**

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—  
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stacked by all good grocers.



## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F. W. L. ESCH

### For Mary Borden's Critics

A number of readers wrote to the editor of The Australian Women's Weekly complaining about a recent review in these columns of Mary Borden's latest book, "Mary of Nazareth." Most of the complaints were made by anonymous writers.

Here is one of them signed "Disgusted":  
(To the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly).

I AM a constant reader of The Australian Women's Weekly, and I was thoroughly disgusted with the review headed, "Mary, of Nazareth." I am sure many other readers felt as I did. I do not think such a travesty should be included in the columns of a paper like The Australian Women's Weekly.

Certainly it was only a comment on the book by Mary Borden, but that book so offensive to many of your readers should have been ignored by any self-respecting paper out to interest and uplift womanhood.

I was very sorry to see such a review in the columns of your paper. I cannot see what good purpose it served in a Christian community.

—"DISGUSTED."

Now in reply to "Disgusted," and the other readers who were offended by the review, we would like to point out that

the object of having a book page is to review the latest and the best books, and, as this particular book was one of them, we could not ignore it.

Mary Borden's book received a very good notice in the "Times" Literary Supplement and "John-o-London." Since our review appeared it has been reviewed at length by most of the prominent book reviewers in Australia. The review which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly was, as it happens, a very carefully written one. The reviewer had gone to some trouble to adopt an unbiased attitude and to tell the story so that readers could judge for themselves whether or not they wanted to read the book. And this, after all, is the object of book reviews.

But, apart from this, the book itself is by no means a travesty on the mother of Christ. It is written with dignity and reverence and merely attempts to present the life of Mary in the same spirit as Papini in his "Life of Christ," and Emil Ludwig, in his "Son of Man," presented the life of Jesus.

## SHORT REVIEWS

"Miss Fortune." Burton Hewitt. Gay young people of the modern type, a crusty old solicitor, bristly at heart, and a straight and highly-principled young man form the background for the story of a beautiful woman's mental suffering. Jacqueline Gray is shunned by society as the result of a divorce suit which she failed to defend. Her marriage with her solicitor's nephew for the convenience and shelter of a new name, and the subsequent development of her love for him make interesting reading. (John Long, 7/6).

"A Shade Byronic." John North. North's quotation: "Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, speak to me!" gives a fair idea of the atmosphere of this novel. It is slightly fantastic throughout, the spinster, Miss Myles, being the central and most real of the figures. The shade is very convincingly sketched, with his sudden appearances and disappearances and his changeable moods. Only having been seen by the theatre attendant, the waitress, the cemetery attendant and Miss Myles, the reader is left as mystified as the poor spinster becomes in the end. (Jarrold, 7/6).

"Sky Vengeance." John Henry. A local novel in a New South Wales setting with a good old melodramatic plot. We are told of the heroine "She was one of those small, vivacious little beauties that the State of New South Wales has a habit of producing; round and snappy brown eyes under arched brows, plump, laughing cheeks with dimples, a small and sunny nose, a mouth that was made for smiles and kisses."

Her father, as you have no doubt guessed already, was "the younger son of an English baronet. But this was not known by his children, or any of his acquaintances. What had caused him to come to Australia and bury himself in the bush, was known only to himself."

Lucy Marston, an innocent bush girl, is betrayed by a city rogue, Guy Miller. She dies and her brother Fred spends the rest of the chapter avenging Lucy. (N.S.W. Bookstall, 4/6 and 2/3).

"The King of Spain's Daughter." Eric Spencer. The story is about a young Englishman who inherits a large estate in Newfoundland. He does not realise that the estate contains valuable mineral deposits, and so falls an easy victim to a plot to try and buy him out. A beautiful girl, the daughter of a millionaire, is used as a decoy, but the hero and she fall in love, so all ends well. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6).

"Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott. A film version of this writer's well-known novel has just been published, with 16 photographic illustrations from the RKO film due for release here shortly. Twelve million copies of this story are said to have been sold in America, so it has been pretty popular in the past. It is a sort of girls' "Huckleberry Finn." (Angus and Robertson, 2/9).

Hoot Hootbrook says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Hootbrook's Queen Olives. They are always popular.\*\*\*

"A Friend To Lean On." Heien Eastwood. Thomas Thornton's grief that he had no son soured him so that his two daughters, Cecilia and Dulea, found friends among the neighboring Fairchild family. The adopted son, Ivan, recognised Thornton's second wife as a friend of his own father's former mistress, and suspected that her son was not her husband's. On Thornton's sudden death his wife turned the girls out of the house. One married unhappily, the other vacillated between two men, until one died. Her choice she made because she regarded him as a friend to lean on. (John Long, 7/6).

"I Will Not Cease." E. G. Cousina. This so-called anti-war book differs from most of its kind in that only two pages of memories of war horrors are given. The theme is rather complicated, for the date is 1936, when the politicians and parties of 1933 had disappeared. War about unlicensed Japanese settlers in Northern Australia is averted by compromise. (Dennis Archer, 7/6).

"Old-Fashioned Tales." Zona Gale. The subjects of these are all very varied, dealing with different aspects of American life. One or two are dramatic, some sentimental, but all are well constructed. The author is an able teller, of tales, but this collection is not her best. (Appleton-Century Company, 7/6).

**ALLY  
SALMON**  
Now in two grades

**RED LABEL**

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

**GOLD LABEL**

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

The pick  
of the  
catch!

In ¼, ½ &  
1 lb. tins



### STUDY in LONELINESS

"As the Unicorn"

"As the Unicorn," by Henry Romilly Fedden, will appeal to the reader more in a second reading than in the first. For this reason it passes the test as a literary accomplishment above the standard of modern fiction.

IN the author's note on the front page he explains that the Unicorn, a fabulous animal, is captured in the following manner: "When he is hunted he is not taken by strength, but only by this policy—a maid is set where he haunts, and she opens her lap to whom the Unicorn, as seeking rest from the force of the hunter, yields his head and leaveth all his fierceness, and, resting under her protection, sleepeth until he is taken and slain."

In this case, Benjamin is the Unicorn, and Miranda, the wife of his cousin Martin, the maiden who brings him to her lair. After the introduction of several characters who lend atmosphere to the opening chapters, the book deals mainly with Benjamin and Miranda. We are taken into Benjamin's mind, as it were, and we, too, continue the search for love and beauty with him.

Benjamin is an introspective artist, and through him we realise the futility of searching for an ideal. He realised that emotion was his telescope, and half the things he saw were smaller to naked eyes.

The modern book is more interested in psychology than plot, and from this viewpoint "As the Unicorn" offers much food for thought. The prose is a delight to the discerning reader's eye and mind. It flows gracefully and rhythmically through the pages, and one finds oneself constantly turning back for a second course of this excellent verbal meal.

"As the Unicorn." Romilly Fedden. (Macmillan and Co.)



**REXONA**  
Proved successful  
where others failed

Mrs. V. Marr, of Balmain, tried several cures for Varicose Ulcers but found no relief until she used Rexona Ointment. She says: "I took to your ointment and it gave me wonderful results."

Apply Rexona immediately to . . . . . cuts, bruises, burns and skin blemishes.

**Rexona**  
the rapid healer  
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED.

**DRINK HABIT—  
COMPLETELY OVERCOME**

35 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS

ACT NOW!

Don't wish that your husband or son did not drink—ACT! Eucrazy is a transference drinker into sober man every day. Users are daily testifying to its success. Why suffer the awful effects of drunkenness, a moment longer EUCRAZY will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home.

If you use it, EUCRAZY is guaranteed to sober and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSETS! Call or write to-day for booklet, with Testimonials, DEPT. B, THE EUCRAZY CO., 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.



# HAZARD

Illustrated by  
**WYNNE  
W. DAVIES**

For the sake of her child and husband, Clarice was ready to risk any hazard. An unusual Island story by a young Australian author . . . .

**D**R. BATEMAN was the third that they called in, and his opinion agreed with the other two.

"Get her away from this climate. Another winter here will be the last. Where was she born?"

"Samarita," Robert answered. "But she was only a few months old when she left. Her father was a skipper in the South Seas."

"Never mind that; get her back at once," the doctor replied.

When he had gone, Clarice took Robert's hand and said, "But it will mean your giving up your job. It will mean . . ."

"You," he said, for perhaps he visualised life without her, and perhaps, too, there was the love of hazard in his quiet heart. So the house in Cheltenham Square was sold, and the furniture and all their possessions that were not personal. They were glad and sorry in a moment, for it meant health and pastures new, but it also meant leaving security behind them in London's fog and winter cold.

Robert's manager said when he was leaving, "I'll give you a letter of introduction to a fellow I know who went out there years ago. Darcey, the name is, an agent for a pearl buyer . . . he'll probably be able to place you, a man of your ability. Anyhow, good luck, old chap!"

Then with Peggy, their infant daughter, these two left England's comfortable shores to start their adventuring somewhere in the strange south. It was a cargo vessel that they boarded with a swarthy-skinned crew and a tall gaunt German as captain. Still, the trip was pleasant, for they were young enough to be romantic, and the child was old enough to be intelligent. She would lean across the rail at the ship's stern, watching the trail of foam in its wake, innocently believing it to be the gods of a mermaid's washing.



He rose, glass in hand, and walked to the rail, where he leaned facing her. "Do you find it hot?" he asked again.

Clarice turned her back upon the sea and drew a breath of the clean air. Robert took her arm companionably.

"You know," he said, "we are going to like it here!"

That night when the child was asleep they walked together to the beach. Side by side they sat on the white sand, now and then flinging little pieces of coral into the low breakers, while overhead new stars burned in the brown heavens and from the distance came the sound of native music and native revelry. A warm wind whispered in the palms, and mocked their homesickness darkly in the night.

**B**UT the next morning he called at Darcey's little office in the main street of the town. In a room, the doorway of which opened on to the street, a Chinaman was sitting, adding neat figures in a ledger. He rose respectfully when the

"I'm an accountant, and I have a fair knowledge of shipping . . ."

"I am not asking what you are. I said what can you do?"

"Well . . ." Robert thought quickly. Once he had made dolls' furniture for Peggy, but pearly agents have no use for dolls' furniture.

"Nothing," Darcey answered for him. "I thought not. Well you're no use to me. I'm sorry!"

"But I must get work. You see . . ."

"Do you know anything about the pearling trade? No. Can you run a boat, or manage a crew of native divers? Do you know, any blessed thing about the game at all? No, you don't, and I can't use you. There is no room for sentiment in this part of the globe. Morning."

Robert's face had flushed with anger. He looked into the sullen, drawn face of Darcey. "Good Lord, man, what about that Chinaman out there? At least I'm white."

landing money is soon gone. The time came when Peggy, climbing on his knee, asked, "Are we going back to England, Daddy?"

He smiled wryly, and, taking out his wallet, counted some notes on to the table. "Fraid not, kiddie," he said. Clarice's eyes met his across the pathetically small pile of notes. "Stranded?" they asked. He closed his eyes and turned aside his head. His wife clasped his hand under the table. "Something will be bound to turn up to-morrow," she said, smiling bravely above an anxious heart. Some women are like that.

But nothing did turn up on the morrow, or the days after that, and the few pounds between them and destitution grew less and less.

"I was a fool to come without being certain of work," Robert said, head bowed on hands. "I thought there were plenty of things a white man could do out here . . . thought they would be glad enough to get them. If only we could reach Tahiti . . ."

**Shadow-love**

If I were a shadow I'd follow you on  
From the dawn till the daylight was done.  
I'd follow so closely that people would say  
That you and your shadow were one.  
Then I'd fold you so deep in my shadowy arms  
You would drown in an ocean of bliss.  
I would press on the curve of your passionate lips  
My love in a shadowy kiss.  
Yvonne Webb.

group called a greeting to the white man, but, not understanding what they said, he merely nodded and passed on.

Darcey lay tossing, hot and delirious, on his narrow iron bed. From beyond the open windows came the scent of tropic flowers, heavy in the sunlight. He was tended by a young native girl who ushered Robert into the room silently, her feet noiseless on the rush matting. It was impossible to talk with Darcey, impossible to discuss anything with him. Robert, who had never seen a man in the grip of fever before, was shocked and distressed. He turned to Nakia, the native girl.

"Are you looking after him alone?" he asked.

"I do well," she answered, alarmed. "He be like this often before. Better in day or two, perhaps three."

Perhaps three. His heart was torn at the thought of what this fresh disappointment would mean to Clarice. Heaven knew she was looking so frail and ill now from the worry of it all, and then there was Peggy, too . . . And again he cursed himself for a fool to have come to Samarita unprepared. If only they had sufficient money to reach Tahiti . . .

"I will come again," he said to Nakia as he left and walked through the gate on to the hot highway. The air was filled with stinging, buzzing insects; waves of heat swept upward from the beach; the whole island slept and sweated.

Please turn to Page 8

## Complete Short Story

visitor entered, Robert was conscious of the keen scrutiny from the slanting, black eyes.

He said, "I want to see Mr. Darcey!"

"Boss plenty busy . . . he see no one!"

"Give him this, will you?" Robert handed across his letter of introduction. A few moments later the Chinaman returned from the inner room.

"He see you. Please go in!"

Howard Darcey sat at a desk littered with untidy papers. On one side a whisky bottle and a syphon stood in little rings of moisture that they had left upon the varnish. The man himself was large-boned and indescribably thin, with sallow, drawn skin, and hot-looking eyes. He was reading the letter when Robert entered. Now he tossed it back across the untidy desk.

"So you're looking for a job. Another damn fool Englishman. Well, what can you do?"

"He knows his job . . . he suits me. Good morning!"

Robert walked dully from the hot gloom of the little office into the white sunlight outside. The remainder of the day he spent calling at other offices in the town, where white men might be wanted, but the posts were filled with the efficient Chinese and the French half-castes from Tahiti who worked for a quarter of what he would require. And returning to the hotel in the evening only increased his dejection, for there were Clarice and Peggy waiting for him upon the verandah.

"What luck, darling?"

"Nothing," he said flatly, sinking into a low chair exhausted. "I have been to every possible place, but there is no vacancy."

It went on like that day after day—and living is costly in the tropics to those who are unused to them, and



## HAZARD

Continued  
from  
Page 7

CLARICE wept just a little when he told her. She thought, "Please God, give me the strength to be brave for Robert's sake; keep me strong for Peggy's." Then she said, "I thought he looked ill yesterday. Shall we walk out there to-night and see if we can do something for him?" So they had gone in the cool of the evening when Peggy was asleep. As they passed the Lecaro, a glare of raucous light and color in the quiet, southern night, she pressed closer to Robert's shoulder, her hand seeking his. "That's horrid, isn't it?" she whispered.

Darcey was in a worse condition when they reached him, and the situation was not improved by Nakia's instant hostility to the white woman, a primitive jealousy, possessive and resentful, uncontrolled.

"You should have had the doctor," Clarice said. "Robert, dear, will you get him? I shall wait here and do what I can."

"Doctor no good. Nakia best alone," the brown girl said, folding her arms, plump, delightful arms, across the foot of the bed, her face impudent and sullen. "Nakia has nurse been before, she know what to do."

"Nevertheless I think we should have the doctor," Clarice replied. She felt stiff and spinsterish, and a little shocked. For the first time she fully realised how distant she was from Cheltenham Square. Robert was at the door.

"I shan't be long, darling. Sure you will be all right?"

"Positive. There are a few things I can do." Robert went then, and she heard him whistling for company as he walked back along the road to town.

Nakia sidled round the bed until she stood between it and Clarice. "You shall leave him," she said sullenly. "Nakia know what to do."

"Yes, I have no doubt of that, and when the doctor comes I shall leave him." Then she thought, "What a beastly egotist I'm being. Of course she knows more about it than I do." So she smiled at Nakia and said softly, "I am sure you can manage splendidly. I only want to help. I think you are tired, and I will watch him while you rest."

"Nakia not rest." She shook her head, suspicious. "Nakia watch, too."

"Very well. Then suppose you bring in another chair and we shall both watch him until my husband and the doctor come."

Nakia went hesitantly from the room and Clarice set herself to make the bed that obviously had not been touched since Darcey fell ill. The man was babbling in delirium, as he had been all the time. "Reynolds," he said. "Reynolds, you swine, you won't get the stone under two hundred. You rotten . . ." He turned abruptly on his side, and a soft chamolite bag that had come open at the mouth fell from his pyjama pocket to the floor. As Clarice stooped to pick it up, a small pearl, perfect in shape, and an exquisite golden hue, rolled from it. Carelessly she replaced it in the bag which she laid on the dressing-table. Nakia came in then with a chair. Clarice bathed his face and hands in cool water, gave him a drink, and the two women sat in silence to wait. Darcey's

delirious babble went on.

"You'll fence it, yes, and you know you'll get double the price you give. Beat me, down, will you? Like hell you will." His voice went on and on, neither of the women paying particular attention. "Fifty quid for it and the risk of getting it . . . not a penny under two hundred . . . not a penny under . . ." Something was stirring in Clarice's mind, a consciousness of what he was saying. She became alert and listened more carefully to his talking, but his voice was very low now, and she could scarcely catch his words. Something about the Lecaro and a man called Reynolds . . . and a stolen pearl that he, Darcey, would sell for two hundred pounds.

OUTSIDE beyond the reef a ship slept on the quiet sea . . . it would be sailing at dawn to Tahiti. In Tahiti a man could find honest work . . . If a woman loved that man and loved her child she would risk dishonor for them, risk shame, and everything in the world. On the table beside her lay a small gold pearl, a stolen pearl in a chamolite bag, and at the Lecaro was a man called Reynolds who would buy it. Nakia was crouched



PENNY WISE—POUNDS FOOLISH

sullenly in her chair watching the sick man tossing in his bed. Clarice put out her hand stealthily . . . it was so simple to pick up that soft, small bag and clasp it unobserved in her hand. She rose with feigned sleepiness. "All right, Nakia," she said. "I will leave you to watch for a while. I shall go for a stroll to the water's edge to keep me awake. If my husband comes back before I do, say I shall be about half an hour."

She half ran, half stumbled along the road; a warm, sweet wind blew in her face, a full moon lay voluptuously on the velvet couch of heaven; the palms stirred and sighed . . . At the door of the Lecaro she paused to collect herself. She was coughing, too, a little dry cough that racked her shoulders with pain. Then she walked in.

Hot, drunken humanity, white and brown and yellow; and there were women, too—French half-castes; there was the odour of stale drink; the pungent scent of strong tobacco, of sweating bodies and cheap French perfume; there was ribald laughter; men and women with stupid faces, wit and will stunned and sodden. Into the midst of this Clarice entered, frail English womanhood, dainty, clean femininity, into the dirt and pathos of the Lecaro.

She crossed to a Dutch sailor who looked rather less drunk than the others. "I want a Mr. Reynolds," she said, "can you find him, please?"

"That's Reynolds," he said, pointing to a man in a cubicle on the far side of the room. She crossed over. He was round and fat, dressed in a soiled, white suit. He sat alone at the table looking moodily into the dregs of his glass. Clarice slipped into the seat opposite him, her heart was pounding heavily in her breast . . . after all she was going so largely on guess work and, perhaps, she was quite wrong, but Darcey had stolen the pearl, she knew that much. The moral question troubled her not a little, she was herself a thief who had never in her life so much as contemplated a dishonest action and yet when one had a child

She stiffened her trembling lips. If she thought hard of Peggy and Robert she could go through with it. For them she must.

"Mr. Reynolds?" she asked.

HE looked at her keenly. "That's right," he said. "I am from Howard Darcey."

He became interested at once. "I'm waiting. What have you got?"

She drew the chamolite bag from the bosom of her dress and dropped it curiously upon the table. He shot out his hand for it, but hers was there first. "Oh, no," she said. "You know what I have, don't you?"

"Better let me see it."

"Not here."

"Then come into the other room." He rose and led the way into a small, curtained room at the back of the saloon. "I don't just get you," he said, shutting the door after them. "How do you fit in the picture?"

"He is ill . . . fever. There is someone else wanting to buy, but we are giving you first refusal."

He was still suspicious, but she evidently had the pearl, and his concern was in obtaining that at the lowest possible price.

"Fifty is the highest I'll go," He watched her shrewdly, and Clarice, conscious of his scrutiny, played her ace with the calm and confidence she might have had with custom rather than desperation. "He will sell for one hundred, no less." And then she waited. Oh, and she was trying so hard not to let her lips or her voice tremble.

"A hundred, ah? Let me see . . ." He was still watching her, but he mistook the tightness of her lips for hardness and finality. He did not know she pressed them so to keep back her tears. "All right," he said, "I'll take it. Where did he raise you anyway? Seen you round the town, haven't I?"

She played her part well, she had to. Clarice, sweet and demure, smiled slyly at the gross creature who was counting some notes on to the stained and unclean table. "There are reasons why I am here in Samarra," she said and laughed.

Please turn to Page 41

Dulbloom  
Lingerie

Vest & Bloomers  
SW W. OS.

3/11  
EACH

by Lustre

A CREATION BY LUSTRE HOSIERY LIMITED



# LOWER has a JOYFUL TIME in the MUSEUM

## Meeting the Dynosaururissus and Troglodytarius

When I first became a museum attendant I was surprised at the number of second-hand animals on show. And the deceit!

AN animal I knew positively was a monkey had a label on it. "Cynocephalus Hamadryas." There is no such animal. If someone came up to you and said, "I saw a Cynocephalus Hamadryas yesterday!" you would naturally and rightly conclude that the man had the horrors.

And another thing—how the devil they get the animals to stand in those positions while they stuff them is beyond me. I was showing a lady around the place the other day, and we came to our main exhibit. It was a reconstructed skeleton of the giant pleasuredont dinosaururissus, entirely, as I explained to the lady, reconstructed from

one bone buried by some prehistoric dog in the primeval sludge.

"And do they all grow as big as that?" she inquired.

"We have them in all sizes, madam," I replied, "to suit, if I may coin a phrase, every pocket, so to speak."

This was quite true. In the room where we keep all the things we have no room, for we have enough bones to make a down pleasuredont dinosaururissus. And then probably have enough over to make a troglodytarius vociferous.

As a matter of fact, the curator came to me only yesterday with a bone and showed it to me.

"I have had lunch!" I said.

"I merely wanted to ask your advice

By L.W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

about this bone!" he said. "It seems too good a bone to waste. Do you think we ought to reconstruct something about a hundred feet long and so put it all over the other museums... or what would you make out of it?"

I examined the bone carefully.

"I think," I said, "I'd make soup out of it!"

My suggestion was disregarded, and there is now under construction an animal which will make the visitors look twice.

"AND now, Madam!" I said (the lady is still with us, "perhaps you would like to see the bowl of pearls?")

"I think you mean the polar bears!" she said cattily.

I led the way in dignified silence.

"Here you see the polar bear on its native heath, more or less!" I remarked. "Nothing delights the eye of the nature-lover more than a bird of

hairs.

"A herd of bears?"

"Shut up! Who's running this museum? As I was saying, a team of bears roaming in their mountain fastnesses hunting igloos which they devour, with great relish."

"We will now pass on to the snakes. We have straight snakes and bent ones, with or without spots. Some we have in spirits. We like to keep our snakes in good spirits. If you will excuse my levity, madam, in such solemn surroundings."

"Sometimes (and I don't want this to get about) the curator spends a few hours in the snake department, and after he has been carried home and put to bed, most of the snakes are left high and dry. As a matter of fact, we once put a stuffed hippopotamus in spirits, and after a few hours, it revived and galloped madly around the museum until it became exhausted and went to sleep leaning against the umbrella stand. Good stuff it is! If you'd care for a spot out of that rattle snake jar, Madam...? No?... Very well, we will now take a look at the alligator and crocodile section."



... And this is the giant pleasuredont dinosaururissus, according to Guide Lower.

"THE way to tell a crocodile from an alligator is simple. After being bitten by either, or both, examine the teeth marks. One will be found to be worse than the other. That will be the crocodile. Or the alligator, as the case may be."

"In the anthropological section we have a number of native beads, bags, boomerangs, and bowls — mostly pinched. We have a man who does nothing else but go around bag snatching in native villages. We have also a

body-snatcher who provides us with dead Egyptians. That lump of rock you are looking at, Madam, is a prehistoric stone axe, made by a firm in Collins St. which supplies most of the museums. With modern equipment, the present-day prehistoric axe is vastly superior to the earlier models."

"This large opening here, Madam, is the front door. Take your pick of the umbrellas, leave the walking sticks—they're for the gentlemen. Any time you get tired of those kids, the museum would be glad to have them. Good-bai!"

## ENTRIES & Re-entries in CONTRACT

### Ely Culbertson Explains Bridge Fundamentals

This is the fourth of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Ely Culbertson, world's champion player and greatest card analyst. Explanatory notes are given by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

#### DEFINITIONS

Entries and Re-entries—These most valuable commodities, so carefully guarded and cherished by the expert, are often used most extravagantly by the inexperienced.

The question of entries controls to a large extent the ability to finesse, and every bridge player should regard them as priceless possessions to be used with due economy. Be prodigal with your entry cards, and assuredly you will miss many games. Do not be like the dear

old lady who, with a wonderful hand and an equally wonderful dummy, after leading out all her Aces and Kings, turned to her opponents and said, "You can have all the rest!"

Digest well the principles enunciated in the following article, and your bridge will undergo a wonderful improvement.

An Entry or Re-entry is a card which will enable you to obtain the lead, or to regain the lead, when, through force of circumstances, you have lost it. The best entry is, of course, an Ace.

By ELY CULBERTSON — Bridge Fundamentals: Article IV.

#### THE QUESTION OF RE-ENTRIES

A RE-ENTRY is a card which enables a player to place the lead in the desired hand. For example, if the Dummy holds six established clubs and the Ace of hearts, and the Declarer holds no clubs in his hand, the Ace of hearts is the entry to the Dummy without which the club suit could not be brought in.

It is very important for a player to consider the entries into both his own hand and the Dummy throughout the hand. If he fails to do this he will frequently find himself in the wrong hand at unfortunate times and will be unable to obtain the maximum number of tricks. This is also true of finessing. For example, if a player holds this combination of cards in spades and hearts—

S: 7 6

H: A Q J

S: A K

H: 7 6 5

With the lead placed in the Dummy, he should use the King of spades as one entry for his heart finesse and the Ace of spades for the other entry. If he makes the mistake of leading out the Ace-King of spades immediately he will be able to finesse hearts only once, and consequently will be unable to avoid the loss of a trick to the King of hearts. This is known as "preservation of entries."

A player should start watching his entries into both hands as soon as the Dummy goes down on the table. The question of where he wins the first trick may determine the entire course of the hand. Sometimes it is necessary to establish re-entries by playing high cards in a suit first. For example, if the following combination is held:

K 8 5 2

A Q 9 4

and the 4 is led from Declarer's hand over to the King, this suit will produce only one entry into Dummy. However, if the Ace and Queen are led first and both opponents follow suit, the 9 can be led the third time and won with the

King. The 4 can then be led over to the 8 later if an additional entry is desired.

Entries can also be established by overtaking. For example, with this combination:

K J 2

A Q 3

If necessary, the Ace can be led, followed by the Queen. The Queen can be overtaken by the King and the Knave will remain as a second entry to Dummy. If, on the other hand, it is desirable for the declarer to hold two entries into his own hand, he can first lead the King from Dummy, and the Ace and Queen will remain as the two desired entries to his own hand.

The following hand is an example of the correct manipulation of entries:

S: 9 4 3 2

H: 7 6 4

D: A Q 10

C: 7 6 5

S: J 8 7 6

H: J 10 9 8

D: K J 9 8

C: 3

S: A K

H: A K Q

D: 4 3 2

C: A Q J 10 2

DECLARER

The opening lead is a heart, which is won by the Declarer with the Queen. Since he must lead clubs from the Dummy as many times as possible, he immediately leads the deuce of diamonds and finesesses the ten. When this holds, he leads the five of clubs and finesesses the Queen. He returns to the Dummy with the Queen of diamonds and takes the finesse of the Knave of clubs. When West fails to follow suit, he now sees that a third finesse will be necessary and so goes over to the Ace of diamonds. On the last club he can finesse the Ten and then lay down the Ace, catching the King. This hand will then be good for the rest of the tricks.

(Copyright, by Ely Culbertson)

Lovely  
ELISSA  
LANDI

advises  
LUX TOILET SOAP

"I find that Lux Toilet Soap is simply excellent for the skin, and I am among the scores of stage and screen stars who use it."

Elissa Landi



THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

LUX Toilet Soap  
SUPERCREAMED

A LEVIER PRODUCT



# An Editorial

FEBRUARY 17, 1934.

## IN AND OUT OF "SOCIETY"

THE index to Society is usually reckoned to be found in the social pages of the newspapers.

We know that the most estimable women often get left out of the papers, and that noisy nobodies get in; but most people have an instinct for sifting the grain from the chaff.

What, then, does this newspaper Society boil down to? (Say we leave the men out of it.)

We find, first of all, that money is an almost essential consideration. Most of the women in Society are the wives or daughters or relations of more or less rich men.

Another class consists of the women-folk of professional men and men in public positions. Politicians, judges, bankers, doctors, aldermen, public servants—all these provide lesser or greater chances of social entree for their wives and daughters.

A few women have achieved careers on their own account, and so have crashed the gates.

A goodly number are those known as "social workers"; they display energy and zeal in organising charity and other functions.

Finally, there is a section variously known as "those also present"; or "those included in Mrs. A's party"; or "those invited by Mrs. B."

When we come to look into it, we find that these "also present" people comprise pretty well everybody! It would be hard to point to a woman anywhere and say with certainty that she has never been to a "Society function."

Such is the breadth of our democracy that the grade from the highest and most exclusive to the humblest is nothing like as pronounced as in England and America. It will be better for our nation if we keep it so.

Nothing undermines a nation like class antagonisms. Nothing promotes class antagonisms like social distinctions. Snobbery is the mother of intolerance—and all the snobs are not rich.

Social life is instinctive in our race. Every city, every suburb, every town has its various sets. At certain functions there is a fusion of members from all the groups and sections. Nothing could be better.

Social workers who have a regard for the wholesome development of Australian democracy should aim at organising such broad-based functions.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Ordeal by Fire

LUXURY has made her home in our cities, but in the country, Australian women still have need of the pioneering spirit which made their mothers face the perils of the bush undaunted. Last week the country underwent the ordeal of bush fires to which it is annually subjected.

There is terror enough in a bush fire when men are present to fight it, but often, when these outbreaks occur, lonely women find their homes and children menaced by fire. Such a situation calls for unparalleled courage, initiative and endurance.

Travellers in Queensland tell of the lonely grave of a young girl who, while her brothers were at the war, lost her life fighting to save the family homestead from the flames. The saga of such women has yet to be written.

## Destiny and the Chorus

PROVING that the story of the chorus girl, who makes good, and becomes a star overnight, is not a myth, Miss Isobel Mahon, a young Melbourne actress and dancer, was chosen last week to take the leading role in "The Girl Friend," a new J.C.W. show.

We have seen so many Hollywood films with a plot like this that we have become sceptical; but here is a case where truth has at least been as strange as fiction.

Miss Mahon's success is said to have come to her overnight. Her good fortune must be very encouraging to other chorus girls.

## Phone Relief

### At Last!

IT is a relief to learn, from a cable, that a revolution in telephone methods is promised by the Government telephone research station, at Dollis Hill, England, where experts have been experimenting with a new type of telephone which eliminates the use of mouthpiece and earpiece.

It is really extraordinary that nothing of this kind has been attempted before, in a general way. The mouthpiece idea is very unhygienic, to say the least of it, and the necessity of holding an earpiece to the ear makes it impossible to do anything else, while waiting for a call.

Of course, where privacy is needed, the present system is all right. But the new system will allow two a place at each end to join in the conversation.

## Camel Pads

FROM time immemorial the camel has padded softly across the pages of history, his queer ungainliness always offset by the romance of his mission... spices from Arab... gems from Cathay... burning sunsets... incredible dawns...

Now the good old "ship of the desert" is taking an Australian bride on her honeymoon tour from Sydney to Queensland. Average speed, 4 m.p.h. and home a very long time away.

But that's by mundane reasoning. Young lovers laugh at such measures. For them time "gallops apace" or stands still, irrespective of clocks, and journey's end is a house not made with hands. And whether that journey is made by camel, car or aeroplane, what does it matter?

## Women and the Vote

FEW women will subscribe unreservedly to the statement which Miss Anne Golding is reported in the Press as having made at the meeting of the Women's Union of Service, last week: "Women are individuals since they have had the vote. They were nonentities before."

It takes more than the possession of voting power to turn a nonentity into an individual. There was truth, as well as triteness, in the old adage about the hand that rocked the cradle—and cradle-rocking is a very ancient occupation of women, much older than voting.

Yet the emancipation of women is, indeed, "the most stupendous social drama of modern times," and we have only witnessed the opening scenes. In Australia we are apt to regard America as the Paradise of feminists. America has, for example, her woman Judge and her woman Secretary of Labor. Yet, in the last Presidential election campaign, a list of women's present disabilities was submitted to the presidential candidates by the Women's Party, and it included the statement that "there is not a



THESE BATHING GIRLS are getting instruction in long range rifle shooting from marines at the barracks near the beach where they were swimming in America. Wait till the Colonel appears on the scene!

single State in the Union where all laws apply equally to women and men."

## Internationalism

AS civilisation advances, causes for national bickerings multiply. News of the past few days includes that of Turkey's refusal to allow competitors in Melbourne's Centenary air race to fly over Turkish territory, of Italy's refusal to grant Imperial Airways facilities for flying across Italy; of British plans for establishing a Ministry of Food with practically unlimited powers; and the formation of international agreements restricting supplies and increasing prices of tea and sugar; of the arrival in Australia of P. and O. chief Mr. Alexander Shaw, "to discuss with Australian and N.Z. Governments measures to safeguard British shipping against unfair competition."

Happily, nations have now so many bones of contention that quarrelling has become as dangerous as it is easy. So many arteries run through the nations that to cut them in China is to bleed to death in Peru.

That no nation can live to itself alone, was emphasised on his return from Britain, a few days ago, by Rev. P. W. Baldwin, padre of Tooe in Victoria and hon. Federal padre.

"The idea of intense nationalism has outgrown its usefulness," Mr. Baldwin is reported to have said. "Britain is now leading the world to a new ideal of a company of nations such as the Empire itself."

## Our Ever Changing Language

### Words & Their Origins

Does it ever occur to you what a wonderful thing is a word? A few letters thrown together, a little harmony of sounds, and there you have the expression of a thought. The average person is said to use about 5000 words a day.

MOST of them are used carelessly, without much thought, so much so that in the last few hundred years several words of common use have completely lost, or even changed, their meanings.

For instance, "scandal" once meant "that part of a trap on which the bait was placed and which sprang up when the trap closed."

The word "buxom" has become much more robust in its meaning; originally it meant "obedient." "Rival" is related to river, and meant simply those who drew water from the same stream; the word "cease," which now means "to stop," comes from an origin (cedere) which means "to go." "Irritate" referred to the snarling of a dog; "disparage" meant to marry unequally, while the word "dress" meant "to set straight."

The word "trivial" has quite a little history attached to it. It means the intersection of three roads. Apparently, anything that happened at the crossroads was regarded as being of little importance—hence the meaning of this word to-day.

"Wainut" has no association with wall. The

## LYRICS OF LIFE

### LIE

He said,  
"There is no God,  
And all the dogma of the church is lies,  
Itself a product of men's minds,  
A parasite upon their souls."

He said,  
"All that you have believed is lies,  
Death is not life but death,  
Within our little span of being  
We start and end. There is no more."

I went out into the wide night,  
And looked into the illimitable heavens,  
That the supreme Designer planned,  
I felt the rhythmic throb of life  
In the wide arms of universe,  
And I could smile, for it was he who  
lied.

—P.D.B.

Saxons imported nuts from Wales, which were known as Wales nuts, the word later becoming walnuts.

In Chaucer's time the word "nice" meant "foolish," later becoming "foolishly particular," then "fastidious" and, finally, "elegant."

"Pretty," until quite recently, meant sly, and "silly" meant good or happy.

THE irony of fate appears in the history of the word "dunce." It is derived from the name of one of the greatest intellects of the Middle Ages, John Duns Scotus.

Lord and Lady, now criterions of respectability, had the most humble origins. Lady once meant a "loaf kneader," and Lord meant the "loaf guardian."

Thumb, at one time, did not indicate a part of the hand, but merely a "swollen finger."

The origin of delirious is rather surprising. It once meant the inability to plough straight. Then there is junket, which is related to jonquil, though why is a puzzle which few people could answer. Jonquils are a rush out of which baskets were made. At one time the milk from which junket was prepared was strained through these rush baskets. And that is how junket got its name.

THE origin of many words is colored with incidents of historical interest. "Sardonic" conveys one to Sardinia, or, rather, to life among the Greeks, who applied to a bitter laugh an adjective derived from the name of a Sardinian plant which had the property of distorting the face of the eater.

"Nabby pambly," which for some reason or other we regard as a recent addition to spoken English, dates back to the days of Pope, who wrote using this term of the pastoral poet Ambrose Phillips.

A journalistic story attributes the word "jazz" to an underworld negro Jasbo Brown, whose manner of playing called forth cries of "Jazz Jasbo, Jazz." Late Lord Hearn, however, reported the word "jaz" as common among the blacks of the South with the meaning "to speed things up—to make excitement."

Among the slang expressions which have joined the English language, if only verbally, are the symbolic letters "O.K." and the words "By jingo," the former getting its origin from the word "okey" from the language of the Choctaw Indian, meaning "It is so," the latter being an oath of the seventeenth century, derived from a Basque name for God—D.V.

## JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.





# AN Awful Little FIBBER

*Daphne was known to be such an awful little fibber that no one believed her story of how she was stranded in a lonely cottage with a strange young man—until....*



**R**OBBER met her on his way up the stairs. She was the peachiest thing he had seen in a month of Sundays. Her frock was an inspiration, her make-up perfect, and her face the sort of face that young men dream of. Moreover, there was in her deep blue eyes a light of intelligence that showed her knowledge that to be a mere peach is not enough. Robbie was pulled up short.

"I say," he said, "please forgive me, but are you by any chance leaving Cissie Fanshawe's party?"

"I am."

"But what a pity! Why?"

"Why not? It's not her brightest party, anyway."

"Then let's go back together and make it so."

The peach's sole answer was to draw on her gloves and descend the stairs. Robbie leaned after her.

"A little obvious, don't you think, to snub me so blatantly?" he murmured. "It's what Really Nice Girls do, I know, but it seems on the whole a pity. Oh, well, so long and all that!" The girl disappeared down the stairs and through the doorway. There had been an incredibly old two-seater outside. Robbie, descending more leisurely, saw her drive away in it. He noted the number. Well, anyway, she was one of Cissie Fanshawe's crowd. It should be easy. If she thought it was going to end there she would have to think again.

Not much point in going to Cissie's party, anyway. Cissie was the world's biggest talker. Her drink was the sort of drink women did give you and got away with. He hesitated on the doorstep quite a long time deciding. Oh, well, since he was here, might as well get on with it! Do unto other people's parties as you would they should do unto yours. And he had known Cissie since she was a flapper.

Accordingly he mounted the stairs again. The door of her flat was open. A large mauve and green room was full of lovely ladies, a man or two, and tobacco smoke. And Cissie, her fair hair flying behind her, Valkyrie-fashion, was sitting on the piano, taking the chief part of the conversation while the others acted as chorus.

"If that isn't the sort of thing that always happens to Daphne—"

"Of course," said somebody else, "she is probably the most awful little fibber!"

"Yes, but I bet the main facts of the story are true. They usually are with Daphne. Why, even at school things used to happen to her. I know, if I happened to look over a wall, it would only be the grocer's young man who whistled to me. But if it was Daphne, it would be a wicked foreigner in a Bentley who would ask her to spend a week-end in Paris with him, and she would be thrilled and scandalised to the marrow. No, she's speaking the truth—mostly, anyway. She's probably embroidered a bit."

"And, of course, that sort of car would break down in the country."

"If it were anybody else's car but Daphne's it would have given up the ghost long ago."

"But the bus broke down, too. Buses don't break down. They are usually hideously efficient."

"And even if they're not, they usually do it on a lonely common, not half a mile from a pal's cottage. And, of course, if it had happened to me, I shouldn't have known that you kept the key at the back of the dog-kennel, Cissie."

"And if it had been any of us, the other person in the bus would have been a doddering old granny who never did approve of them, their motecars, and who wanted to be taken across six fields to her son's wife's mother's or something. Hallo, Robbie! I didn't see you!"

"Hallo, Cissie. How are you? Don't let me interrupt this thrilling story. Who is Daphne, and whom did she get off with in the bus?"

"If you hadn't arrived so disgracefully late, you'd have met her," said Cissie severely. "She's a school friend of mine, and she's just come from Vienna. She nearly got abducted while she was there by a Hungarian financier who dealt in garters. He kept sending Daphne the most saucy ones. She gave them all away as Christmas presents. And, of course, as soon as she arrives back in England, this has to happen to her."

"What?"

"Well, I've just told you, haven't I? The Dalrymples ask her down to their place, and she toddles down in that awful car. Breakdown. Abandoned at nearest garage. Never mind. A charming young man turns up. Says there's a bus. Offers to escort her. They get in among all the ducks and things going to market. Ducks and things get out at suitable stopping-places. Daphne and young man left. Simply fascinating. Black hair and a pipe."

**R**OBBER glanced at himself in an ornate Florentine mirror. His hair was the color of coal. He felt the familiar lump his pipe made in his pocket.

"And then the bus broke down, too," chirped a girl who favored orange lipstick. "And there they were still five miles from the Dalrymples. And the young man and Daphne were thrown out in a cruel world together. They began walking, and the first thing she saw was Cissie's cottage. She recognized it by the color of the curtains at the windows. She hadn't the faintest idea they were anywhere near it, she said. And then she remembered how Cissie always kept the key in the dog-kennel. So she went in, and they scrounged round and found some wood and a tin of new potatoes, and ice-cream wafers and fole gras, and they lit a fire and had a thoroughly indigestible meal, and it was quite a bit later before Daphne noticed that there was a telephone, and found out that it wasn't disconnected, and rang up the Dalrymples and told them to send for her."

"And she never even asked the man his name, but she kissed him good-bye all the same. She says she never wastes a good opportunity."

"And that's the part I don't believe."

By PHYLLIS HAMBLETON

said Cissie. "Daphne hates promiscuous kisses. She is one of those people who love to be considered daring and really are most painfully proper. No, leave out the kiss. The rest is probably true."

"Except the new potatoes and the ice-cream wafers," said Robbie pleasantly. "There was a perfectly good tin of tongue and some cream crackers."

"Sensation!"

"Robbie, you mean to say—"

"It was you?"

"The car," said Robbie, "was a Morris of a very ancient vintage. And the number was LW something-or-other with two eights in it."

"I don't believe it," said someone instantly.

"I do," said Cissie like a flash. "There was a tin of tongue in the cottage. You remember, I told Daphne. She just said fole gras and fanned new potatoes, because it sounded funny. And Robbie often stays in Berkshire. But, oh, how, too, too perfectly marvelous! Imagine, if you had come ten minutes earlier you would have met her."

"Robbie, didn't you think her perfectly charming?"

"About the kiss, Robbie—"

"Well, of course, about that—he'd be like a gentleman!"

They piled him with impudent

Illustrated  
By  
WEP



A Short  
Complete  
Story

questions. He smiled impudently. He knew now that the way had been paved. He could afford to wait.

What he expected happened a fortnight later. Spring was coming. The country was no longer too blatantly good—earthly. It was beginning to show signs of returning animation. Cissie and her guardsman brother were going down for the week-end.

"The lambs all have tassels—too sweet!" she told Robbie over the telephone. "Do come down!"

Robbie said he would come, and thanks awfully. He was told to arrive in time for lunch on Saturday. No mention of Daphne. He hadn't expected it. But the Fanshawes had two perfectly adequate guestrooms, and the rest was obvious. Nor was he very surprised when he found no Fanshawe car standing in front of their little green gate. He pushed it open. And the key was at the very back of the dog-kennel, as usual.

Robbie opened the door and went inside. In the kitchen-living-room a table had been spread. There was a fire and soup in a saucepan ready to be heated. A chicken salad, a bottle of wine, the right sort of cheese, a fruit pie, and a jug of very thick cream beside it. And on the mantelpiece was a note in Cissie's writing:

"Have a good time, darlings. We shan't be down until eight."

Robbie stood a moment thinking. Then he opened the scullery window.

*"The peach's sole answer was to draw on her gloves and descend the stairs. Robbie leaned after her."*

shawe's friends. But you've met me before, anyway."

"Oh, yes, I remember now! An unpleasant obstruction on the stairs." "Let's wash out the stairs business, anyway. It was nothing but a painful separation. There was another occasion—in a bus."

"What are you talking about?"

"We sat in the bus together, among the ducks and things. I fell in love more madly every moment. I prayed the gods to intervene on my behalf. They did—to the extent of choking the carburetor, or doing something to the tappets. Anyway, I had the joy of escorting you to this very cottage."

"So you've heard that story, have you?"

"You're not going to tell me," said Robbie, registering extreme astonish-

ment sympathetically, as he saw her pass on to the cheese.

Her answer to that was to take to herself the whole pat of butter.

Lunch finished, she lit a cigarette viciously. Puffs of smoke flew up to the ceiling. Then she spoke—her first sentence in twenty minutes.

"When are you going?"

"A week-end visit," said Robbie pleasantly. "usual" terminates soon after breakfast on Monday morning."

"Then I shall leave now. Give Cissie my love, and tell her I shall never forgive her for this—never!"

"You're not talking seriously, are you?"

"Of course I am—deadly seriously."

"Then in that case I'll go instead. I don't want to annoy you."

"Why are you doing it, then?"

"Well, you might call to mind the fact that this is not the first time you've had a meal in this cottage with a perfect stranger."

"Yes, but he was a—I mean, he was not. He didn't take unwarranted liberties."

"The poor sap!" said Robbie.

"Oh!" said Daphne.

She jumped to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"Oh, how I hate you and detest you! You're one of the most loathsome people I've ever met! Will you go, or shall I?"

Robbie picked up his hat from the sofa.

"I'm sorry. I thought you had a sense of humor."

He walked out of the cottage. He thought he heard a soft exclamation behind him. If so, he did not care.

**H**e slammed the gate behind him and began walking towards his car. As he did so he realised that the lane was no longer deserted. A local inhabitant was coming towards him. He was rather an extraordinary local inhabitant. He had red hair, worn very long, and a bright face. He wore a yellow waistcoat, riding breeches and leggings, and, as he walked, he backed with his stick at the unoffending grasses. On his face was a look of moaning insanity. But not for these things would Robbie have noticed him. It was for his extraordinary behaviour.

Please turn to Page 41





## HAIR TURNS WHITE

**THROUGH PAIN AND SHOCK.**  
Terribly crushed by falling earth in his mine a Sydney man's hair turned quite white overnight so that he looked 20 years older in one day.

Fortunately he completely recovered from his injuries and recovered the natural colour of his hair by brushing Raydene into his hair each day for two or three weeks. It is wonderful to think that science now enables grey-haired people to get back the natural colour of their hair without using dyes.

This marvellous treatment is called Raydene, which you can get concentrated from your chemist in the three-coupled box and make up with water at home yourself.

Not only does Raydene restore the natural colour of the hair, but it is quite harmless, and clears away dandruff and scurf quickly and effectively.

If your hair is grey or faded get a 2/3 three-coupled box of Raydene (Concentrated) from your chemist today and restore to your hair its natural youthful beauty of colour and lustre.

If you prefer send 2/3 in stamps, or postal note, and get Raydene by return mail from Raydene Laboratory, Dept. 2, Box 3017, G.P.O. Sydney \*\*\*

## A Dressmaker's Secret

"To tell you the truth," she confessed, "I made this frock in an afternoon."  
"But the trimming looks as if it had taken hours!" That piping—so French, such a lovely colour!  
"That's it," Berlei Bias Binding with piping cord. But it's not with the machine, and there you are! Of course, I wouldn't use anything but Berlei Bias Binding. It's so absolutely reliable."  
"Unusual trimming does make such a difference to any frock! Berlei Bias Binding was made to order for him, dressmakers. It's the really, truly, really, in a way—and is so effective."  
Choose BERLEI BIAS BINDING to best quality trim—on a silk for better frocks. Obtainable both in piping cord, or plain binding. The colours will inspire you—and, of course, they're GUARANTEED fast!

**BERLEI  
BIAS BINDING**

# The First VIOLIN

## A Complete Short Story

—By—  
**HAROLD  
MERCER**



THE fat landlady lowered herself awkwardly down the stairs, puffing angrily. At his foot a frightened-looking girl waited for the opportunity to ascend.

"Before you go up, Tilly," said the fat woman, "you take a message to that father of yours from me. Ask him why he doesn't pay the rent. Tell him," she added, as if she had been stating a riddle, "that the answer is 'Booze!'"

The landlady trod heavily along the dingy hallway towards where the young woman was waiting under the sign "Office."

"He came home drunk again," she grumbled in an explanatory fashion, "I ain't no wower; I don't mind no man drinking, but he's got no right to drink me rent. He! That sister of yours 'as forgot to write again!" she remarked acidly.

The girl's face flushed.

"Well, yes, Mrs. Tooser; I'm sorry, but—"

"So am I sorry. This being sorry doesn't pay my bills. This sister of yours who's always goin' to send you money seems bad at correspondence, Miss Halpin. If there is a sister!"

"I'll be getting some work next week, Mrs. Tooser. If you will wait—"

"Oh, all right! If you can't pay, you can't pay; anyway, you don't drink me rent," said Mrs. Tooser, tolerantly. "Only I don't like being told tales. And, moreover, I don't 'old with girls lookin' for jobs. Get 'old of a young man an' marry 'im, and go

'im for maintenance, an' be independent—that's the respectable way!"

"You're really a good soul," Mrs. Tooser.

"Of course I'm a good soul! How else would I have an 'ouseful of tenants, all of 'em owing me rent?" asked the grumpy lady.

HATTY had moved out of sight, along the verandah, so that her presence would not be an additional humiliation. Yesterday, she had seen Harry Hasted enter this house, appalled at the sordidness of it. There was a sickness in her heart as, when Miss Halpin passed out, she put her finger to the bell.

"Bell doesn't ring," said Mrs. Tooser, seeing her, "but I'm here. What's it you're wanting?"

"Have you a Mr. Hasted living here?"

"That's his flat," said Mrs. Tooser, tapping a "To Let" card hung over the bell fixture.

"Then it's not vacant?"

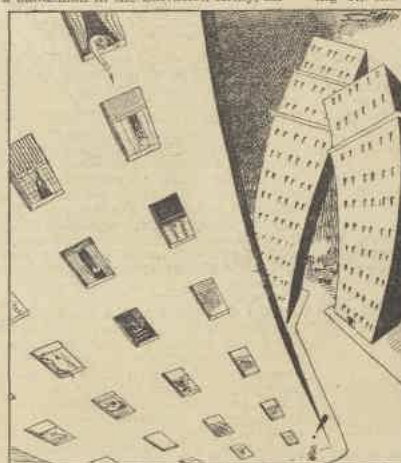
"It will be to-morrow if his rent's not paid," said Mrs. Tooser grimly. "His flat's No. 10, top floor, where it's hard for me to get at him. You can go up."

"No, No!" Hatty cried hastily. The sickness in her heart had increased. It was awful to think of Harry, the man

who a short six months ago had seemed so fine, reduced to this—owing money in a shabby residential. Only after much mental battling she had decided to come to the house; now her inclination was to run away. But Harry had been very dear to her; she could not leave without at least finding out something about him. What had happened that he should have come to this?

She found herself in the stuffy office of Mrs. Tooser, which was also her apartment, and as she learnt more about him, she felt more than ever the reluctance to meeting Harry. To see him in his dejected condition would surely be a last humiliation if he had any of his fine feelings left.

"I'm sorry for the poor fellow," said Mrs. Tooser; "I wouldn't like to turn him out, him with nowhere to go to. And a musician, too! He husband was a bandman in the Salvation Army, an'



"Ooh, Hoo! . . . John dear! Hold out your hand, you've forgotten your wristlet watch!"

I always have a soft spot for musicians. He's clever, he is; it's something to hear 'im playin' his fiddle. 'E ought to be able to make somethin', if it's only banking. But he don't seem to care about nothin'—only drinking. If you're a sister of his, Miss—"

"Never mind my name; I don't want him to know I've been here. I'm not his sister."

She was glad to get away, after leaving a couple of pounds with Mrs. Tooser to save the immediate worst that could happen to Harry. She was bewildered in heart and head. The whole business seemed unbelievable; every word Mrs. Tooser had spoken had been a blow to her heart; her pity, itself, a humiliation. Harry! So fine, so artistic!

"Basking . . . seems to care about nothing . . . Drinking."  
How far was she responsible? Or was it that, in resisting his eagerness for their marriage, she had had a lucky escape? A lucky escape! She could not feel that way. She loved him, even if her idol had shown feet of the worst kind of clay.

It was on a South Yarra tram that she had smiled at him, noticing his intent look, feeling that she had met him somewhere. Eagerly he had taken advantage of the encouragement.

"I was afraid you would regard it as a liberty if I spoke," he said. "I saw you at the theatre; you were in the second row of the stalls, and I couldn't help noticing you. I'm afraid you must have thought me rude the way I stared."

She remembered then. He was the first violinist in the orchestra, whose constant regard had rather disconcerted her.

It was an unorthodox introduction, but matters fell out easily. The meeting, as they alighted from the tram, with Mrs. Andrews, who was giving a party on Sunday night and was eagerly glad to add the musician to her list of guests, helped. There was the way his violin thrummed and thrilled that night; her personal pride in having been responsible for the introduction of this guest. And then, when he saw her home through the beauty of the moonlight night.

"How magnificently you play!" she had said. "I had no idea—"

"It was you," he had retorted simply. "Music has been my sweetheart; I have never worried about women, but since I saw you in the theatre I seem to have had something to say that was never in music before."

What he said thrilled in her heart that night, the next day; and they were suddenly lovers. A strange ecstasy that had seized her. The season was one of grand opera, and she was in the theatre every night. Of course he could

not secure passes; he paid for the tickets in the money-careless way that she learnt was part of him.

"I want you there every night; I feel that I can put more into my music," he had said. It was wonderful watching him, with his fine head, his splendid eyes, his delicate fingers moving on the strings of his instrument,

with the assurance that she was the inspiration of the work of a man who, as she discovered, was so fine an artist that he had been the first selection for that orchestra—a man who was entitled to his place without dispute.

During those halcyon days they seemed merely satisfied to be in love; there were demands for nothing more. The glorious happiness of each day was sufficient. But the grand opera season was drawing to its close.

"You must marry me, darling," he said. "Then you can come to Sydney with me. Afterwards there will be New Zealand. It will be a honeymoon for us."

"But the expense," she had protested. "Can you afford it—on your salary?"

"Of course I can afford it," he had laughed. "And I must have you with me. Without you my music will fall flat. They might sack me!"

She was suddenly frightened—of his money-carelessness, which was one of his fine characteristics. She knew he had saved nothing; his pocket was open to everybody who needed help; he followed every whim. Her father had been money-careless, too. The love that had been between her parents had not stood proof against the unfinancial difficulties that had engulfed them. Hatty had been brought up in a life of bickerings.

So she had been frightened. The dread of poverty—not of poverty itself, but of the bitter misunderstandings it might produce—was bred into her by experience. She had her office job, a good one, and she hesitated to lose it. Together, in Melbourne, they could have a happiness unalloyed by any thought of poverty. He could easily obtain employment in Melbourne.

"You don't understand what you are suggesting!" he had exclaimed. "You are asking me to give up grand opera work for—what? A place in a picture show orchestra?"

"Well, couldn't we wait until the grand opera season is over?"

Please turn to Page 42



## UNDISTURBED SLEEP THROUGH TEETHING...

A cool blood-stream and regular habits will safeguard baby from the dangers of teething. Give him Steedman's, the safe and gentle aperient used by mothers for over 100 years.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Box 494AA, G.P.O. Sydney  
Box 401 E, G.P.O. Melbourne

# In the HURRY and SCURRY of EVERYDAY LIFE

WE are living through strenuous days. Keen competition in business, and the necessity of keeping pace with modern developments, keeps our nerves eternally on edge. Even our pleasures, recreations, and sporting activities are strenuous; we are keyed up mentally and physically, concentrating on the desire to excel. Our demands on nature are heavy, and in return nature forces on us the law of compensation. Over-taxed nervous energy and weakened physical reserves bring about a condition of diminished vitality, resulting very often in severe

Headaches and frayed nerves, rendering us easy victims to attacks of Colds, Influenza, Nervousness, etc. The safest and best method to deal with average simple everyday complaints is to take a couple of 'ASPRO' Tablets for quick relief. 'ASPRO' relieves Headaches in a few minutes, soothes the nerves and removes the causes of numerous complaints, because after ingestion in the system it is a powerful germicide—a solvent of Uric Acid—is antiseptic—antipyretic—anti-periodic, and anti-fermentative.

# 'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

## 'ASPRO' is Woman's Best Friend

Possibly the greatest users of 'ASPRO' are women, for whom 'ASPRO' has a special charm. 'ASPRO' is a boon to women for headaches, depression, and hysteria. They surely know just what a wonderful soothing and pain-dispeller 'ASPRO' is. Millions of women throughout the world now regularly take 'ASPRO', the safe, sure and effective medicine, who before had to resort to dangerous drugs, narcotics or opiates. The understanding woman uses 'ASPRO'.

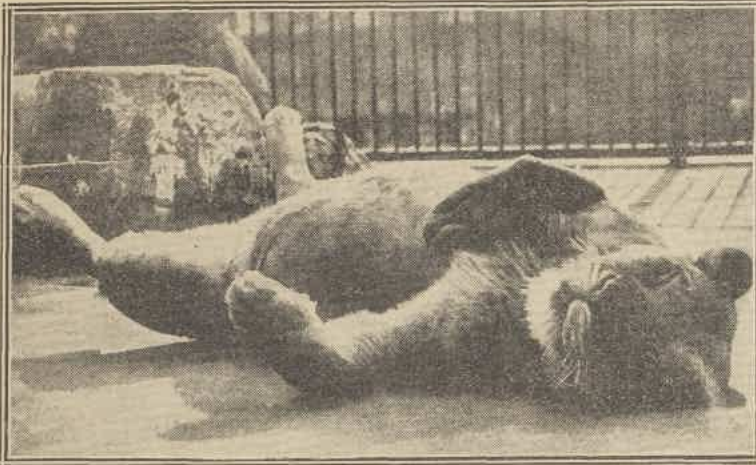
## 15 PROVED USES:

1. It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
3. It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
4. It will ease the nagging pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
5. Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
6. 'ASPRO' taken according to directions will smash up a Cold or Flu attack in 20 hours.
7. It brings Relief without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away Irritability.
9. It speedily reduces Temperature.
10. The stinging pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be banished out with 'ASPRO'.
11. It can be taken at any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It gives great relief to women when depressed.
13. It relieves ill after effects of Alcohol.
14. It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the Fever.
15. As a Gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throat and Tonsillitis.

Obtainable in all  
**ASPRO** 3: 9: 1/3 4/



# The Sand Boy



"SUNBATH" is the title of this picture of one of the lionesses at the Zoo having a stretch out after the daily meal. Note the smile of complete satisfaction on her ladyship's face.



A BEAUTIFUL STUDY of Jocelyn Howarth, the young Australian film actress, as she appears in her bridal gown in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," shortly to be released.



BACK FROM MARKET. An old lady comes home with her shopping. This study, entitled "Home," is by the clever photographer C. Stuart Thompson, A.R.P.S. The picture was hung in the Victorian Salon 1933.



"I DON'T want to go in the water to-day," says the young man in the sou'wester. This delightful beach study of a young Australian mother playing with her baby boy in the sun on the sand was taken by H. Hasenpflug, the well-known art photographer.



MAE WEST, the most-discussed of women film stars. Originator of the Mae West curves. A new and rather lovely portrait of her, taken recently. This is what she's like off stage.

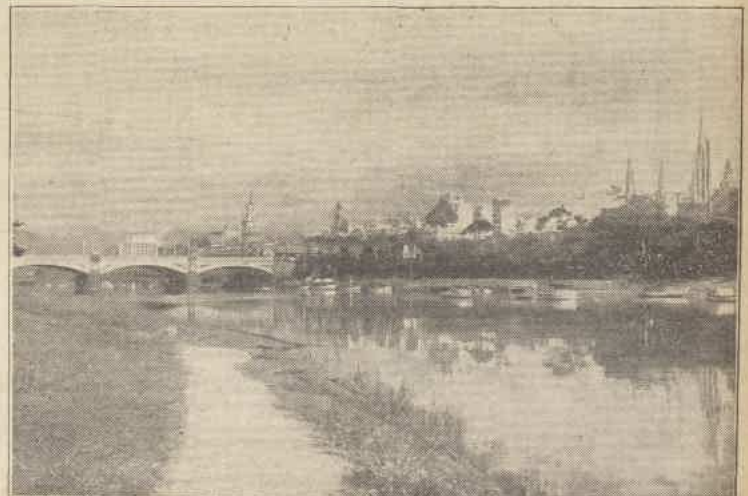


THE TROUPE OF CAN-CAN DANCERS specially trained for the London Film Company's new production, "The Girl from Maxim's," has been greatly in demand for various society functions. London is being swept by a wave of back-to-Victorianism, at present.

THIS is the way a plane arrives in outlying New Guinea districts by cargo-plane. The planes run a regular cargo service, cutting down a 16-day foot march to one and a half hours.



RIGHT: The peaceful Yarra. A late afternoon study of Melbourne city taken from the grassy slopes of the cool, calm Yarra.  
— Australian National Travel Association photo.





# MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their breasts, undeveloped and flabby breasts and thrust into the firm round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.E. (age 22), of Kibarra, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27 1/2 inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 32, as it ought to be, because I am 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.



## It's utterly different Equalizer KOTEX

Now 2/6 Box  
of 12 Pads

A RADICAL innovation!... Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection... but something new, different.

Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The centre equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry.

Ends must be phantomized

Kotex only—offers this special shaping making it possible to wear the closest fitting gown without the slightest revealing line.

If your DRAPER or CHEMIST cannot supply you, write Kotex Australia Limited 559-545 Crown St., Sydney N.S.W.



How shall I tell my daughter? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lilian Cheek, c/o G.P.O., Box 2590EE, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Brainwaves

Conducted by  
L. W. LOWER

A Prize of £/6 is paid for each joke used.

"GUS," said Bill, as he caught up with Gus on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the bush yet?"

"Yes," said Gus. "All six of them?" "Yes, all six of them." "And they're all safe?" "Yes," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a 'roo."

"HERE is the heater for your bath, Madam, with directions enclosed." "Directions, indeed! Do you think I have never had a bath before?"

NURSE (announcing birth of son): Seven and a half pounds, sir. BUTCHER (absently): Including bone?

"WOULD you object to your husband going out with another woman?" "Good gracious, I wouldn't hear of it."

PAT was a traveller for a large warehouse. After a week in the country at the beginning of the season, the manager asked him how he got on. "Not as well as I expected," replied Pat. "I didn't think I would."

HUSBAND: My dear, why don't you ask me for advice on the matter? WIFE: I intend to just as soon as I decide what I am going to do.

LITTLE GIRL (to shop-walker in big emporium): Have you seen a lady going about without me?

"MY dearest Betty," wrote Frank, who was hopelessly in love. "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flames for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always yours, Frank."

P.S.: "I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

# LEAVE the ROD In Pickle

[ Spare the Child Advises... ]  
LOUISE MACK

Do you train up your child in the right way it should go?

It's HARD SOMETIMES. But here are a few "ways with children."

"HOW can I make my children help me?" writes "A.M." from Brisbane.

"My eldest is a girl of ten. She hates to be asked to wash up, or sweep or dust. She always wants to lie about reading. I have such trouble. When the boys have to go messages or empty the rubbish, they try to get out of it. In

The first and by far the most effective is by the power of persuasion. But there must be real power, as well as real emotion, in the persuasion manufactured for children.

Also there must be Imagery, dainty and deliberate, and there must be capricious, gay, winning, and immensely friendly.

And there must be Fun with Firmness. Oh, above all, there must be Fun, because Fun is the lever of levers in lifting the little child's mind out of the depths of inertia.

And Fun—what is it?

Why does Fun mean so amazingly much to a child? Why is it so absolutely necessary for children to have Fun? Wherein lies Fun's Magic and Fun's marvellous medicinal qualities?

Fun is the carbon and oxygen agent of childhood. Fun sets the blood dancing through the capillaries of a child's brain.

COMMAND a child "Go and water the garden!" He looks rebellious and annoyed.

Then say, "Those thirsty little dahlias! They're crying out for water. Just listen to them. If you don't give us a drink we won't play" they are saying.

Instantly, the child's capillaries open a little and the blood flows a little more quickly through his veins.

Your Fun has reached him.

A smile creeps over the sulky young mouth. Recalcitrance vanishes from the bored little face. The eyes sparkle. The little hands seek the watering can.

As he waters his mind is registering "What Fun! Are they naughty, those thirsty little dahlias. They won't play if they don't get a drink. Ha! ha!"

THE fanciful tender persuasions that we can use to children are not only exquisitely effective in inducing children to help, but they have also a far off "recurring spring" all of their own, and when we are old we shall not depart from them.

No need for the stick, no need for threats of what will be done to you, you monkey! Instead, the gentle art of metaphor, the art of imagery combined with the art of persuasion, should be studied by all parents without concealing their necessary firmness.

The child's imagination should be seized upon and rushed away from all sight of the ugly or the dull or the arduous connected with the task that you are presenting to his shrinking little soul.

In dealing with children let us always remember that young life is full of queer and unexpected possibilities.

Maybe punishment for children is only necessary when there is an insufficiency of imagination in the parents' make-up. To beat and cuff boys into doing things satisfies the brute instincts in many brutal natures of those who do the cuffing.

Brutal natures, of course, would think it a ridiculous waste of time to try and work on their children's fancies, and by encouraging their children's imaginations give them images of fun and pretence that would send them scurrying joyfully to their tasks.

For the truth is those tasks are not tasks at all when the child's mind is properly attuned to them.

AS for the rod in pickle, well, pickle is often the best place in which to leave it! Less harmful is it there, maybe, than across a little childish back.

### SOME NEW LAUGHS

Daughter: Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often, but it isn't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away.

Old Gentleman: Fudge! I haven't heard you sing to him once.

"How did you lose all your teeth? Been in a fight?"

"No, I gave Bridget, the cook, notice to leave, and she put dynamite in the muffins this morning."

### NUMEROLOGY!

THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS.

Readings, £1/1/-, 10/6, and 5/-.  
Special Readings at 2/6.  
Give name in full and state month and year of birth.

HINDU YOGI

Box 3448R, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

### INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc., INVISIBLY Re-woven.

Sydney Weaving Co.

90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6957

# DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY BACK-GUARANTEE!

Could there be more SOLID PROOF?

Are you drudging unnecessarily? Are you missing the easiest washes and the brightest washes you've ever known? If you have not tried Persil don't do another wash without it! We are so certain that Persil will change your whole idea of washing-day that we make this amazing "Double-your-money-back" guarantee.

Millions have proved PERSIL for you 600,000,000 (six hundred million) packets of PERSIL were sold in Europe last year...

NO MORE RUBBING... PERSIL washes automatically

Persil fills the water with cleansing oxygen. The tireless, penetrating oxygen bubbles wash far more thoroughly and far more gently than rubbing ever could. They stream constantly through each stitch and thread of the fabric, loosening and carrying away every speck of dirt. No amount of rubbing and soaping can come up to Persil's thorough automatic washing.



The easiest, brightest washes you've ever had, GUARANTEED!

New BRIGHTNESS... utter SAFETY

Whites dry with a thrilling new whiteness after the Persil wash—and this real whiteness is just another sign of Persil's extra-thoroughness. The absolute safety of Persil for everything in the wash, from delicate silks, colours and woollies to heavy blankets, too, is the direct result of Persil's gentle way of washing. This gentle washing means a big saving on your linen-bill every year!

SAVE the money you spend on bar soaps, soap powders, and all other "extras." Persil washes best alone!

WEARINESS HAS GONE FROM WASHING-DAY—NOW PERSIL IS HERE!

The SIMPLE WAY is the

Persil (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney.



"Don't know how we managed without PERSIL"

"In reference to Persil I cannot sing its praises too highly, in fact whatever you wish to add to this letter in recommending Persil would not praise it well enough (as far as I am concerned). I absolutely do not know how we have managed to get along without Persil. I feel since buying Persil that there is something missing in the home if I run out of it before my grocer's order arrives. You can add what you wish to this in praise of Persil, and then you will not praise it highly enough."

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) GRACE GROVES,  
Queen's Parade,  
Fawkner.

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THIS LETTER IS GENUINE & ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED





# WHAT is in THAT DOCTOR'S Prescription?

**R. Dr. Smith.**  
 To Cinch. Co. 3i  
 Succ. Laxat. 3iv  
 Tr. Nuc. Vomica 3ij  
 Sps. Auranti 3ij  
 Inf. Lax. Co. 23iv  
 J. H. W. H. S.  
 Sig: 3fs. eog. l. d. p. e.

By a CHEMIST

THE public generally seems to have a very hazy idea about doctors' prescriptions, what is involved in making them up, and how the chemist arrives at his charge.

As a rule, when you hand a prescription to your chemist, he almost invariably says: "This will take from twenty to thirty minutes to prepare, and will cost three-and-sixpence." It is said so regularly that it might seem as though there is a good deal of sameness, and perhaps bluff, about it all.

HERE IS the prescription which baffles so many people. It means nothing to the average man. But look opposite and you will see just what it does contain.

ACTUALLY there is a routine through which all prescriptions must go, apart from the actual dispensing, the time taken for which may vary considerably. Your chemist, however, strikes an average time, and tells you that average, to be on the safe side.

It is the same with the pricing of the medicine. Based on thousands of prescriptions, and allowing for a choice from a wide range of ingredients, he quotes you an average price. It will be seen how impossible it would be to work out accurate prices on prescriptions that contain grain doses, and less, of different ingredients.

The prescription which you hand him represents the whole training in diagnosis and prescribing, as it affects your particular case, which your doctor has had to undergo. In that prescription he tells your chemist exactly what to prepare for you in order that you should benefit from his training and knowledge. He uses Latin—the language of medicine in practice all over the world—the language by which all knowledge and experience in medicine is transmitted from one country to another. Your prescription can be read by a doctor or a chemist in Berlin, Buenos Aires, or Bombay.

For every medicine that is used there is an exact, safe dose that will do the necessary work—no guessing about it. Both the doctor and the chemist must know this safe dose, and they must be able to state the amount in a way that there can be no mistaking.

In this a prescription differs from a cooking recipe, for instance. You may add to, or take from a recipe as your pantry, or your fancy dictates, but there can be no fooling about with the preparation of your prescription.

Furthermore, your bottle of medicine, prepared just when you need it, must bear the cost of making the service of pharmacy available to you. In this it differs from no other service to the public.

## Bacon and Eggs

YOU know, for instance, what it costs you to cook a couple of eggs, and a masher or two of bacon, or any other meal. You know what the same meal costs you in a cafe, where the cost of the service to you must be added to the cost of the ingredients of the meal. You know how much it costs you to make a cup of tea, and you know how much you cheerfully pay for it when you need it badly somewhere away from your own home. By comparison the cost of a dispensed bottle of medicine is very reasonable, especially when you consider that the public need for pharmacy service, unlike the need for cafe service, is intermittent.

When, however, it is a matter of life or death that this service should be available, it is yours at the cost of a few shillings.

Unlike the man who prepares a meal

for you, the training of the chemist involves both highly skilled knowledge and tremendous responsibility. The medicines he dispenses comprise the most potent substances—frequently so potent that if he exceeded the one-thousandth part of a grain prescribed, the result would be fatal. There are approximately nine thousand elementary drugs and compounds listed in Martindale's Extra Pharmacopoeia, which is the chemist's constant reference.

He must know the effect of every drug in this list when mixed with every other drug in varying quantities, to make sure that their mixture does not result in a virulent poison. Some substances taken internally whilst others are being used externally, will have injurious effects. Other substances can be taken by children, and not by adults or vice-versa. The chemist's knowledge of these vital matters is part of the service of dispensing that must be paid for just as you pay for the cooking of bacon and eggs.

Each year at least two hundred new drugs and compounds are added to the list that the chemist may be called upon to supply. He must keep in touch with current literature in order to learn the actions and reactions of these new drugs, and must apply his fundamental training in chemistry to his newly-acquired knowledge.

## Oh! WHAT a DINNER They Had

(Special to The Australian Women's Weekly)

If you are striving to retain the slim silhouette you'll possibly find this story upsetting. It concerns forty of the world's most famous hotel controllers, and the VERY SPECIAL dinner they had in London.

WHEN hotel chiefs from 14 countries assembled in London for a meeting, the programme, of course, included a dinner, and these men, who control the great luxury hotels of the world—catering for royalty, millionaires, famous artists, and other celebrities—dined together at the Mayfair Hotel.

This is what they chose for their menu:

- Colchester Oysters (the finest in the world).
- Fresh Caviare (brought straight from the River Volga).
- Cocky-Leeky Soup (made with pure cream and vegetables).
- Sole.
- Saddle of Lamb.
- Potatoes Cooked in Butter.
- Hearts of Artichokes.
- Game and Apple Salad.
- Timbale Mayfair (an elaborate sweet made with fruits and ice-cream).
- Fricassee (a complicated version of the old-fashioned sugar-plums. Grapes rolled in sugar, dates stuffed with apricot, etc.).
- Fresh Fruit.

The hotel chiefs are members of the executive committee of the International Hotel Alliance.

The dinner had the choice of more than forty rare wines and liquors, including some of the few remaining bottles of brandy taken from the cellars of the Tuilleries, Napoleon's former palace, which was burned to the ground in 1871. The brandy was 115 years old.

What a dinner it was!



THE MIXTURE  
 Single like Water

One tablespoonful with water to be taken three times a day after meals.

THE BOTTLE of medicine with the chemist's instructions and all round it the various things that go to make the prescription. In this case they all look harmless enough except the nux vomica seeds, which are a deadly poison.

## Value of Stock

FOR any dispensary a stock is required comprising from two to four thousand different drugs and compounds, which would range in price from a few pence to five pounds per ounce, the total value of the dispensing stock alone running from £400 to £600.

Alcohol, which the chemist uses in large quantities, costs him 5/- per gallon, and the many tinctures which he employs cost as much as good brandy.

Many drugs may be ordered once only. A prescription will be taken from a city doctor to the nearest chemist, who will need to buy in, say, an ounce of some new drug to fill the order.

A suburban chemist may get the prescription next and also purchase the

drug. A third time the prescription may be made up by another chemist near the patient's place of business or in a week-end resort.

By this time the patient may be cured, and three chemists will have on their shelves a drug for which they may never have another call—had stock, not as a result of bad judgment, but forced upon them by the nature of their calling.

It is stock that cannot be sold off at bargain prices.

It has been estimated that 75 per cent. of the drugs in a chemist's dispensary are used on an average only once each in every 10,000 prescriptions.

## Grave Responsibility

EVERY prescription must be carefully checked and cross-checked, especially when poisons are prescribed, for the chemist is liable for any error that may be made, and would be charged with manslaughter in the case of a death arising from negligence.

All dangerous drugs must be kept under lock and key, and their use carefully accounted so that the amounts received and dispensed tally to the last grain.

With some prescriptions the most extraordinary care must be taken. Consider the preparation of an eye wash, for instance. Possibly only one two-hundredth of a grain of drug may be in the finished article, but the dispensary must be literally cleared for action before the dispensing commences. Everything to be used must be washed twice, the second time with distilled water, and no other dispensing can proceed simultaneously since the slightest trace of any foreign drug or substance might result in the loss of an eye.

# FOR TRUE DELICACY OF FLAVOUR DRINK Goldenia Tea

## CURLPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Hub Curlpet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlpet is antiseptic too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube. 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlpet Laboratory, New Unit T, G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlpet to you by return mail.

## LOSES 98lb. UGLY FAT

With Youth-o-Form. Without Diet or Exercise

To prove how safe, effective, and permanent YOUTH-O-FORM is, we have selected the following report:

"I was 19st 2lb. before I began to take Youth-o-Form, and though I am past 40 I have reduced to 12st 1lb. with Youth-o-Form."

My doctors found my blood pressure was very high, and my head ached constantly so they suggested that I reduce with Youth-o-Form. The result has pleased and astonished myself, and my doctors, for I am 5ft. 9in. tall and that is about my normal weight.

"I feel 20 years younger and I never have a headache now, and my blood pressure is normal. Youth-o-Form is really wonderful, and I still take a capsule two or three times a week."

(This lady reduced in 1928 and we often see her now.)

This is only one of the many hundreds of wonderful reports received from grateful men and women who have lost their ugly, aging fat with YOUTH-O-FORM. Youth Reducing Capsules.

It is no wonder that doctors regard YOUTH-O-FORM as the most effective medicine for reducing in the world to-day, for not only does it reduce surplus fat, but its medicinal effect remedies HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, BRUISES, HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION and INDIGESTION in a few short weeks.

Permanent, safe and easy to take, YOUTH-O-FORM reduces ugly fat from waist, hips, bust, chin, without dieting or tedious exercise.

If you are a little or much too fat, go to your chemist and get a full six weeks' treatment of YOUTH-O-FORM for 20/- or a 10-day carton for 8/6, and watch your youthful lines reappear and your mind feeling fresh.

If you prefer, a postal note with your name and address to ROGERS, LTD., DEPT. 3, CHEMISTS, 235 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY, will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

INTERSTATE AGENTS: Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, 343 L. Collins St., Melbourne; Duncan & Co., Dept. 3, 235 George St., Sydney; R. D. Benjamin, Dept. 3, 2318 Murray St., Perth; R. W. Peterson, Dept. 3, 25 Dalmeida St., Wellington, N.Z.



# WAY'S

## GREAT SUMMER SALE

*Bargains throughout the store!*



MOROCCAIN FROCK FOR THE BIGGER WOMAN, styled to lines that slenderise. Pin tucks appear at the hip line. Panel front. Inlet vestee. Colors: Black, Navy, Brown or Lido. Sizes, W. to X.X.O.S. Usually 35/-.

SALE PRICE .. 27/6

29/6  
15/11

35/-  
27/6

32/6  
22/11

SMART UTILITY FROCKS OF FANCY VOILE, a suitable style for street or home. Attractive designs on light and dark grounds. Also smart effects in Black-White. Georgette front. Sizes, W. to X.X.O.S. Usually 29/6. SALE PRICE 15/11



MAKE USE OF OUR LAY-BY AND MAIL ORDERS

*New!*  
WOOL CHEVRON POLO COATS  
42/-  
SPECIAL

A Coat that will appeal to Youth. Correctly cut and perfectly tailored. Smart collar, sleeves, and pockets. Belt at waist. Colors: Beige, Fawn, Royal, Nigger or Cream. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W., and W. A New Style and New Material. SPECIALLY PRICED .. 42/-

LADIES LEATHERETTE RAINCOATS, smart style with service. Raglan sleeves, storm collar, cuffs, and belt. Side pockets. Colors: Red, Green, Brown, White or Black. Sizes, S.S.W. to O.S. Usually 25/-. SALE PRICE .. 18/11

AND HERE IS A BARGAIN. A youthful style in MOROCCAIN, with puff sleeves of Fancy tone, and a cute bow giving a smart finish. Colors: Navy, Lido, Beige or Black. Sizes, S.S.W. to Ex.W. Usually 32/6. SALE PRICE .. 22/11



## OUR Delightful NEW SERIAL

"A Prince of Good Fellows" Next Week

With a father who was a professor of music and a mother who had the blood of Irish kings in her veins and had been a beauty in her day, the members of the Foster family, whose fortunes we follow in "A Prince of Good Fellows," had all the ancestry necessary to make them a lovable, unpractical crowd.

THEY were, as Jenny, the only one with a practical streak in her disposition, observed, gracious, and good - tempered. They were handsome and quick-witted. They had taste and talent. Unfortunately, they had none of the qualities that were demanded by their inadequate income. They were not hard-working or tidy. They were not practical or ambitious. They did not know the value of money.

Ted, for example, afraid of losing his job, and very much in love, buys a marriage license and displays it before Jenny's astounded gaze.

"But, Ted!" she stammered, "do you mean—?"

"I don't mean anything. I like to have it in case. I did it one day when I was feeling blue."

"My God; what a family!" laughed Jenny. "They feel blue, so they run out and put up the banns. What do you do when you feel cheerful?"

You couldn't be human and not be fascinated with such a family, could you?

That's why you're going to delight in reading "A Prince of Good Fellows," by Monica Ewer, which commences in the next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. Watch for it next Thursday!

### WILLOUGHBY READERS

DID The Australian Women's Weekly representative call at your home last week?

Here are the names of the lucky regular readers who gave him their opinions.

Mrs. M. Blake, Garland Rd.; Mrs. D. Pickering, Carlos Rd.; Mrs. M. Baker, Artarmon Rd.; Miss M. Redmond, Dargan St.; Mrs. C. Spiller, Garland Rd.; Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, Albert Av.; Mrs. J. Henderson, Centennial Av.; Mrs. D. Haynes, Crick St.; Mrs. Scully, McMahon St.; Mrs. M. Beach, Waters Rd.; Mrs. H. G. Owen, Broughton Rd.; Mrs. H. Brown, Albert Av.; Mrs. E. M. Buchanan, Macquarie St.; Mrs. R. Martin, Chatterwood Av.; Mrs. O. Calnes, McMahon St.; Miss K. Darcy, High St.; Miss N. E. Grant, Crabb's Av.; Mrs. L. Shepherd, Hollywood Cres.; Mrs. W. Rogers, First Av.; Mrs. M. Sattin, Erie St.; Mrs. D. Mowd, First Av.; Mrs. L. Sandford, Parsons Rd.; Miss C. Frank, Shillra Bay Rd.; Miss V. Tate, Northcote St.; Mrs. J. Wilson, Victoria Rd.; Miss G. Wake, Mowbray Rd.; Mrs. J. Vincent, Archer St.; Mrs. H. Anderson, Pacific Highway; Mrs. E. M. Jackson, Mowbray Rd.; Mrs. M. Donnelly, Sydney Rd.; Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Laurel St.; Miss K. Bonner, Albert Av.; Miss E. Winter, Archer St.; Mrs. T. Holden, Artarmon Rd.; Miss D. Watson, Pacific Highway; Mrs. P. Hilton, Pacific Highway; Miss I. Jones, Stanley St.

### Our Radio Poll

Attach Coupon to all "So They Say" letters. Which do you listen to most—"A" or "B" stations?

Are you satisfied with the musical programmes of the "A" class stations, particularly the evening concert and recital?

Do you listen more to the (1) recorded items from the "A" and "B" class stations than to the (2) local artists from the "A" class stations?

If you prefer recorded, is it because of (1) the quality of the performances, or (2) the more interesting variety of items rendered?

**CLYDE LAWN MOWER**  
AN ALL AUSTRALIAN PRODUCT  
MADE BY THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.  
Glasgow, N.S.W.  
\*PAISED STEEL  
\*BALL BEARINGS  
\*2 YEAR WARRANTY  
City Showrooms  
5-61 BENTLEY RD.  
SYDNEY N.W.2A



*"It takes Clements to make one feel really well!"*

DAY after day Clements Tonic brings new life to men and women who are "run down," nervy and fatigued. After the first bottle there is a feeling of renewed strength, a better appetite and sounder sleep. Colour returns to pale cheeks, and troubles are forgotten. For Clements Tonic brings renewed health by fortifying the blood and feeding the nervous system. It is a natural restorative, free from drugs and injurious stimulants. Here are two of the many letters received from grateful users:

"Nerves Just Danced"

South Broken Hill.

"I suffer from dreadful headaches. My nerves just dance; in fact it is sometimes impossible for me to see out of my eyes. I take your tonic regularly for a month or perhaps more until I feel well again. Then I do not take any more, perhaps for a couple of months, so you see it does me a lot of good."

(Mrs.) D.J.B.

"Insomnia Disappeared"

Stanmore, N.S.W., 10th Feb., 1933.

"I feel I must let you know what Clements Tonic has done for me. I have been suffering from Insomnia for a considerable time. A friend advised me to take Clements Tonic. I have only taken three bottles and the result is wonderful. I feel altogether a different woman."

(Original letters on file for inspection)

Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.



## CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you nerves of steel"

9.205

## ANDREE PERM. WAVE

Includes  
HAIR CUT  
SHAMPOO  
FINGER  
WAVE



EXPERT  
OPERATORS

Satisfaction  
or Refund

RING F3141

Only experts employed on Permanent Waving  
—You will get a beautiful Wave at the very  
Low Price

**BUCKINGHAMS**  
OXFORD STREET - SYDNEY

From  
**15/-**

## SKILFUL EYESIGHT SERVICE



GIBB & BEEMAN'S  
1934 DESIGN

Our advice is reliable — quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate

**GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,**  
Optometrists and Opticians

G. A. GIBB, Optometrist,  
6 Hunter Street,  
3 doors from George Street.  
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist,  
278 Pitt Street,  
Opposite A. Rodger's.  
And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

E-WAY & CO. LTD. 213-219 Pitt St. Sydney



**LETTERS** sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

### IMPERFECT GUESTS

IN many periodicals we get columns of advice to hostesses on how to entertain their guests, etc., but rarely do we see one on how to behave when a guest. The following hymn of hate is written of—

Guests who are unpunctual for meals.  
Guests who are food faddists in diet.  
Guests who borrow my comb or hubby's razor.  
Guests who will turn on the wireless full blast.  
Guests who will want to teach me economy.  
Guests who have been abroad and will not let you forget it.  
Guests who disapprove of the way I bring up my children.  
Guests who allow their children to turn the house into a bear-garden.

Guests who stay a week or two longer than they were asked for.  
These are only a few of the irritating habits some guests have. Perhaps now some reader will give us a list of things a hostess should not do, and then we will be square about it.

F. Wright, 24 Bower St., Manly, N.S.W.

£1 for this letter.

### ART OF TALKING

THE editor, in a recent editorial, deplored the fact that the conversation of the average Australian is very mediocre.

If we women will only take stock of ourselves, we will see that his remarks are justified.

We should regard our minds as a room which should be tastefully furnished so that inspection would not be a bore, but a pleasure, revealing always something fresh and new.

How can this be done? By reading the newspapers intelligently and digesting the political and international news in addition to the social chatter—by reading good books and understanding them and by moving with the times.

Miss C. Isaacs, 20 Station St., Fairfield, N20, Vic.

### SUPPORTING "PIXIE"

I AM sure Pixie O'Harris' letter expressed the viewpoint of many mothers in regard to the quaint fairy lore of childhood. To deprive a young child of the legendary wee folk is to deprive it of a valuable mental stimulus. To a large extent a child lives part of its life within itself, and this self constantly struggles for expression. The "Pucks and Peter Pan" of folk lore fulfil a very real need to the little mind, and, to an only child especially, what more delightful companions could there be than elves and pixies, goblins and gnomes. I might say in closing that Pixie O'Harris has captured the elusive charm of fairyland in her fascinating designs, and I wish her success in her wireless plea for the folk of fairy lore.

Mrs. Evelyn Healey, Duckie, via Dalby, Q.

### TO HIKE OR NOT

NOW that the summer months are slipping past rapidly, hiking will soon be in vogue again. I would be very interested and grateful to hear what other readers of The Australian Women's Weekly have to say regarding Sunday hiking. I had intended to organise some hikes during the winter, but feel that I would like to hear other women's opinions first.

Miss Jenner, "Sunnyside," Camboyne, N.S.W.

### HUSBAND'S DIARY

DO you object to your husband keeping a diary? Should husbands and wives keep diaries?

If you do object, it is a sure indication that you have an inquisitive, distrustful nature. There is no reason why diaries should be scrapped on the wedding day. If a person remembers to maintain the one law of diary keeping, i.e., never reveal its contents to eyes or ears other than his own, much pleasure and profit can be found from the practice of regularly recording observations.

J. Lindeman, 152 Avoca St., Randwick, N.S.W.

# So They Say

## Home-made Films; Their Influence Only Comedies

MISS BUTCHER'S criticism of the Australian film, "On Our Selection" and "Hayseeds," forces me to remark that if English audiences did not regard them as pure farce, which they were, then they are on a mental level with the characters portrayed in the films.

That these wholesome comedies are universally popular is proved by their tremendous box-office success, audiences laughing at the experiences of people who are their inferiors. I am sure overseas audiences, especially those in England, will be entertained, and will pay their money to see such characters rather than "smart girls" and "city life," of which no doubt they have their fill.

A. H. Borzell, 23 Francis St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

### Thanks

I WOULD like to thank the writer of "A Mother's" article in a recent issue for the refreshing change of criticism concerning we "modern" girls. It is a change to see that someone has a good word for us after all the slander meted out. My girl-friends join me in tendering you a hearty "Thank you."—Beatrice Purser, "Seymour," Johnston Rd., Bass Hill, N.S.W.

### Wrong Impression

I QUITE agree with Miss I. Butcher (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/1/34) that Australian films tend to give an incorrect impression of Australian outback life.

The picture, "On Our Selection," made Australians appear utterly ridiculous, and almost brainless, with nothing better to do than to act the fool, and gave no idea of the work that these big-hearted people do, nor of the hardships they have to endure.

If pictures like this one are exhibited abroad, it is indeed no wonder that other countries have an erroneous conception of the conditions of life for the average outback Australian.

Miss J. Madden, 147 The Boulevard, Strathfield, N.S.W.

### Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**FRANCES DADE**  
RECEIVED MORE VALENTINES THAN ANY ONE ELSE IN HOLLYWOOD BECAUSE SHE WAS BORN ON FEB. 14.

**MAURICE CHEVALIER**  
ONCE SANG IN FRENCH MUSIC HALLS FOR 3 FRANCES (12 CENTS) AN EVENING.

**WILL ROGERS**  
REFUSES TO POSE FOR CAMERA PORTRAITS, SO THE STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHER HAS TO SNAP HIM UNAWARES ON THE LOT.

**DID YOU KNOW THAT?**  
WARNER BAXTER ONCE SOLD FARMING IMPLEMENTS?

## More Readers' Opinions On "A" Class Radio Music

The Australian Women's Weekly radio poll has aroused the interest of women all over Australia. Here are some fresh opinions. The voting coupon, which all "So They Say" letter writers should fill in, appears on page 16.

### A Country View

THERE are 900 houses in June, over 300 are fitted with wireless, and the complaint is general, "A" class programmes are putrescent. If it wasn't for the "B" class stations 2WG Wagga, and my wireless cheap. Let Major Comber came outback 300 miles, and I am willing for him to be his own judge. The thousands of working men want a good programme at night, and why must "A" class all broadcast the one thing at the one time? I ask you?

Anne B. Porter, "Lyndock," Main St., June

### Ceased To Listen

FOLLOWING upon your very enjoyable paper's request for readers' opinions of radio programmes as they exist at the present time, I should like to say that as I long ago ceased to tune in to the "A" class stations of Sydney or other capital cities I can hardly express an opinion based on close observation of their programmes. They may have entertainment value for some people, but they hold none for me, and I personally regard radio as an entertainment and not as a midlife educational course as the Broadcasting Commission would have us believe.

Joan Bradley, 5 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

### World's Worst

WE'VE had a set for four years, and for the best part of that time have been mainly entertained by the "B" class stations. We certainly get better reception from them than from our own 4QG, which is locally known as "the world's worst station."

Reception from Brisbane "B" class stations is perfect, yet 4QG and 4RK are impossible. We enjoy the dinner music (mostly recorded) provided by 2BL and 3LO, and an occasional play or concert.

Our wireless is used as a relaxation after the day's work, and educational talks, opera, or highbrow musical items which require a certain amount of mental effort to appreciate, do not appeal to us. It would not worry us if the "A" class stations closed down after the dinner music, for we certainly get our best enjoyment from the "B" class.

Mrs. L. P. Andersen, Box 59, St. George, S.W. Qld.

### News Only

THE only time I tune-in to an "A" class station is to hear the overseas news items. "A" class stations concerts and revues are based too much on the same line. Therefore I am not satisfied with "A" class musical items. I think a lot of listeners will agree with me that there is far too much classical music from "A" class stations. My vote goes to "B" class stations for interesting items and good music.

Miss D. Blackburn, 81 Powlett St., East Melbourne C3, Vic.

### All-Music Station

LET us have one station which continuously gives music, no matter what kind, as long as it is music and can be turned on any time of the day. There is someone somewhere all the time who wants music, so why not give it without one having to continually change the station? I listen to "B" most.

Mrs. J. Burgess, 6 Hunter Rd., Camberwell E5, Vic.

### Hard To Please

I CERTAINLY must agree with Miss Orr in her letter last issue re broadcasting programmes.

It is almost impossible to please all tastes, but the Commission does endeavor to do this.

My two brothers will only listen to American "crooners," while mother and I love only sterner stuff, preferably opera.

M. White, 39 Milroy Ave., Kensington, N.S.W.

### Useful Vote

MAN is an imperfect animal in some ways; his works, etc., are also more or less imperfect; why, then, expect perfection in the A.B.C.'s musical programmes?

I noticed the Commission claims credit for increase in the number of licenses issued since they assumed control, but "B" class stations are popular and are therefore also entitled to claim some credit for that increase.

Choice of music will probably always be a contentious matter, some desiring new, while others wish more of the good old songs that never die. A public vote on the national stations' music programmes for this reason I think would tell about even. Would the Commission welcome one?

J. Argyle, 80 Chester St., Teneriffe, Brisbane, Qld.

### Worth While

WITH reference to wireless programmes, I think we are very well catered for, considering the tastes of one and all. The "A" class evening programmes are very good and very entertaining. The old-time dance nights are delightful, in fact any of the old music is well worth listening to.

Miss H. Leach, Grey St., Glen Innes, N.S.W.

### Community Singing

APROPOS the discussion on the "A" class radio programmes, I heartily commend the Commission in giving us the Frank Hatcher community singing sessions each week. They are a real tonic, especially to anyone away from the city, and by far—in my humble opinion—the best of all community items on the air.

Who could possibly listen to "Frank and John" and not join in the spirit of the singing? To say nothing of the pleasure the hospital inmates receive from their splendid efforts to supply radio equipment.

Mrs. I. Powell, Forresters Beach, Wamberal, N.S.W.

### Listen To "A"

YES, I listen to "A" stations more than to "B," and appreciate the variety of entertainment offered by the former. Being in the metropolitan area where reception of all stations is excellent, I willingly pay my 3/- per year. As a mark of appreciation to the accommodation and enterprising "B" class stations, I invariably mention the source of my knowledge when purchasing an "over-the-air" bargain.

E. Barrett, 6 Lihon St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

DO you listen to "A" or "B" class radio? A voting coupon, which should be attached to all "So They Say" letters, is on page 16.

You can write a letter on any subject as long as the radio poll coupon is attached.

### OUT-OF-DATE SLANG

WHY is it that certain newspapers give prominence to the fact that the so-called "Bright young things of Australia" have taken to using slang terms that were obsolete in London a couple of years ago?

If this fashionable slang added color to the language, there might be some excuse for it, but to hail such second-hand phrases as "Absolutely too top," or "Just too sick-making," as choice specimens of wit, seems to indicate a regrettable reversion to childhood.

Peculiarly enough, the very people who use and encourage these insipid imitations of Mayfair, were the greatest opponents of Australian slang, which at least has the merit of being original and picturesque, and of the Australian accent which, when spoken crisply is most attractive and compelling.

G. M. Hills, Windsor Road, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

### Etiquette



YOU MUST be most particular at dinner to chew with your mouth shut.

### COUPON NONSENSE

AS the price of tea again, we learn, is to soar upward, and many popular brands carry a coupon valued at a penny each, many housewives, I'm sure, would rather pay the penny less than save the coupons and, if the quality of the tea is maintained, no customer would be lost by the tea companies.

Mrs. A. Fitton, Molesworth St., Teneriffe, N.S.W.

### TELEPATHY

I READ the article on "Telepathy" in The Australian Women's Weekly with great interest because things occur in my daily life which make me a firm believer in it. My son and I live alone, and so many things we do while we are at our respective duties at business tend to show our thoughts are entirely the same. For instance, on a Friday evening one or the other of us always brings home a box of sweets. Neither of us says in the morning whether we are going to, yet we never both do.

Mrs. M. Weathercote, No. 8 Flat, 265 William St., Sydney.

### TALK IT OVER

THE mere male who contributed his tale of woe on "Marriage and Love," in the issue of 13/1/34, surely gives away the whole secret of his domestic differences in his added postscript. He says: "I hope this article is printed, and that my wife sees it." His pen-name, "A Married Philosopher," adds strength to the conviction.

Most philosophers are prone to deep introspection, and are apt to take their problems into a corner, and think, instead of talk them over with the one concerned.

Let "Married Philosopher" try a few more heart-to-heart chats instead of pouring it out in ink. The happy couples are those who philosophise together.

Molly Power, 216 Nelson Rd., South Melbourne, Vic.

### LET'S HAVE COLOR

IN one issue of The Australian Women's Weekly you published an article, "Color in the bathroom." Good. But why not carry the idea further into the dentists' and doctors' surgeries—even into the hospitals?

Nothing frightens me so much when I enter one of these as the appalling whiteness of everything. I have that creepy sort of feeling, "This is where I go west!" Now, if one's eye encountered, say, a pastel-tinted wall, a blue-coated dentist or doctor, a colored bedspread, why, how homely and comforting!

Isn't absolute cleanliness compatible with colors?

Mrs. J. Ledger, Inverell, N.S.W.



# Autumn & Winter FOOTWEAR

Smart  
with the comfort that only  
a Quality Shoe can give.

WELTS  
with all the grace  
of a Pump

EVENING  
SHOES  
that are a delight  
to the eye... and  
the foot

PUMPS  
in English, Continental,  
and American designs  
exclusive to RIGNEYS.  
By the first Australian  
makers—"Westbrook"  
"Sharwood" "Parker"  
"Paragon" "Spencer"

New  
Autumn  
Styles  
will be  
opened  
Monday

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

## RIGNEYS

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY :: (2 Doors from  
262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE, Castlereagh St.)



## MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

### Australian Premiere by Radio for "Iris."

Mascagni's "Iris," one of the novelties promised by the Australian Broadcasting Commission for its current radio season, is to be relayed from Sydney on Wednesday night, February 21. Thus radio will bring to us the premiere in this country of an opera which seems to have been mostly a failure elsewhere.

"IRIS" was first produced at the Constanzi Theatre in Rome in 1898, and a revised version was given at the Scala the following year. It has been produced several times in America, but despite casts of star singers has never been a success.

There have been a few scattered performances of excerpts in Australian concert halls. Amy Castle, for instance, used to sing the terrific Octopus song in her recitals. This piece has a tremendous climax, and is thrilling in its intensity.

Otherwise the only operas by Mascagni hitherto heard in this country have been "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Lodoletta," in which Dal Monte and Minghetti appeared during the 1927 season.

#### Cast for "Iris"

OTECO (A Blind Man), Walter Kingsley; Iris (His Daughter), Evelyn Lynch; Osaka (A Nobleman), Lionello Oceli; Guech, Evelyn Hall; Kyoto, Franco Izal.

#### The Story

LUIGI ILICA's tragic Italian libretto in three acts may be summarised as follows: Iris, an innocent Japanese maiden, daughter of a blind man (bass), is desired by a wealthy rouse, Osaka (tenor), who confides his intentions to Kyoto, a procurer (baritone).

Disguising themselves as strolling players they entertain Iris and her friends with a puppet show, and during the performance kidnap and carry her off. Her father, thinking she has deserted him, curses her.

Act two commences with Iris awakening in the strange house. She cannot understand why Osaka woos her with promises and jewels. She is afraid, and longs for her home and her father. Brought on a balcony, richly gowned, she is exhibited to the crowd, of which her father is a member. She hears his voice, and joyously calls to him, but he only throws mud in her direction, and curses her again. Her mind gives way under the strain, and she throws herself from a window.

#### Death of Iris

The third act finds Iris, apparently dead, lying next morning on a heap of mud and filth from an open sewer. Scavenging raskpokers strip her of her jewels and flee when she recovers consciousness. Iris bemoans her fate. The sky grows rosy, and she dies as she gently and rapturously acclaims the rising sun. Such is the sad and unsway story of Iris.

#### Melba's Memory

It has just occurred to me that the second anniversary of the death of Dame Nellie Melba is on February 23. One can scarcely realise that two years have passed since the great prima donna pathetically whispered the poignant phrases of Mirra's Adieu for the last time ere she left us to mourn the passing of a great voice, a great artist, and a great Australian. It is to be hoped that her memory will be cherished on this date, and in succeeding years. The A.B.C. might well arrange special Melba commemoration programmes on the 23rd.

#### Australian Approved

Melba was one of the most effective ambassadors Australia ever had, and it is gratifying to find the path she blazed in the cultural centres of other countries being trodden by many of our younger musicians. The latest to come into prominence is Merle Miller, who has been engaged for nine months to sing in a variety of productions at the Old Vic.

To be invited to appear at this famous theatre is an honor indeed, but Miss Miller is well chosen, since she has an exceptionally beautiful contralto voice and real musical intelligence. Already she has impressed as the mother in Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel."

#### Conservatorium Opens

The concentration of solo noises and the clamor of classes has resumed at the N.S.W. State Conservatorium. With a new director to arrive in a couple of months' time orchestral plans cannot

be made far ahead, but I hear that Dr. Orchard contemplates featuring Respighi's "Fines of Rome," excerpts from Wagner's "Valkyries," and the Beethoven Symphony in C Minor.

Howard Carr has been invited to conduct a later concert, and has in mind a programme of lighter fare including Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony. Mr. Carr, by the way, has just recovered from a short bout of illness in hospital.

#### New Arrivals

A welcome addition to the list of resident concert pianists is a brilliant young German, Helmuth Hoffmann, who has just completed a concert tour embracing the Dutch East Indies and New Zealand. He is to make his debut to Australian listeners in the national programme from 2FC on Monday night, February 19.

Margherita Zelanda, a leading Dominion soprano, who is staying in Sydney for a few months before returning to Italy, has been engaged for a 2BL programme on Sunday night.

### German Dance Success

IRENE VERA YOUNG's recital of the Modern German Dance, at the Savoy last Tuesday, proved a phenomenal success from a box-office point of view. The house was packed by 8 o'clock, and crowds of enthusiastic people had to be turned away. It was announced beforehand, however, that another recital would be given on February 27.

Miss Young performed many solo dances, "Holiday," "Gossip," "Immodesty" and "Prison" being particularly excellent.

The group work of the Motion Choir lacked unity at times, but "Their Impressionable High Spirits" in "The Congo" captivated the audience. It was a pity that Miss Young had not enlisted the services of a good elocutionist to recite the words in this striking poem of Vachel Lindsay's.

Members of the Motion Choir are: Mary Butler, Kathleen Campbell, Marjorie Croaker, Olive Freeman, Jessie Hughes, Joyce Lodge, Edna McDonald, Violet Murdoch, Miri Randall, Marjorie Simpson, Gwen Tanner, Eugenie Thomsett, and Barbara Young.—F.W.L.E.



"White Wings" Quality Food Products are all packed by Bony Australian Girls—not imported machines.

All "White Wings" Products carry coupons of equal value. Collect these coupons and redeem them at the Compton Parlours, 32 Meagher Street, Sydney, for valuable presents.

WHITE  
WINGS

### Any Card Player

CAN MASTER CONTRACT BRIDGE IN A VERY SHORT SPACE OF TIME BY READING

### 'Modern Contract Bridge'

By FRANK CAYLEY  
(Assist. Editor, Bridge Magazine of Australia)

—THE SIMPLEST, SOUNDTEST, AND MOST UP-TO-DATE BOOK YET PUBLISHED.

- BIDDING
- PLAY
- PRACTICE HANDS AND ANSWERS

The Author has long been recognised as Australia's foremost teacher and writer, and as a player of the first rank. He is renowned because of his clear way in which he expresses all his facts, and every need of the beginner is catered for in this book.

"MODERN CONTRACT BRIDGE" is obtainable from Nos 1043, J.L. G.F.O., Sydney, and from all Bookellers. Price, 3/6.

## FLY-TOX KILLS COCKROACHES

● Filthy, cockroaches; vile flies and mosquitoes; all insects succumb instantly to "FLY-TOX." There are many inferior substitutes but nothing so deadly effective as genuine "FLY-TOX."

"FLY-TOX" is stainless, fragrant, and harmless to humans.

Insist on the genuine "FLY-TOX."

✱



There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

HOT Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always on hand and crisp.



**Removes hair from  
FACE  
AND LIMBS**

Wonderbalm—the dry  
method for the removal  
of unwanted hair is easy,  
safe, pleasant, a 2-  
economical. Rapid—  
non-injurious—odor-  
less. Leaves the skin  
perfectly healthy. All  
chemists and stores,  
3/6 and 7/- per cake.

**Bell's Wonderbalm**



**4 1st Prizes  
OF  
£5000**

**A 3rd and  
Two 4th Prizes**

**LUCKY FRED** has won well  
over £51,000 in the N.S.W.  
State Lottery, including **FOUR  
FIRST PRIZES OF £5000 each,**  
**A THIRD PRIZE OF £500,** and  
**TWO FOURTH PRIZES,** as  
well as dozens and dozens of  
other prizes, ranging from  
£100 to £5.

He has already won two major  
prizes this year.

**LUCKY FRED'S  
RECORD**

**LUCKY FRED** HAS WON THOUSANDS OF  
POUNDS MORE THAN ANY OTHER SHARE  
SYNDICATE. AND LAST WEEK AGAIN  
WON MORE THAN ANY OTHER SYNDI-  
CATE. **LUCKY FRED** HAS WINNING  
TICKETS FROM THE LOTTERY OFFICE  
TO PROVE THIS STATEMENT.

Every penny of the abovementioned  
wins was divided between genuine  
shareholders in **LUCKY FRED'S**  
Syndicates, and does not include any  
whole tickets purchased by or for his  
clients.

**HURRY FOR FIRST PRIZE!**  
**LUCKY FRED** is the only person who has  
won more than one First Prize for his  
Syndicates, as results of the State Lottery  
Office show.

It was in February that Fred won **TWO  
FIRST PRIZES HUNTING,** and he is con-  
fident of winning another First Prize this  
month, so profit for a share quickly.

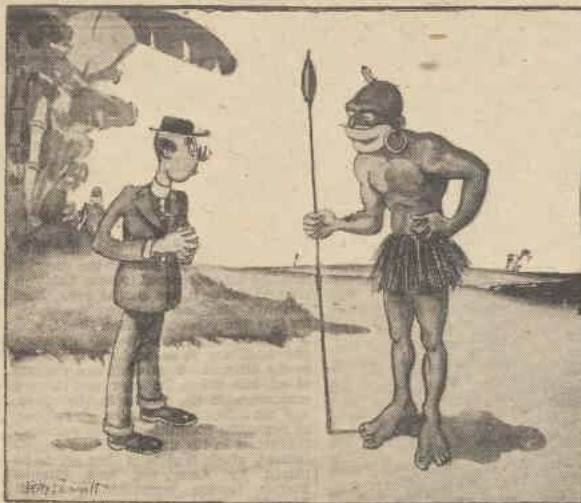
**SAME DAY SERVICE**  
Immediately the results are announced on  
the wireless the winning shareholders can  
present their tickets for payment, even if  
they share the **FIRST PRIZE OF £5000,**  
share to **LUCKY FRED!** Five of his old  
clients shared the **THIRD PRIZE** he won  
for them early this month.

**Branch at 14 Barrack Street**  
Big prizes are being sold every day at  
Barrack Street. City clients simply call  
in. There's a one-minute service, you  
receive your share, and every share is  
bought by **LUCKY FRED** himself.

**SPECIAL OFFER**  
Four Fifth Shares in different  
tickets for 5/6.

This is a great idea and gives you **FOUR  
SEPARATE CHANCES** to win £1000.  
This appeals to the wise investor who likes  
four lucky numbers to look for in the result  
slip instead of one.

**COUPON**  
How to send in:  
Simply cut out this coupon and—  
For a **FIFTH SHARE**, send... 1/6  
For a **FIFTH SHARE** and a **LUCKY  
CHANCE**, send... 2/6  
For **FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES** in  
different tickets, send... 2/6  
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the  
above offers and post it with this coupon  
and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing  
your name and address (this is very im-  
portant, in don't forget to enclose a self-  
addressed envelope).  
By return mail you will receive your Lot-  
tery Share in the very next State Lottery  
to be drawn.  
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may  
be yours next week!  
You know the address—  
**LUCKY FRED, W.W.13  
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney**



**MISSIONARY:** I believe the last missionary died of consumption.  
**CANNIBAL:** Yes, home consumption.

**MOREE Fire Heroine  
Saved MANY LIVES**

Miss D. Wilson, assistant to the school dentist, Mr. Perry,  
who is at present attending to the teeth of pupils of the Moree  
Intermediate High School and Convent Schools between the  
ages of 6 and 9 years, was the heroine of the recent disastrous  
Moree fire, when the Criterion Hotel and five shops were razed  
to the ground.

**MISS WILSON**, who was a possible to save anything else, and ran  
boarder at the hotel, was back to help others who were struggling  
sleeping at the rear of the second along with suit cases and other be-  
storey, and was the first person longings.  
to be awakened by the crackling  
of the flames.

When she found that the outbreak was going to be serious, and that no one  
but herself appeared to be awake, she  
raced along the corridor to the room  
of the licensee, Mr. C. Miley, and  
awakened him.

She next raced along to awaken  
Messrs. Perry (the school dentist) and  
O. Worth (a member of the school  
teaching staff), and, crying "Fire!" did  
her utmost to arouse all other boarders.

When satisfied that everyone on the  
top floor seemed to be awake, she re-  
turned to her room, to find it sur-  
rounded by flames. She dashed in,  
threw a few things into a case, and  
ran downstairs with them.

Back again she came in an endeavor  
to save a few more of her possessions,  
but found that her room was filled with  
dense black smoke, while flames were  
licking the door. She saw it was im-  
possible to save anything else, and ran  
back to help others who were struggling  
along with suit cases and other be-  
longings.

**MISS WILSON**, who has been attached  
to the Education Department's trav-  
elling dental clinic for about five years,  
modestly disclaimed any credit for what  
she had done, but boarders are unani-  
mously of the opinion that she was the  
means of saving many lives by her  
thoughtfulness. Her personal losses  
amounted to about £40.

**MISS MACKLIN**, the head of Messrs.  
A. C. Reid and Co.'s showroom, was  
temporarily boarding at the Criterion  
Hotel, and was a heavy loser by the fire.  
She threw a bag containing some valu-  
able jewellery from the balcony of the  
hotel, but it was picked up by some-  
one and has not since been recovered.

She then attempted to climb down  
from the balcony by means of the down-  
pipe and the verandah post, but slipped  
to the ground and broke her ankle. She  
also injured her back, and was taken  
to "Aubrey" private hospital.

**A daily glass of  
"Sheaf Stout" keeps  
me well & cheerful**

**SHEAF STOUT**  
*it's TOOTH'S*

**THE HUB**  
Stages a  
**HALF - PRICE  
SALE OF  
UNDERWEAR**

**Milanese  
Vests and  
Bloomers**

Locknit Art Silk Milanese  
Bloomers with double  
gusset. Shirred at waist  
and knees. All shades  
Vests in opera top or  
round neck. S.W., W., O.S.  
Usually per garment

**1/6**  
Per Garment



**Vest and  
Bloomers**

"Laddaloe"  
Bloomers of finest  
high-grade Milan-  
ese. Fitted with  
roomy gusset,  
which is strongly  
reinforced. Vests  
to match in opera  
top or round neck.  
Very slightly im-  
perfect. Colours  
are very attrac-  
tive. S.W., W., O.S.  
Usually 4/11.  
Ea. garment  
Sale Price 2/6



**Princess  
Slips**

"Locknit" Art. Silk  
Milanese Slips.  
Tailored shape.  
Round neck or  
opera top. A smart  
range of Lingerie  
shades. S.W., W.,  
O.S. Usually 4/11.  
SALE  
PRICE, ea. 2/6

**Pyjamas**

60 pairs only.  
Two-piece Lawn  
Pyjamas. Tunic  
style, with belt.  
Embossed spray  
on front. Colours:  
Sky and a few in  
Pink. Usually  
5/11.  
SALE  
PRICE, 2/11 1/2



**"Locknit"**

**Dressing Jackets**

"Locknit" Art. Silk  
Milanese Dressing Jackets.  
Attractive trimming of  
Needlerun Lace or facings  
in contrast colours.  
Usually 7/11.  
SALE PRICE ... 2/6

Not illustrated

**Milanese  
Nights**

80 only "Locknit"  
Milanese Nights.  
Shirred on shoulder  
and hips. Colours:  
Salmon, Sky, Pink,  
White and Nile.  
Usually 7/11.  
SALE  
PRICE ... 3/11 1/2

THE HUB'S  
Underwear  
Dept. is now  
on the  
Ground Floor  
to give  
speedier ser-  
vice!

**Dressing  
Jacket  
2/6**

**The HUB Limited**  
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY



# ENGLAND'S Young MAN

## Of Many TALENTS!

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

THE latest of Noel Coward's plays to be filmed is "Design For Living," a Paramount production, directed by Lubitsch. No author of our time has impressed himself upon the theatre-going public at an early age so vividly as Noel Coward. When he was twenty-four, London playgoers were all talking of him. Throughout the English-speaking world his fame spread rapidly. His comedies, particularly "Hay Fever," have been the most popular productions, frequently revived by numberless amateur societies.



One of the most brilliant young men of the day, Noel Coward looks like any other young man. His somewhat worried expression is characteristic of his temperament.



Lynn Fontaine with her husband and Noel Coward. The actress knew Coward when he was poor and befriended him. So a promise was made that she should be rewarded by a play. "Design For Living" is the result.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW himself, the universal standby of theatrical amateurs and of the intellectual theatre generally, both in England and in countries where he is played in translations, cannot approach this record. For Shaw did not even begin to write plays until early middle life.

Noel Coward was born at Teddington on the Thames on 16th December, 1899, and is therefore now just turned 33. As a child of 12 he attended Italia Conti's famous dramatic school in London for children, and has ever since devoted himself to various branches of theatre work. His youth prevented him from giving more than a few months to military training and to the army in the war. As soon as he was demobilised he rushed back to the theatre.

Playwright, Actor, Producer, Musician

ONE reason for the establishment he has caused in the contemporary world of the theatre is that his talents are so many and so various. He is not only an author of highly successful dramas and comedies, revealing in all he writes a sense of the stage such as many older playwrights of repute have never achieved. He has also written sparkling revues and operettas, a very different line of work.

He also composes the lyrics and

music for them. Furthermore, he has generally produced his plays and musical pieces himself. And, to crown all, he has several times been a star performer in them.

Such all-round versatility reminds one of those occasional turns in the old music halls where a single actor, an adept at quick change, took all the parts in a tabloid drama, performing his exits and entrances with such lightning speed that he seemed to tread upon his own heels.

### "The Vortex"

THOUGH he had written two plays prior to 1923, and one of them, "The Young Idea," is a witty, amusing comedy, very notable and far from immature, it was not until 1924 that he really made London sit up. He did that with "The Vortex." This is a drama of a bitter flavor in which a flighty society woman, bent on retaining her youth and her lovers, is reproached by her only child, a grown-up son.

He tells her that he has been denied the mother's love which is the right of every child, and that in his sickness of heart he has taken to drugs.

The cynicism and bitterness of "The Vortex" are to be found in some of his other plays, among which "Fallen Angels" is a really nasty piece. On account of these qualities Coward has been subjected to attacks. But, in view of his precocity and the shattering effect of the war upon his adolescence, it is not hard to make excuses for him. Like many another young man of extra sensibility and great gifts—like, for instance, Aldous Huxley—he has had his teeth set on edge.

Brilliant men commonly have their

detractors, and Coward's rapier-like repartee has doubtless made him some enemies. But his associates speak of the stimulation of Coward's infectious enthusiasm, when once the new acquaintance has got used to the blazing intensity of his enormous eyes.

### Success

IT is common knowledge that Coward, though still a young man, has made a considerable fortune with no pecuniary advantages to start with. Not only is there a steady income from author's royalties on stage productions, plus film rights and publication rights, but the gramophone recordings of his musical numbers and of portions of dialogue spoken by himself and Gertrude Lawrence augment it.

So that Coward is able to afford himself a villa in Majorca as a retreat, and other luxuries. But it must be admitted that he has earned them.

Among his revues, "This Year of Grace" is the only one so far produced in Australia. This piece, which was not shown here in complete form, did not have the success it deserved. Perhaps it was because the humor was of a different sort from that to which we are accustomed. Perhaps it was because there were many topical allusions to life in England. Maisie Gay, the star, on her return to England spoke her mind about Australian audiences, but her disappointment was natural, and, to a large extent, justified.

"Bitter Sweet," an operetta of the 1870's, was presented in Australia with considerable success about two years ago. A film version from British Dominion Films, starring Anna Neagle and Bernard Graveney, has been much praised in England, and will be seen here later.

Another of his stage pieces which has been seen here more recently is the comedy "Private Lives," with Isobel Elsom and George Barnard in the principal roles. These parts were taken both in London and New York by Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward himself. In the film version, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and seen here prior to the play, Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery were starred; this film was popular here, too.

### Greatest Work

THERE can be very few people in Australia who ever go to the cinema at all who have not seen "Cavalcade," the great film adapted by Fox Films from Noel Coward's own stage production. The germ of the idea behind it, so we have been told, is that Noel Coward, born practically at the beginning of the 20th century, thought that he would like to review the events that had happened within his own lifetime as affecting England, the land of his birth.

The play and the film which followed it are not without that ache of disillusionment apparent in some of his writings. But it would seem that, as it developed, the theme of the play took hold of the author and, despite himself, patriotism marches with him down this procession of the years. As another poet has said: "England, my England . . . England, my own!"

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

### \*\*\* DESIGN FOR LIVING

Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper (Paramount).

FOR sheer dexterity and inventive brilliance on the part of the director this film is unsurpassed to date. Lubitsch enjoyed doing it, we should say. Noel Coward's play has been freely adapted for this film version, but Bea Hest, who is responsible, has made his excisions and additions so as to keep the spirit of the original. The result is a comedy of sub-acid wit in the later Noel Coward manner, with the tongue in the cheek, and not infrequently the tongue put out, at our social institutions. The principal characters in the film have been Americanised, which is right if they are to be played by Americans, and Edward Everett Horton represents a richly-flowering specimen of that plant native to the U.S.A., or at any rate reaching its most luxuriant growth there, the advertising specialist. There was a certain amount of crude romping in the match between Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in "Private Lives," but Miriam Hopkins and her partners play their round game with more finesse and have obviously spent some time in learning to speak the French lines. This is not a film to subject to the ordinary canons of morality, since they clearly do not hamper a heroine who believes in taking samples before she makes her matrimonial bargain, and even then does not mind going back on it. But such cleverness gives one a purring satisfaction.—Prince Edward.

### ★ MY WEAKNESS

Lillian Harvey, Lew Ayres (Fox).

THE style of this musical piece can be gauged with fair accuracy from Lillian Harvey's principal song number, which parodies the poet Herrick's oft-quoted advice to maidens not to delay marriage. Singing a catchy tune, she admonishes men to "Gather lip-rouge while you may. You'll never be much younger. Why not appease that hunger, which you may?" A mature, top-hatted, tail-coated Cupid (Harry Langdon) presides over the beginning and the end of the film. At his touch various china toys, among them, baying repulsively, a reproduction of Rodin's "Thinker," burst into warnings not to be caught by "that She." "Before you know," they chant, "you'll find yourself behind a baby carriage."

Other ingenuities in like vein deck this story of Miss Harvey's transformation from a skivvy to a young person of fashion, during which, profiting by precept and example, she progresses so far as to enslave in turn the partners in a firm manufacturing brassieres, pronounced "brassers." Perhaps we are treating the thing too heavily, but, truth to tell, much of the comedy seems to us flat-footed, and several of the jokes questionable. Miss Harvey's engaging humor, a mixture of seeming artlessness and street-arab impudence, could be employed to greater advantage.—State.

### ★ NIGHT OF THE GARTER

Sydney Howard, Winifred Shotter. (B.D.F.)

BASED on the stage farce, "Getting Gertie's Garter," which had a good run in London, "Night of the Garter" is a very brisk affair, administering to the audience several of those hearty blows at the midriff which it is the aim of farce to deal out. Everything possible is done with the inconveniently bestowed garter of the bride (Winifred Shotter) besides things that you or I would never have thought of, while doors slam and people dash in and out of hiding-places, and Bodger, the butler (Sydney Howard), endeavors to preserve his dignity and composure. We should have liked, personally, to see more of this intangible comedian. And the complications of the plot seemed to be prolonged rather unduly. But there is a most hilarious passage towards the end, culminating in the bridegroom's sister, who has fainted, being wheeled in a barrow.—Mayfair.

### ★ SAY IT WITH MUSIC

Jack Payne and Percy Marmont. (B.D.F.)

THE object of this film is to capitalise the popularity of Jack Payne and his Band, who for four years broadcast dance music from the B.B.C. and have since enjoyed successful seasons at cinemas and music-halls in England. The story interwoven with the entertainment supplied by the band is slight, and that it is not punched home in the Hollywood manner may recommend it to people who appreciate restraint. Jack Payne himself, technically a crooner, is yet able to sing sentimental ditties without the yawning which is so distressing to those who have an ear for classical music. His Band also are excellent performers of their class.—Mayfair.

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★ One star—average films.  
★★ Two stars—good films.  
★★★ Three stars—excellent.  
No stars . . . no good.

### ★★ TILLIE AND GUS

W. C. Fields, Allison Skipworth, and Baby Le Roy. (Paramount).

AN entrancing duck, quacking expressively to itself, opens this film, and shortly we are introduced to a no less entrancing infant (Baby Le Roy). Then later Gus (W. C. Fields) and Tillie (Allison Skipworth) arrive on the scene. Married but separated, and supposed by their remaining relative to be missionaries in Alaska and China, they are actually engaged in more secular pursuits. In fact, we first see Gus in some little police court trouble in the North-West arising out of a game of poker—a most amusing scene—and Tillie runs a gaming house in Shanghai. There is a ripeness and an unruffled deliberation about Gus that endears him to us from the start, and Tillie, always the lady and showing remarkable poise, is his worthy mate. So that when they combine on their return to the Middle-West to rescue their niece from another rascal and set about winning the ferry franchise by a race between the old family tub and his new steamer, we know that we are in for a good time.—Prince Edward.

### ★★ AS HUSBANDS GO

Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson, Warner Oland. (Fox.)

RACHEL CROTHERS, author of "When Ladies Meet," has here taken a very credible situation and developed it in the main with regard for truth. Two travelling American women under the spell of Europe are weeping at their return to unromantic Iowa. In Paris they allowed themselves to fall in love, the younger (Helen Vinson) with a young Englishman, played by G. P. Huntley, jun., son of the G. P. Huntley prominent on the London stage some years ago, and her middle-aged friend, who is a widow (Gatherine Doucet), with a cosmopolitan Parisian (Warner Oland). Miss Vinson has a perfectly satisfactory stay-at-home husband, who is devoted to her (Warner Baxter), and Miss Doucet shrinks from the comments of her rabidly American daughter, if she consents to marry her elderly Hippolyte. Hence these tears and mutual commiseration.

However, Miss Vinson, instead of courageously asking for a divorce immediately as she had promised her lover to do, procrastinates. So that a nice kettle of fish is put on to boil when Huntley and Oland arrive by the next boat. Knowing Warner Baxter, we did not imagine that he would get left. But the interplay of the characters and the denouement are skilfully arranged. The five chief players all do well, though it is a pity that a singer "off" has to sing Miss Vinson's song for her. Perhaps the palm should go to Miss Doucet's garulous, simple, intimidated, affectionate Emmie, and to the scene where Huntley and Baxter cement their friendship. Frankly, we cannot feel that the eight-year-old nephew would be an Angel-in-the-House.—State.

### THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE

Miriam Hopkins, Jack La Rue (Paramount).

WHAT do you make of this picture? Now, listen. Temple Drake (Miriam Hopkins) is the descendant of a people who reached America in the "Mayflower," or thereabouts, and she is proud of her ancestor who was a hero of the Civil War, and of her father, who died in the World War. Yet, because of some rottenness in her make-up, she chooses to let her name be bandied about, and becomes the mistress of a gangster-bootlegger, Trigger, whom later she shoots. Several days afterwards, and only 140 miles away, nobody seems to know that Trigger is dead. Perhaps the sitting-room where his corpse lies is only dusted at spring cleaning! Anyway, Temple is called as a witness in another murder case by her upright lover, who is an attorney, and after fibbing at the fence first of all then makes confession of her own crime. As he carries her fainting form from the court, the attorney exclaims how proud he is of her. So that's all right. Ha!



# When RADIO TALKS are DULL Lectures

In recent issues The Australian Women's Weekly has criticised the music programmes of the Broadcasting Commission.

The talks put over the "A" class stations are just as unsatisfactory as the music, and for the same reason—lack of direction.

**T**HE British Broadcasting Commission's programme of wireless talks for the first quarter of 1934 has just reached Australia—and it makes one green with envy.

One member of our Broadcasting Commission went to London last year, and returned with the information that our programmes were as good as theirs; another is now on her way there, and, being a woman, may be a little more humble-minded. If she does decide to learn something we may get better talks. But some hopes are too like despair.

A few names from the B.B.C. list of talkers are: H. G. Wells, Lloyd George, Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill, Sir William Bragg, Dame Edith Lytton, Sir Oliver Lodge. Every Saturday A. P. Herbert is staging a discussion on matters of topical interest called "Mr. Pewter Sees it Out."

Not only books, but theatres and cinema are reviewed by expert and independent critics. An experiment is being made in a "News from the Markets" series for housewives, which looks to have great possibilities. They do not have social gossip.

**N**OW, what of Australia? In each State we have a Talks Committee—unpaid—mostly made up of University professors and school teachers.

In Adelaide it looks as if the University contributed most of the talks, which means that there is not much during vacations. But the Adelaide talks, though fewer, are some of the best. Credit for this may perhaps be given to Professor Hancock, and since his departure to Professor Kerr Grant. Care seems to have been taken to choose from University circles people who not only know their subject but are easy to listen to.

Professor Harold Davies' "Talks on Music" are particularly good. One notes that he is the brother of the famous Walford Davies, himself one of the most highly-paid B.B.C. stars.

## Principal Fault

In Melbourne they have some interesting features. Dr. G. L. Wood, Professor of Economics, talks regularly on international affairs, and "The Watchman" has a daily half-hour at lunch-time for "The News Behind the News." The women's sessions deal with travel, books, art, music, and so on, in a way that will interest even those who have read "The Observer" for themselves.

In Sydney, the chairman of the committee, Professor Dakin, himself gave last year a science talk, "Some Popular Fallacies," which was a model of its kind. He and his colleagues have certainly effected some improvements in talks.

But one cannot expect these unremunerated services to include the rigorous supervision that a director of talks would give. The committee no doubt could, and would, lay down a policy and make suggestions. But good ideas as to subjects are not enough.

The principal fault in the talks at present is that frequently they are not talks at all. Some of them are extension lectures; some are essays.

One must, perhaps, have one's talk written out. But if successfully put over the air it should sound as if it were not. The subject is not so important as the voice, delivery, and air-personality of the

speaker. You might listen-in to talks on foot-and-mouth disease or Socrates with both profit and enjoyment. But that depends on how it is done.

Too often such talks merely give one practice in knob-twiddling.

So far the Commission has fought shy of debates. Those who remember the Australian-wide interest aroused some time ago by a Y.W.C.A. debate broadcast through "B" class stations must regret this. Perhaps the Commissioners are afraid of politics. But so long as they do not hand the air over to professional party politicians, and give honest and intelligent opinion a fair chance, they

need not be. For instance, what a chance they lost when Major Douglas was here! For it so happened that Professor Shann, who is not only a leading authority on economics, but can put his matter across, was here at the time. A good Talks Director would have seized the opportunity, and all Australia would have welcomed it. This idea was carried out by the B.B.C. since when England appears to have satisfied its mind on the matter. Then there was that marvellous series of discussions which they staged between Benn the Individualist and Maxton the Socialist—not only a liberal education in political principles, but extremely entertaining.

We need a Director of Talks, who could be constantly on the lookout for successful talkers, and by degrees eliminate the unfit. Who knows? He might even venture on bringing a world-famous personality from overseas.

If it is worth while to lay out large sums on the importation of a bandmaster, surely the same might apply to a leader of thought.

## Skin Beauty

obtained and maintained with

# Nº 10-10 Face Cream

A perfectly marvellous Beautifier. It allows the skin, to breathe... keeps it young and vital.

Nº 10-10 Beauty Products by  
**ROGER & GALLET**  
of PARIS

# Mother doesn't mind washing-day now!



# She gets the clothes so white—just by soaking

## IT'S ALL IN THE LATHER!

That's the secret of the easy Rinso wash—the thick, extra-creamy lather. The suds are so rich, so full of washing power, that they just soak out all the dirt. And then you see how white your whites can be. Colours, as well—they dry as bright as new. No hard rubbing—that saves you, and saves your clothes. You need so little Rinso, too.

Weight for weight, Rinso gives twice as much suds as bar soap, even in hard water.

A LEVER PRODUCT



## CREAMIER LATHER... MORE WASHING POWER

## Zöldy SKIN CREAM

1 FOR THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF SKIN

If your skin is dry use Zöldy Cream No. 1. It will banish the blemishes caused by dryness.

2 Normal skins need Zöldy Cream No. 2. It's a perfect powder base.

3 Zöldy Cream No. 3 is absolutely greaseless and is the ideal corrective for oily skins.

REMEMBER... ALL GOOD CREAMS ARE SOFT AND READILY ABSORBED BY THE SKIN.



TUBES 1/2  
JARS 2/6



# Exquisite EVENING GOWNS



● **LILYAN TASHMAN**, the famous screen star, designed this frock; and it has been named after her. The wide soft shoulder-strap is of pink nylon, and the cross-over drape in the front is carried to the back to form the wash which sweeps to the floor. Just to

make this model more devastating, Lilyan Tashman designed the quaint little summer evening cape. It is made in a new finely corded silk called silk hatian in the same blue as the frock. The widely flared skirt achieves a graceful train.



● **"MITSU"** is a sophisticated French model of dull black ro-maine crepe. It is embroidered in dull gold at the waistline in the front and at the back.



● **"MARY LOU,"** an American model, shows a 1934 variation of the "daring V" neck. The yoke knots above the "V" and wide ends fall over the shoulders to make a useless but very decorative little divided cape.

To the woman who is *Not*  
*Satisfied* with her figure,  
her health, or her looks!

**WHY SUFFER ?**

**WE GUARANTEE —**

**TO REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT**  
BY:-

**7 LBS. for 10/-**  
**20 LBS. for 20/-**

**OR REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL**

TREATMENT IS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE  
DICTUM OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.  
IT IS DISPENSED IN CAPSULE, TABLET  
OR POWDER FORM AND IS

**ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS**

AND

**BENEFICIAL TO HEALTH**

*If you value your Health & Beauty*

**WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL**  
**Feel Better, Be Better,**  
**LOOK BETTER!**  
or it won't cost you a penny

Fill in and Mail To-day

**CANTRELL AND CO**  
72 RITT ST. SYDNEY N.S.W.  
Please send me trial 25/-  
Full Course 30/- of treatment  
For



Figure by  
Cantrell's Co

THAT interest attaches as well to the back as to the front of evening gowns is illustrated by these French and American models imported by Julie Long, the Australian who returned some two years ago after conducting a frock shop in London.

On the designer's tab of the frock and cape above is the magic signature of Lilyan Tashman, whose gowns are the cynosure of all eyes in Hollywood, where all women are beautiful and fashion's most extravagant whims are given full rein.

The frock of classic Greek line is made in powder blue ripple nylon over a pink foundation. To introduce classic draperies with a minimum of bulk the frock is made with the new draw-string back.

The alluring little cape, which Lilyan has designed to complete this elegant ensemble, is charmingly finished with circular frills at the shoulder line, and falls in graceful folds at the wrist. The crisp little flares are held up by large buttons, covered in the silk and set about four inches apart, right round the yoke.

"Mitsu" is a symphony in black and gold. A separate yoke falls over the shoulders from the high waistline in two long ties, lined with gold lame. They tie loosely at the back of the neck, and pro-

vide a little covering for the very exposed "V" back. The flared epaulettes are embroidered with gold and lined with gold lame. "Chimene" is a youthful interpretation of the vogue with a simple neckline and sleeves en-

velope a little covering for the very exposed "V" back. The flared epaulettes are embroidered with gold and lined with gold lame.

"Chimene" is a youthful interpretation of the vogue with a simple neckline and sleeves en-

veloping puffed. Organdie is introduced in the intricate bodice with fine hand pin-tucks, and in panels in the skirt, terminated with wide flares, and in the puff sleeves.

"Mary Lou," as the name suggests, has personality. The frock is pervenche blue in ring velvet of a new design—self stripes with a rubbed finish that seems like a rich bloom on the material.

A tiny cape effect is achieved by a clever extension of the yoke. The skirt, cut in four pieces to form "V's" with the stripes, meets the bodice in another "V," and the bodice fits in brassiere fashion.

## COSTUME JEWELLERY ... Is Startling

THE newest costume jewelry is guaranteed to bring out all the barbarism in your blood, to make a gipsy out of the most stolid or solid. The stuff is huge, noisy, and the best people will clank this year as never before," says Travis Banton, Paramount's head fashion designer.

"The outside gold stuff will make your eyes pop out... big ball and chain necklaces, big ball earrings, and bracelets that resemble handcuffs. Brooches

are wide enough to stretch across three to four inches... and the newest sports jewellery of toy wood and bamboo will either make or break you and your cash supply.

"Huge buckles that look like front-yard gates will hold the belt of your sports frocks... huge matching buttons will keep the wide lapels snugly anchored high upon your shoulder seams, and the wooden clips that will hold the gaudy Ascot scarfs are something to write about. Bamboo fashions some exceedingly different buckles and clips—they will be perfect on green, beige, or brown dresses, and quite a sensation as to size."



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,  
sketched by Petrov

## AUTUMN FASHIONS

are simple and elegant

Silhouette Goes Back to Nature



THE new clothes for autumn differ a good deal from those we wore last year. They are simpler, more elegant, and certainly more attractive.

Gone completely is the "coat-hanger"

look of shoulders extended upwards or outwards in extravagant gestures. The silhouette has gone "back to nature," and clothes are moulded showing the natural outline of the body.

NECKLINES, sleeves, armholes, and the bodice of the frock—around these four points, this season, centres the interest of fashion.

Adopted by almost all French designers, the new silhouette (with the bust accentuated, the waist small, the skirts plain, the return of the feminine figure) forms a good foundation for many amusing, varied and new details.

First of all the skirt, which is made and then forgotten. It is a little longer than before, just wide enough to permit walking with comfort, and, in the evening, it trails the floor. For day time, fullness is given by pleats that are set in the back, or else by very slight flares. When the skirt reaches the waist, the interest begins.

The princess dress, tight all the way down, and very difficult to wear, illustrates the new tendency. This style depends upon its belt to cut the line and soften the contour.

### Belts Are Important

BELTS of all kinds are numerous. Made of metal links, pieces of wood, steel, they are narrow and stiff. Others, on the contrary, in leather and materials, are high and supple. Ornaments in every form replace the buckle.

Fabric draped and tied, hanging in long ends, graces many of the new frocks. The belt, joining the skirt and the bodice, has never united two parts so different. The skirt, simple and flat, the bodice complicated, trimmed, voluminous.

### Above-the-Waist Detail

THE sleeve, which is simpler again, balances the intricate bodice. Shoulders are almost natural. Where width is desired, it is placed lower down than last year, just below the armhole.

Much fullness is worked in to the frock above the waist, tucks, pleats, drapes and swashes; the bust is accentuated in every costume. Necklines are as high as they can possibly go in front, scarves, jabots, bows, collars, and later, fur, all sweeten the neck in front and have a downward movement at the back.

For evening the décolleté is very low at the back and high in front.

There is another neckline fashionable for evening, which is a great relief to those who do not fancy themselves with throttled throats. This is the "off-the-shoulder" line. The dress is made tight off the shoulders and held on by two narrow shoulder straps made of jewels, fur, or the dress fabric.

All the fullness in evening skirts starts at the knees. Here godets, pleats, flares and ruffles are inserted to give as much width as possible.



1. The new silhouette for evening wear. This dress of black slipper satin has long sleeves and a low back.
2. Jabot made of five rows of fine white sheer linen.
3. A blue fur scarf is twisted into a spiral.
4. The autumn neckline for daytime frocks.
5. Bib of canary yellow muslin trims the neck of a grey crepe dress.
6. The valet de chambre vest is smart. Bright

green velveteen and ribbed black jersey are combined.

7. Two combs and a tiara of brilliants for the evening coiffure.
8. Gold lame blouse with long sleeves. Worn with a black wool or velvet skirt and three-quarter coat.
9. The latest up-in-the-front and down-at-the-back movement for necklines.
10. Silver and blue brocade lame evening blouse worn with a blue crepe skirt.

11. Coarse black net makes a dinner hat. The cascade of ostrich feathers is in black.
12. Scarf in wine-red and pale grey crepe-de-chino, on a grey sheer wool frock.
13. With a black crepe frock is worn a waistcoat of dark red velveteen.
14. The new fitted silhouette for evening. Tight to the knees, and then much fullness.
15. Dark brown fur borders the off-the-shoulder décolletage of this white velvet evening dress.

### Evening Wraps

PRACTICALLY every evening dress has some sort of cape, jacket, shawl or scarf. There are capes of every species made of velvet, quilted taffeta and stiff satins. The long coat down to the hem of the frock will be worn again this season. It is made of velvet, lame, stiff ottoman silk or heavy satin.

Tailored suits will be popular again this autumn. The coats will be hip length and pinched in at the waist, and will fasten centre front. Most of them do up high to the neck.

Blouses will create great interest. Blouses of brightly-patterned taffetas, tie-silk, striped silks, gaily flowered chintz, bright contrasting crepe-de-chino, are worn under practical daytime suits. With formal suits of black wool or velveteen, for late afternoon or evening, the blouse will be of lame or some fabric embroidered with golden threads, rich satin or fine white lace.

Most of the new blouses tie over the skirt. They look tidier this way, and are more flattering to the figure.

For sports wear and for the colder weather there are the new woollen blouses. These are plainly tailored and finish at the neck with a scarf or plain collar. They come in the brightest and most daring colors.

### Waistcoats Are New

LITTLE waistcoats made exactly the shape of a man's, except that they generally have buttons up to the neck (they are worn with the top three buttons undone) are the rage in Paris. They are made in linen or crepe, in pale or bright colors, to be worn over dark frocks—no coat is worn—in gold lame for dressy occasions over black, in bright woollen fabrics and fur over winter frocks. They are, of course, sleeveless. They come just to the waist at the back, and just below in front. Some of them even have a little pocket at each side.

The new materials for autumn evening wear are sumptuous; shimmering velvets, stiff slipper-satin (which almost stands up by itself), glittering gold and silver brocades and lames, georgettes, satins, and crepes with gold and silver threads woven through them, shiny blistered satins, taffetas and heavy crepes.

### New Fabrics

FOR day wear there are the new plaid and striped velveteens; corduroy for tailored suits; attractive silk with different sized ribs; dull velvet; dull crepes in plain tightly woven romanes or chiselled effects; some slightly crinkled crepes. Schiaparelli's tree-bark material

**For That Scarf**  
Long wooden clips are made with gold edges, and inlaid monograms are used to keep new sports scarves in their place.

is used for both day and evening. So deeply crinkled that it looks exactly like the bark of a tree, it comes, generally, in a dark woody brown.

The new woollens have both smooth and rough surfaces. Rodier creates a woollen frosted with long angora rabbit hairs, tweeds come in bold patterns, and are tightly woven. Many materials have long shaggy surfaces, but everything will be surprisingly soft to the touch.

New jerseys have arrived. They resemble velvet, duvetyne, and various woollen weaves. Some are striped and checked. Metal threads are woven into many of the new woollens. Broadcloths, with dull or satin finish, lead the smooth-surface brigade.

Black will be worn as much as anything, as it always is, whatever fashion decrees. A great many of the new frocks appear to be black at first glance; upon closer inspection they appear to

be an off-black shade—a blackish-green, prune, or blackberry. At night Paris is flooded with silvery grey satins, silver lame and gold, a pinkish mauve shade combined with fuchsia, purple-brown, turquoise, plum, raspberry, and pansy-blue, and still a great deal of white.

### For Sport

FOR sports, grey has become the leading color; two tones are generally used, a pale grey and a deeper eel-grey shade. Jumpers and scarves in bright colors are worn with these grey costumes, canary-yellow, deep red, pale and royal blue, bright greens and brown. Brown and grey is a new and popular combination.

Dark red, olive-green, and black are also used for sports clothes.

For day, if you choose brown or green, choose them very dark. Dull prune-blue is a new shade. Blue-green, pale and royal blue combined, grey and burgundy, greys, sage greens, raspberry, are the colors you will wear this season. Black is combined with red, tomato, gold, pale blue or pink. Brown is seen with dusty-pink, peach, greyish-blue, bright apple-green, grass green, grey and beige.

Ash grey is the smartest winter sports color. Women wear details in the sandest shades with it.







# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour



**C**ALMATICALLY we are jazzing around among all the seasons, but, socially, we are in that sargasso sea of calm which indicates that old summer languishes and young autumn has not yet acquired sufficient vim to put a kick into the proceedings.

A GOLDEN week-end did its best to rejuvenate the fading attractions of Palm Beach, but you know that at best these synthetic comebacks are rather pathetic, so it was, as one bored young but remarked, "Palm Beach without the hotcha."

THAT reminds me. I'll leave you to trace the connection, if any. You remember author Gilbert Frankau whom you met when he was visiting us and was the lion of the hour at the parties given in his honor by Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mrs. Septimus Levy, Mrs. William McLeod, Mrs. F. Aronson, and other notable hostesses who delight to entertain the clever stranger in our midst.

Well, Gilbert's daughter, Pamela Frankau, has set all the tongues of London wagging, and lots of the ears of London burning, with her book, "A Manual of Modern Manners." "Invitations to parties of all kinds," with this acute young person, "are more blessed to receive than to give. Though acceptance should be avoided whenever practicable, the habit of obtaining an invitation should be carefully acquired."

Flaws she has noted in the mirrored polish of the manners of her contemporaries include "Being drunk; not being drunk enough; leaving early; staying late; talking; not talking; letting the party down or breaking it up."

Pam's book, however, can scarcely have made a greater sensation than did "Pigs in Clover," which made her grandmother, "Frank Danby," the talk of London town in her day.

VAUCLUSE HOUSE provided just the right setting for the Dickens Fellowship to celebrate the birthday of Charles, the beloved. When it was in its heyday the reading public was eagerly devouring every word written by the great author.

Mrs. Mabelle Harris, widow of Mr. Herbert Harris, a former Crown Prosecutor, was guest of honor at the proceedings last Saturday. A great Dickens lover, Mrs. Harris told how warmly she had been welcomed by the Fellowship in America and England while on the tour abroad from which she has recently returned. Boston and London appear to vie with each other in cherishing Dickens' memory. At Bath the Mayor gave a reception at which Dickens lovers from many parts of the world were present. Mrs. Harris found her place-card at the function decorated with an exquisite silhouette of little Nell and her grandfather.

Judge Backhouse entertained the travelled guests of honor at tea, and others at his table included Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Arey, of the Auckland Dickens Fellowship, and Mrs. Henry Robertson, of Brisbane.

MARY WORMALD'S wedding day hovers hard by and parties are the order of her days and nights. Nancy Houston's bride party was an outstanding success, but one of the friendly circle has hit on the idea of arranging a novel progressive spinners' party. Can you beat that for a brainwave? The doings begin with cocktails at one house, continue with dinner elsewhere, and progress to a show, supper, and dance trimmings.

Margot Rosenthal, one of Melbourne's fairest and nicest girls, is Mary's guest at the moment, and is thoroughly enjoying all these gay adieux to Mary's spinster days.

DURING the week-end King's School had its annual reunion, complete with dinner, sports, a day at Manly, and many carative after-the-dinner-parties at the "Cavaller." From all over the State, and from the hinterlands well beyond our borders, came the "Old Boys." One cheery party I noted at the "Cavaller" included Karl Huenerbichl, Keith Messurier, John Mutton (his chitiness flavored with philosophy), Dr. Kalvin McGarvey, Bob Lockwood, Bonnie Howgate, Betty Thompson (on a flying visit from Rylands to Elizabeth Bay), and Zeina Mutton.

THE Misses Hort-Brown believe that if you are going to do a thing you may as well do it properly, so they hied them to Melbourne and spent a month at the Quamby Club, the object of their visit being to procure data and side-lights to help them in their organization of the "Viscount Canterbury Set" for the forthcoming Governor's Ball.

Quite right, too. I should say, for, though there will be lots of Governors' sets at the ball, the function will be able to boast but one Viscount's set.

Tracing genealogies always makes me a bit dizzy, but I believe Lord Canterbury was an ancestor of the Misses Hort-Brown, and that Dr. Crawford Robertson is to be "all dressed up" as the Viscount at the ball, and Miss Lena Hort-Brown is to be Lady Canterbury.

STAYING at "Guyong," Double Bay, on holiday from the very furthest edge of North-West Australia, is Mr. Theo Unmack, usually called "Alf" by his numerous friends. Mr. Unmack knows all about camels and aborigines and such, and once entertained Mr. Michael Terry, who straightway put him in one of his books. He also entertained Ralph Piddington and his wife, who were on one of their research expeditions, and was greatly surprised that, among her other attainments, Mrs. Piddington had achieved a most desirable excellence in the noble art of cooking.

WITH commendable spirit the Roseville Bowling Club has, for some years past, just before one of their two greens is due for its annual top-dressing, given a carnival, with dancing on the green to an orchestra placed in the centre. This year's revel took place last Saturday, and was such a success.



A DELIGHTFUL study of Miss Carmel Browne, of Elizabeth Bay, and her treasured canine friend, Boris.

that the Wollstonecraft Association, and perhaps others, may follow Roseville's example.

Many of the costumes were designed and executed by Mrs. J. Waller Roberts, who herself won a prize as "Ride a Cock Horse," wearing a medieval pink garment, and carrying a cardboard horse that was almost lifelike. Spence English and Eleanor Roberts danced round and round as Spanish gipsies, and with Brian Alpess, who rushed here and there in a fur brandishing a stone axe (made by himself), and Betty Collins (a picaninny), also were awarded prizes.

Artist Albert Collins went as a clown, Charles Neils was a Cossack, Dagmar Roberts an Early Victorian, in an all-white frock, Mr. James Jardine represented Captain Kidd, and Neil Darling was the "Mad Hatter." Prizes were presented by Mr. P. Heath, president of the N.S.W. Bowling Association. Others present included Mrs. Wolinski (president of the N.S.W. Ladies Bowling Association), Mr. R. J. Colvin, Mr. A. Williams, C. Richardson, and J. Anderson.

EXQUISITELY dressed coiffures completely eclipsed the frocking of the audience at the Criterion last Saturday night, when "Listen, Lester" made its bow. "Alice in Wonderland" tresses were the popular choice, and they ran the entire gamut from a modest ribbon of blue to a gorgeously bejewelled silver band. For ornamental purposes, scintillating jewels found their only rival in the exotic frangipanni. Mrs. D. McLarty and Miss L. Schofield (from Young) pinned a spray to their respective shoulders. Mrs. Frank Albert wore a short cape of exquisite crocheted lace, while Lady Fuller, Lady King, and Mrs. Spencer Brumton chose black lace for their gowns.



THIS beautiful photograph of Mrs. Harry Hodson was taken by The Australian Women's Weekly in the garden of her mother's home, just before Mrs. Hodson left by the "Malaja" for England. Mrs. Hodson's mother, Mrs. Byron Beams, is accompanying her to England. At Port Said, their friend, Mrs. Hugh Poate, will join the boat. Mrs. Poate, with her five children, has been visiting her mother in Cairo, and is continuing her holiday abroad.

—Women's Weekly photo.

REV. JAMES McLEOD, Sydney's new Presbyterian minister, is now installed in a home at Wahroonga. Also moving "up the line" are Mr. and Mrs. George Dale, whose new home at Turramurra is now ready. Helen Dale hopes to leave for England shortly.



LITTLE ROSEMARY GAME, the small daughter of the Governor and Lady Game, is at present a patient in St. Luke's Hospital, where her many school friends are seeing to it that she does not want for books or flowers.

WHILE her sister, Principal of "Shirley," is wrestling with beginning of term duties, Mrs. Laird and her husband are paying a flying visit to Queensland, visiting Magnetic Island, the Barrier Reef, and Townsville. When in Brisbane, Captain and Mrs. Laird visited Dr. Robertson, and were entertained at a party by old "Shirley" girls now settled there, including Mrs. Weaver (Margaret Robertson), Mrs. Shepherd (Eva Stephens), and her great friends Doris Wilde and Miss Gibson.

As soon as Mrs. Laird returns to Sydney, her sister, Miss Saunders, will give a party so that old "Shirley" girls may welcome her back to Australia—probably early in March.

ANNE GORDON, who has been entertaining Audrey Poolman, one of Melbourne's best-known girls, for the past three weeks, will be the guest of Audrey and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Poolman, at their home in South Yarra, for the March Week race festivities.

"BLACK EAGLE," the famous cat belonging to Rene Pardon, has mysteriously disappeared. This handsome feline, which has been photographed in the arms of many well-known society beauties, suddenly disappeared from the studio on Thursday last, and his owner, as well as his many feminine admirers is vainly bemoaning his loss.

NOEL CLAPP, the devastatingly titian-haired Melbourne girl, who announced her engagement this week to Dr. Geoff Smith, is one of the most talented and artistic society girls in Melbourne. After a brief fling at a stage career, Noel then tried her hand at dress-designing, for which she has a distinct flair, and is at present employed in a Melbourne emporium in this capacity.

One of Noel's biggest jobs was to design the bridemaid's frocks for the famous Brookers-Gensout Smith wedding. The romance between Noel and Dr. Smith began soon after the former left school. Both Noel and her fiancé are keen on amateur theatricals, and appeared in "The Love Step," the revue written and staged by Mrs. Harold Clapp. Noel's clever mother, which netted thousands of pounds for charity when it was produced two years in succession. Noel intends shortly to give up her job and will concentrate on the designs for frocks for herself, and her bridesmaids for the wedding, which will take place in August.

MRS. DON McLARTY, who has been a patient in St. Vincent's Private Hospital for the past three weeks, is now up and about again, and is leaving with her husband this week for Melbourne, where they will make their home. Mrs. McLarty, who is better known as Patricia Nelson, the platinum blonde rumba expert, hopes to continue her stage career in the near future.

MISS S. MILHAM RYAN, of "The Cobbles," Manly, has joined Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Milne, of Strathfield, in a motor tour of Gippeland Lakes and other picturesque parts of Victoria. Mrs. Ryan and her mother and sister recently spent a week at Palm Beach. The Ryan twins are known as "the bantam crew," and are two of the youngest sailmen on the harbor.

MRS. A. E. STEPHENS and Miss Innes, acting as hon. secretaries, are organising an exhibition of Australian women artists' work, to be held at the Education Department in Loftus St. about the middle of July. Many well-known artists have already been invited to send in their works for exhibition, so it should be a very successful show.

LADY WILSON, the wife of the Governor of Queensland, and her daughter Marjorie, are leaving by the "Strathaird" in April for London. They will return, however, in time for the visit of Prince George. It is possible that Marjorie will be presented at one of their Majesties' Courts during her visit to England. Marjorie is well known in Sydney, where she has many friends, including Dinah Horden and Barbara Warry, whom she entertained at Government House, Brisbane, for Show Week, last year.

No reducing regime complete without RADOX baths

RADOX slimming baths are a necessary part of all modern reducing methods. Diet or exercise, or perhaps both, may be specified in the treatment, but beauty authorities recommend that every reducing regime be supplemented by Radox slimming baths in order to achieve faster and more lasting results. There is nothing complicated about these Radox reducing baths. Twice a week you take a hot bath with Radox, extra strength as directed, and when the desired reduction is secured, a Radox slimming bath from time to time will counteract any tendency to put on weight.

At all Chemists.

**RADOX**  
8 oz. packet 2/6

SIMPLY  
COULDN'T SLEEP  
Until Esterin gave relief!

LONG sleepless hours, night after night, threatened to bring on complete breakdown. She was one of hundreds who suffer from nerve pains that make days a trial and nights a torment. NYAL ESTERIN tablets gave her quick relief, soothing her worn nerves and taking away pain. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres, eliminating headache, neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, etc. In a rapid, safe manner. It is not a habit forming preparation.

Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets at 1/3 a tin of 24 tablets.

**NYAL ESTERIN**  
Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431H, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# Value!

AT

# Creed's

# SALE



Sports Frock in bleached "Kanebo" Fuji! Very full skirt, pleated back and front. S.S.W., S.W. and W. Usually 24/- and W. Sale Price... 14/11  
Similar styles in Spun Silk, White only. Creed's Sale ... 21/-

Hundreds more Values  
—for Outsize Figures  
in particular!

Please Enclose Postage  
with Mail Orders.

**Creed's**  
430 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY  
and HUNTER STREET, NEWCASTLE

● Have you heard? Creed's are clearing their entire Summer stocks regardless of costs. These Marvellous Garments were created in Creed's own 14 factories within the last few months. They're new... they're different... they're amazing value! Come and see them!



Smartest Swagger Coat in Art. Marcean: No less than 4 different styles in Black, Navy, New Blue, Brown, S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S. Usly. 27/6. Creed's Sale ... 12/11

## Last Lap of the SUMMER SALES...

By SAIDE

Last days are announced for the majority of the sales at the big stores, but there is still time to effect appreciable savings at various noteworthy addresses.

DAVID JONES' actual sale finished last week, but they now announce "after sale discoveries." Apart from the scope that is thus allowed to the purchaser who is wanting one or more of the many articles marked at reduced prices, this "discovery" campaign affords a golden opportunity for customers to consider their future needs and take advantage of the lay-by to purchase at bedrock prices.

Tennis frocks are the outstanding feature of Creed's sale this week. In Kanebo Fuji they are made in trim, sporting styles, and designed with a knowledgeable eye to the exigencies of the wash-tub. The prices range from 12/11, while voile frocks, in dainty designs, with the newest notions in sleeves, range from 7/11. Crepe rayon frocks made for the matronly figure in O.S. and E.O.S. are priced as low as 10/11.

Way's suggestions bespeak a private conference with Mr. Mares, for they have two excellent lines in raincoats at considerably reduced reductions. The first is made in leatherette, giving the complete protection of leather without

### SALES IN PROGRESS

Edward Arnolds, Buckinghams, Chattertons, Creeds, Fays, Grace Bros., Anthony Horderns, Hordern Brothers, The Hub, David Jones, Marcus Clark, McCathies, McDowells, Ways.

either the weight or the heat of the more expensive material. They are well ventilated, and selling at 18/11 instead of 25/-; while the latest military style is depicted in parchment shade with trimming in red for 22/6 instead of 27/6.

HORDERN BROTHERS have focussed their attention on the showroom, and the new prices will focus the attention of their customers in the same direction. Ensembles in plain and figured materials, made in all sizes, are now 30/-, though they originally ranged from 50/6 to 90/6, and another bargain group includes georgette and mercerised frocks at 40/-, instead of 60/6 and 80/6. There's quite a choice in the dress material department, too, for those who want to run up some inexpensive frocks for the tail-end of the summer, priced at 1/- a yard.

Anthony Horderns offer some delectable goods at intriguing prices. Exquisite art furnishing satins—they are 50 inches wide—in the most attractive shades afford a saving of 3/- a yard. They are reduced from 8/11 to 5/11, and would make beautiful evening coats. Wool georgette mid-season coats have been marked at one price, 39/11. They are well-cut, and were selling at prices ranging from 39/11 to 84/-.

Ladder-proof slumber gowns and pyjamas in the most delicate pastel shades are also drastically reduced. McDowells offer a diversity of bargains, shaving, bowls and talcum powder, simplex gloves, and Irish linen table cloths. The latter recall the fame that attaches to this firm's manchester department, though this particular line is featured in the ready-to-work section. The designs are most attractive with hollyhocks, and various other colorful examples of decorative flora. They are offered at 1/11, instead of 3/11, a half-price special. A bedding bargain is that of a full-size double-bed Japura kapok mattress with rolled or plain edges for 49/6, a clear saving of 23/- on the original ticket.

## New MUSICAL SHOW at CRITERION

"Listen, Lester," the musical comedy of the lightest possible description, which opened at the Criterion on Saturday night, is a judicious and very successful blending of J. C. Williamson, who presented it, and Ernest Rols, who produced it.

SYDNEY BURCHALL sang some delightful numbers, and Marie Doran was a satisfactory if not inspiring ingenue. Rene Riano and Charles Norman supplied the typical Rols humor.

## McCATHIES LTD.

Invite you  
to a Special Display

of  
**ENGLISH DINNER and  
TEAWARE**



You will be delighted with the NEW PATTERNS. Each table is set with Glassware, Linen and Cutlery, all specially selected to harmonise with the China. Don't fail to see the latest productions from—

The World's Most Famous Makers  
**CROWN DERBY MINTON  
SPODE, ROYAL DOULTON  
WEDGWOOD**

## McCATHIES LTD.

Fine China Dept., 2nd Floor  
197-201 PITT STREET

"The Busiest Shop in Sydney"

## Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's glorious wonder pool, at night floods over and under the water, contains a Slipping Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Floats, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provide the scene of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper, parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS: COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4jd., LADIES' 3jd., CHILD'S 1jd.  
WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/-, LADIES' 3/-.  
DAILY FARES: ADULTS 6d., CHILDREN 1d. (under 5 years FREE).  
THE PORT MANLY AND MANLY S.S. CO. LTD.  
Telephone: B331, B332.

Throughout the rollicking show, Sylvia Welling and Jack Kellaway sparked to a degree that kept the audience on the tip-toe of expectation.

Joan de Haere, newly arrived from New Zealand, with Jax Kovsky and Serge Muro, as Columbine, Pierrot and Harlequin, presented a dance cameo of a standard rarely seen in musical comedy.

Dress colors will be important next season. Paris likes: A yellow frock with a smoky grey coat, red frock with a brown coat. A plum red coat over a chartreuse green frock is a new combination.

## BIRTHSTONE RINGS

Send to the Original  
Maker for an Authentic

Lucky Birthstone Ring

Beautiful in its hand-wrought specially designed silver setting. A new era of happiness will follow the wearing of your own birth gem.

Call and inspect, or cut diamond birth, month, zodiac, moon, sun, stars, 3/4 for reproduction, or 1/18 for real sun ring to

E. E. SMITH,  
115A Pitt St., Sydney.  
If not pleased will refund money.



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**SIR DONALD CAMERON** owns one of *Leura's two Sealshams?*

The Sydney amateur stage will lose one of its cleverest character actresses when Dulcie Cohen goes abroad shortly on holiday?

Captain Robins is about to become a member of the Anthropological Society?

Mrs. Tom Lamb is leaving Sydney for England a week after her daughter, Alix, as she has decided not to take in Tasmania en route?

## Bright Bridge

VERY joyous bridge was played at the birthday party for Joan Crowhurst, given by her mother, at her home in Drumalbyn Rd., Bellevue Hill, last week-end. Those present included Sadie Budge (just recovered from an attack of flu), Jean Broimowski, Nora Crowhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Nossiter, Alan Flashman, Tom Skillman, Fye Donald, Wilfrid Wallace, and Frank Darchy.

## At Academy Salon

FOR some time past a prominent member of the Sydney Players' Club, and very interested in all the arts, Miss Muriel Steinbeck has now joined Mr. Fred Knowles, at the Academy Salon, in Gowing's Buildings, Market St.

## From Cootamundra

AFTER paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. F. M. Oakes, of Wallaroy Rd., Woollahra, Mrs. Oakes, of Cootamundra, and her daughter, Miriam, are at present staying with their relations the Westons, at their charming Leura home.

## Happy Days Ahead

MANY parties are being arranged to farewell Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Scammell, who are off for a nine months' tour of Europe. They intend purchasing a car, I believe, when they arrive, and will go hither and thither on the Continent, as fancy dictates.

The great event of the trip for them, though will be a visit to Oberammergau during the presentation of the Passion Play.

Mrs. Scammell, who was Dagmar Thompson, is passionately fond of music, and, on her last visit to London, she and Elaine de Chair attended

all the big concerts together. Mrs. Scammell's valuable violin is being left in safe custody during her absence.

## Decorative Asset

AS a change from housekeeping, Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Holmes have let their Rose Bay home, and moved into the "Cairo" for a time. Marie, who has discarded skirts for slacks for tennis, and looks very well in them, too, will be a decorative asset to Macleay St.

At present she has her friend, Corinne Keiran, over from Melbourne on a holiday. The date for Marie's wedding to Albert Hallenstein is not yet definitely fixed, but at her recent party at the Yacht Club she remarked that it would probably take place in about three months.

## Hordern-Baillieu Wedding

JUNE BAILLIEU and Sam Hordern, who have chosen April 12 as the date of their wedding, have taken a house in Fairfax Rd., Bellevue Hill, in which to make their home. June and her mother, Mrs. Clive Baillieu, who recently returned to Melbourne, after a visit to Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern at "Babworth House," Darling Point, are at present entertaining a house party at their seaside home at Frankston, Victoria.

## From Melbourne

MR. LOUIS NELKIN is here on a visit from Melbourne. He will return shortly to help Mrs. Nelkin entertain a large house party at Sorrento, where they are spending the summer months.

## Unique Cake

MOLLIE McWILLIAM'S wedding to Tom Kelly was a very quiet affair, no music, but exquisite flowers. St. John's, Balmain, was chosen for the ceremony, because its padre, Rev. Arthur Rix, who officiated at the ceremony, is a close friend of the bridegroom.

The reception was held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli. The wedding cake was unique. It was surmounted by a sailing ship, because the bridegroom is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and surrounded by cows, because they are going on the land Underneath were models of the bride and groom on horseback, because they are both riders.

The bridegroom has bought a property at Minto, and is going to build there, coming up to town every day. For the present, though, the newlyweds will live in Tom's flat at Edgecliff, which his mother furnished with antiques and other lovely possessions. Mrs. T. H. Kelly and Carleton, Tom's mother and brother, are returning in April, and will live in the new Darling Point home.



## Moving Soon

DR. COLWELL, of Dover Rd., Rose Bay, is going abroad to specialise further in X-rays, and Dr. Bill Coyle is taking over his home. Mrs. Coyle is storing her very modern steel and chromium furniture for a few weeks till her new abode is equipped with the newest decorative effects and wall lighting. She has recently acquired a new car with a very smart chromium finish.

## Doctor-Artist

BEFORE returning to her home in Perth, W.A., from the Hobart medical conference, Dr. Marion Radcliffe-Taylor paid a visit to Sydney, where she was the guest of a friend at Wollstonecraft.

Dr. Radcliffe-Taylor is an orthopaedic surgeon, and a very busy woman, but she manages to spare time in her off-duty hours for her hobby of etching.

## Oyster Sauce

MRS. GLANVILLE SATCHEL, came down from "Craigieburn," Bowral, for the wedding of her friend, Margaret Grant, to Mr. Fell. By the way, the bridegroom is not a relative of Mrs. Satchell, who, before her marriage, was Daisy Daintree Fell.

While chatting over old times, we recalled that when, as Miss Fell, she visited London, she caused a sensation there by remarking at a dinner that she owned an oyster lease. The British Press was quite thrilled, and evidently thought owning oyster leases was an antipodean habit which was just too quaint!

## "Cranbrook" News

C'RA N B R O O K's new chapel was opened last Sunday, when the school's new chaplain, Rev. George Earp, took his first service. Parents and boys packed the chapel to the doors. Mr. Denys Radford, son of the former Bishop of Goulburn, is Cranbrook's new senior resident master.

## Family Coach

SO many Sydney people seem to be playing the game of family coach with their homes these days. Mrs. Kenneth Bennett has moved into Mrs. H. Wormald's former home in Trelawney St., Woollahra. She left her own house, "Maranoo," in Edgecliff Rd., because she wanted a tennis court and garden for her two young daughters. "Maranoo" is up for sale, so there will be probably some more family coach there.

The Ernest Watts' "Arahmen" and "Carthana," which Earl Beauchamp has been occupying, also offer exciting possibilities for the future.

## Darling Point Changes

MANY are the changes which have been made in Darling Point recently. The next large home to undergo extensive alterations will be "Glencorick." Formerly the home of Sir George and Lady Simpson, it has been bought for a tidy sum by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Holt, who, I hear, intends living in it with her son and a daughter.

Little wonder that Sir Samuel Hordern when he takes a constitutional along the road complains, "I don't meet a single person I know!" Sir Samuel was born in Darling Point, and it used to be said of him that he knew, at least by sight, every man, woman, and child in the place.

## In and Out of Society

By WEP







TAKE half a teaspoonful of Sulphate of Soda in water every morning. Then a VINCENT'S A.P.C. Tablet or Powder twice or three times a day.

Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Coy., Sydney.

**VINCENT'S A.P.C. TABLETS**  
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

## NEW MARRIAGE for OLD

### A Modern Solution

If one were asked to name the greatest permanent problem of modern life, he would probably answer with apparent truth the difficulty of making ends meet; but, like many other superficially correct statements, this would be entirely wrong.

There is a greater cause of human unhappiness and disharmony—the lack of mutual adjustment and equitable understanding in matrimony.

WHILE it is a fact that not all men and women marry, it is indubitably true that we, as members of the human family, are all affected by the marriage relations of our parents, friends, and relatives.

The inequalities of the marriage laws which place the wife in a position of total economic dependence (actually her husband is not bound to give her any money at all so long as he provides her with what is necessary to her station in life) deprive her of the legal control of her children, and rob her of almost

every human right, is, apart from inherent perversity and incompatibility, the main cause of matrimonial shipwreck.

Divorce, described in the majority report of the Royal Commission on matrimony which sat and deliberated nearly a score of years ago in England, as not a disease, but a remedy for a disease, is being increasingly used to dissolve these unhappy unions; judges and juries weigh evidence and deliberate on knotty problems of law while the parties most concerned hope for a severance of a bond

to which they gladly submitted while under the hypnotic sway of emotion.

### Poor Makeshift

It is interesting to note the ease with which two people may assume the matrimonial yoke, and the complicated machinery set up to place difficulties in their way when that yoke chafes and the burden grows intolerable.

Separation, whether mutually agreed upon or legally enforced, is a poor makeshift used by many to ease an unbearable position, but for obvious reasons it can lead ultimately to nothing but complete estrangement, if not active antagonism, so that the last state of the parties is worse than the first.

IN some parts of the United States of America there have been in existence for some years Courts of Domestic Relations. These were expected to have a salutary effect in smoothing ruffled waters when the matrimonial ship seemed likely to meet with disaster. To these beacons in a troubled sea came

married people who hoped to overcome certain dangers threatening home and happiness. Sympathetic inquiry and wise deliberation were used in an endeavor to mend the frayed bonds, and in many cases separation and divorce were avoided by this means.

But the continued prevalence of divorce in America seems to point to a failure of these special courts to materially affect the great problem.

Modern times demand a change in this institution, as in others; medieval modes of thought have yielded to evolution and scientific discovery in many other departments of life.

But marriage, the foundation of family life, and therefore of the State, remains in a muddle of misunderstandings and worn-out restrictions.

It is this well-recognized fact which has set thoughtful people in Europe and America to work on schemes whereby some measure of equity and concord, together with economic safety, may be secured to those who enter into wedlock.

Judge Lindsay's plan for companionate marriage has failed to be attractive to serious-minded folk outside of America, and probably to few in that country, for obvious reasons.

One must look to the older countries for a cure of the evil effects of matrimonial law combined with those of the prevailing economic depression. And it is here that that much-discussed woman, Dr. Marie C. Stopes, comes into the picture. Much interest attaches to the plan promulgated by her and placed before an audience of young people at Manchester a few months ago. Apropos of these very dangers and difficulties, she said, "Something much simpler and sounder must be found. Young people of twenty-four often say to me 'I can't afford to get married.'"

Young people of eighteen and upwards should carry on with what they are doing and live as married people, even if they are in different towns. They could spend all their week-ends together when romance is building up their relationship, then when they are ready they can set up a home and have children. An objection that might occur to some was parental authority, but with scientific knowledge as it was to-day there was no need for this to enter in. They should know that scientific instruction was available to them if they wanted it."

### Youth Seeks a Way

THIS, looked at from many angles, is a practical way of overcoming the difficulties which beset those who wish to enter into unions for the sake of companionship and moral safety.

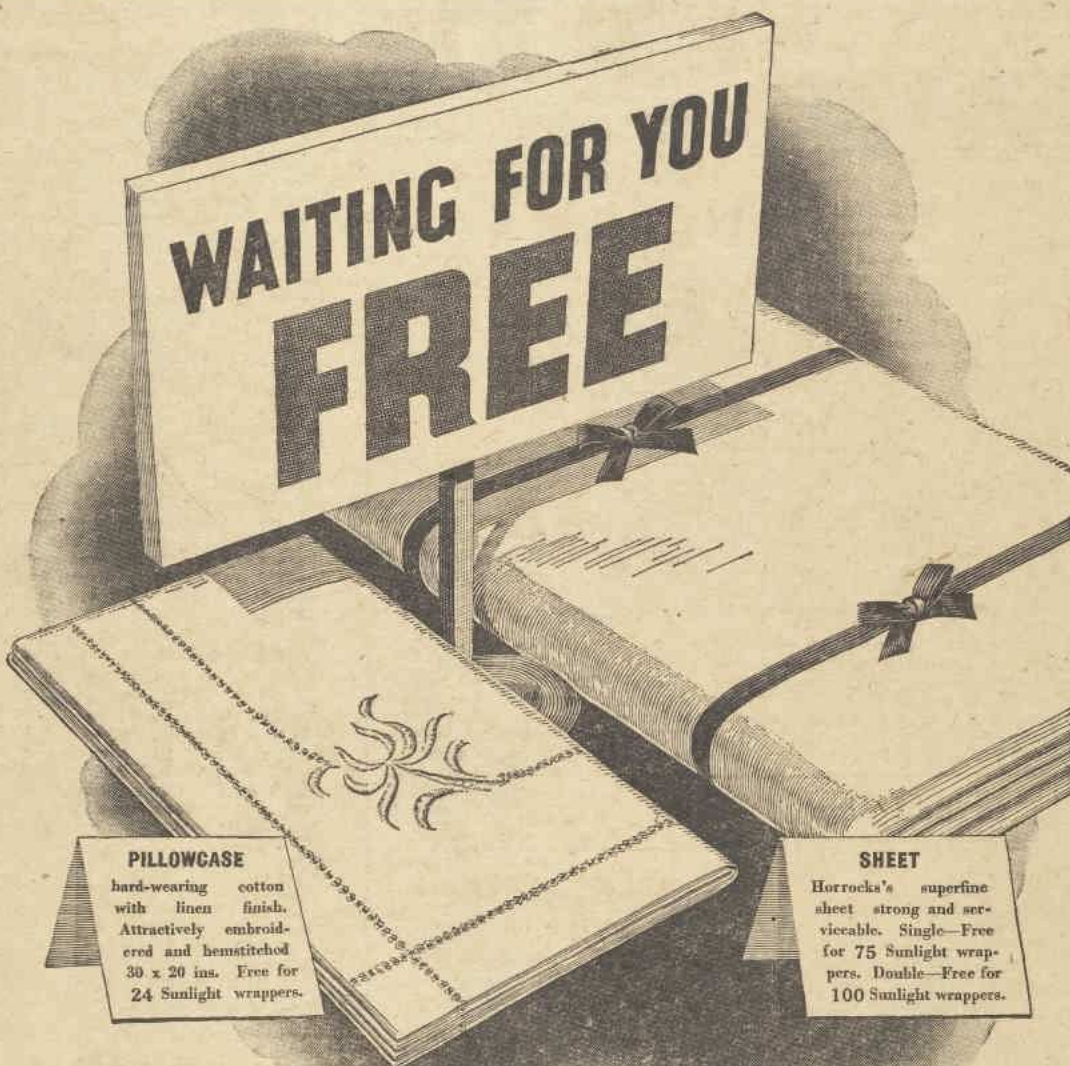
It certainly solves for the woman the age-old cause of matrimonial discord which made her either a parasite or a slave—economic dependence; it leaves her free to carry on with her chosen career without being charged with neglecting husband or home.

It benefits the young man, too, giving him the opportunity to complete his preparations for his life-work unhindered by the burden of home and family.

There would possibly be many ruptures of these semi-detached unions before the stage of setting up a ménage-a-deux, but better that than divorce after periods varying from one to thirty or more years, with degrading publicity and undignified hagglings over division of property and control of children, or the dreary and soul-destroying prolongation of a union which has become distasteful and irksome, with its antagonisms and recriminations.

But all these measures are merely makeshift appliances for dealing with the problem; they are in no sense entirely preventive of the evils which beset the connubial state, nor are they true remedies for its ills.

What is needed is a complete overhaul of the marriage laws in every country so that some, at least, of the anomalies and difficulties may be abolished or rectified.



#### PILLOWCASE

hard-wearing cotton with linen finish. Attractively embroidered and hemstitched 30 x 20 ins. Free for 24 Sunlight wrappers.

#### SHEET

Horrocks's superfine sheet strong and serviceable. Single—Free for 75 Sunlight wrappers. Double—Free for 100 Sunlight wrappers.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SPLENDID SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES WAITING TO BE EXCHANGED FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS . . .  
... START SAVING NOW AND MAKE THE MOST OF THIS GREAT OFFER!

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap," (3 in each carton), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Or post them attached to a sheet of paper stating: 1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required, to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4100WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

# SUNLIGHT

... the soap with the  
£1000 Guarantee of Purity

OFFER OPEN FOR LIMITED PERIOD

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

L1042

### SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Sister Louise, who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her.



also specializing in the Removal of Moles, Chirpody, Manicuring, Eyebrow Arching, Medical Massage, and the new Andree Beauty Mask.

Facial Hairs Removed - - - 5/-  
Course of 6 Treatments - - - 21/-  
RING F3141

**BUCKINGHAMS**

BEAUTY SALON  
OXFORD STREET SYDNEY



# GRACE BROS

12

DAYS

SALE

## YOUR EYES



Consult our Optometrist Mr. E. J. Gonsler, M.I.O., who will be pleased to advise you. Our prices are right, and our equipment up-to-date.

NOTE: We do not prescribe Glasses where unnecessary.

## Madcaps

1—MADCAPS! The very popular "Between-Season" Hat, in Velvet. Compact! Can be folded and put in your handbag in Black, Navy, Brown, Royal, Wine Bottle. Usual Price, 2/11. Sale Price 2/11

2—IN FINEST QUALITY ITALIAN MILAN STRAW, with tailored trimming of Petersham ribbon. Very smart and attractive. Usual Price, 14/11. Sale Price 9/11



3/4 2/11

*A Sale Special!*

FORTHE  
OUT-  
SIZE  
FIGURE



WHITE SILK PIQUE  
SPORTS FROCK

SIZES  
S.O.S.  
O.S.  
E.O.S.

32/6

WHITE SILK PIQUE SPORTS  
FROCK for the Outsize Figure

showing smart neck treatment with double  
capelet sleeve. A scarf of check silk threaded  
through tabs completes this cleverly designed  
garment. Obtainable in white only. Sizes  
SOS, OS, EOS.

SALE SPECIAL . . . . 32/6

Ladies' Costume Dept., 2nd Floor, Grace St. Building.

## CORSETRY BARGAINS!

Take advantage of our  
**FREE FITTING SERVICE**  
and secure a perfect-fitting Foundation Garment at  
Grace Bros. Sale Prices. CORSET DEPART-  
MENT, 1st FLOOR, 7-STOREY BUILDING.

4—"GRACE" MODEL 5813. Dainty  
Corset for slender figures: in Art. Silk  
Broche, with the cup up-lift Beasiers top of  
Swami Silk. Semi-backless, with well boned  
abdominal control. Strong ribbon and elastic  
shoulder straps; four suspenders. Busts 34 in.  
only.

GRACE BROS.  
SALE PRICE . . 13/11

5—"GRACE" MODEL 404. Slenderising  
WRAP-ON CORSET, in Art. Silk Broche,  
with elastic hip sections and at waistline. Six  
suspenders. A Corset that gives complete control  
without restraint. Waists 24 in. to 29 in.  
Full fitting.

GRACE BROS.  
SALE PRICE . . 10/6



6—"GRACE" MODEL 5698. CORSE-  
LETTE with strong inner Belt, suitable for  
medium and heavy figures. Made with heavy-  
weight Swami Silk Beasiers top—back firmly  
boned—six suspenders, and strong, adjust-  
able shoulder straps. Busts 34 in. to 42 in.  
GRACE BROS.  
SALE PRICE . . 22/9

7—"SELECTFORM" MODEL 605. The  
popular Back-lacing CORSET. Made of Art.  
Silk Broche; elastic at waist and slightly raised  
at back; also elastic insets in skirt. Six sus-  
penders. Waists 26 to 36 inches.  
GRACE BROS.  
SALE PRICE . . 15/3



## FUJI SILK NIGHTDRESSES

WOMEN'S AND OUTSIZES

VERY SPECIAL VALUE in beautifully made KANEBO FUJI SILK NIGHTS—made in our own  
workrooms in heavy quality for practical service, combining the dainty workmanship and finish of the  
most exquisite lingerie. NATURAL SHADE with bound or finely scalloped necks, finished dainty silk  
embroidered straps. Sleeveless style or with small sleeves as preferred.

GRACE BROS. W.S. 14/6, 15/6, 21/6 X.O.S. . . 19/6 & 27/6  
SALE PRICES . . E.O.S. 14/11, 18/11, 24/6

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT  
First Floor — 7-Storey Building

GRACE BROS. LTD.—Broadway, Sydney—Phone M6506

## SPECIAL SALE BARGAINS IN NECKWEAR



1 SWISS  
EMBROIDERED  
COLLAR WITH  
JABOT  
ATTACHED

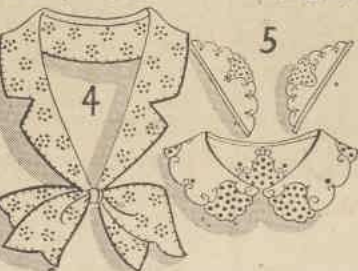
In Paris shade only.  
SALE PRICE,  
Each . . . 1/11 1/2



2-PRINTED CREPE-  
DE-CHINE SCARF  
In smart designs and  
colourings, including  
Black / White. Will  
wash well.  
SALE PRICE 2/9



3 NEWEST TWO-TONE  
MACRAME BELTS  
Obtainable in Red/White, Navy/White, Black/  
White, Lemon/White, Nil/White. 2/6  
Width 1 1/2 ins. SALE

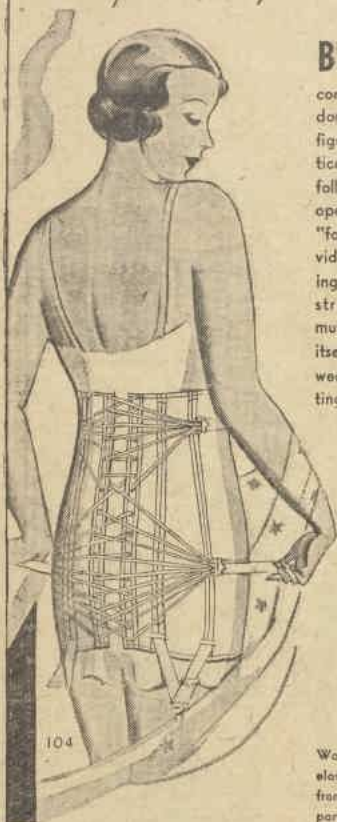


4. DAINY SPOT  
MUSLIN COLLAR  
Obtainable in Red/  
White, Sage / White  
Designs are varied.  
SALE PRICE,  
Each . . 1/6

5. ART. SILK CREPE-  
DE-CHINE COLLAR  
AND CUFF SET. Em-  
broided in self colour-  
ing, in Creme only.  
Neck, 18 1/2 in.  
SALE PRICE, 1/6



*This competent supporting garment is recommended for wear following surgical operation . . . .*



**B**ERLEI Surgical Model 104 gives scientifically correct support to the abdominal region in heavier figures, therefore it is particularly practical for wear following any abdominal operation. The unique "fan" facing principle provides the correct supporting "lift" so necessary to strengthen weakened muscles. It is simplicity itself, and enables the wearer to adjust the fitting to a nicety.



Women find that the special elastic reinforcement over front waist of garment is a particularly valuable feature. It gives extra control of the diaphragm, and is readily adjustable to suit individual comfort.

**Berlei**  
SURGICAL GARMENTS

## BURNING sun & air

How Dreadfully they  
Age Your Skin!

Look at your skin. Parched, dry, drawn — stretched taut and thin through the drying out of the natural oils by the harsh effects of Summer. Delay means lines, tiny at first, then deeper — **WRINKLES!** Let this simple, inexpensive Kathleen Court home treatment help you. Let it put back into your skin the oils the sun has dried; let it protect you against further attacks; let it replace any suspicion of faded, faded looks with freshness, charm, vivacity and youth . . .

At night, before going to bed, apply my Night Cream generously to face, neck, shoulders, arms and hands. Wipe off, apply more, leaving it on. Next morning, before you go out, smooth on a little of my Cold Cream. Wipe off, and apply a film of Facial Youth Day Cream. Then one of my glorious face powders. Simple, isn't it? Yet how effective! Try it, and judge by your sense of comfort, by your mirror, and by the compliments of those you meet.

**kathleen court**  
exquisite aids to loveliness

Sold in smart, modern packages, at surprisingly moderate prices, by all good chemists and stores. Satisfaction is guaranteed.

Mr. Morrison Essex: That new girl gone, too?  
Mrs. Essex: Yes.  
Mr. Essex: What time did she go?  
Mrs. Essex: I don't know; she took my watch with her.

"What's the difference between an old man and a wren?"  
"None. The chicken gets them both."  
"They say there'll be no marriages in heaven."  
"That's what makes it heaven."

# A BOX for YOUR LINENS

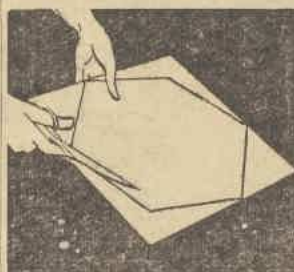
Make it from . . .  
Colorful Cretonne  
and Millboard . . .

**Y**OU never dreamt that you could make a serviceable linen receptacle cheaply at home, did you? Yet you can, and find it fascinatingly easy, too, with the directions given hereunder to guide you. If for your bedroom, let it match the curtains and other colorful accessories.

**I**NSTEAD of a linen bag dangling behind a door, or grabbing precious space from the wardrobe, utilise your spare time in turning out this novel box as a most attractive and convenient substitute.

The girl who is "rooming" will find it a decided convenience—in addition to lending a pretty touch to her little home. And here's another point in its favor: This linen box can be folded flat for packing.

Tyfofa silk is very cheap just now; so that if you wanted a box a little more



**CUTTING OUT the hexagon.** Note that this box folds flat for packing purposes. Push in the top, push out the corresponding bottom hexagon and flatten the sides.

ornate you could use this lustrously rich material instead of cretonne.

Millboard can be purchased from most stationers.

The necessary materials are: 1½ yards of cretonne or other fabric 36 ins. wide; the same of easement cloth or sateen in some pale color; six pieces of millboard 22 ins. by 5½ ins.; two pieces ditto.



By OUR  
HOME DECORATOR

**THERE IS** always some use to find for a pretty linen-box, and when the box can be made into quite a delightful piece of furniture, then there is all the more reason for making it.

12 ins. square; a piece of wadding 12 ins. square; and 38 ins. of tape.

**The Making:** Take the square pieces of millboard and cut each piece into a hexagon, measuring 6 ins. on each of its six sides.

Trim the cretonne straight along the bottom, measure up 25 inches, and cut off. Cut the lining in the same way, but 2 inches shorter.

Machine both together along the top edges on the wrong side, then turn the right side out and fold so that one inch of cretonne shows on the lining side.

Then, with a ruler and chalk, rule five lines down the lining to divide the width into six equal spaces.

Now machine down the lines, starting at the top and stitching for 22 inches. Fold the side edges together with cretonne inside, and machine close to the selvages, through the four layers.

Slip the millboard pieces in the spaces and push up to the top.

At the bottom, sew cretonne and lining together, turn in raw edges to make a slot, and seam them together. Run tape through, draw up and tie.

Cut cretonne and lining to fit each hexagon, leaving half-inch turnings. Chalk round hexagon on wrong side of cretonne. Lay it on a lining piece (put right sides together), and stitch round four sides. Turn right side out.

Cut the wadding to hexagon shape, and gum to one of them. Slip inside cover (wadding on top side of millboard), then turn in the edges on the other two sides and sew together. Sew one edge to top of box on lining side.

Cover the other hexagon (without wadding), and push into box.

## Remember These When Washing Day Comes

### Round

**PUT** a little ammonia in the water in which your woollies are washed, and it prevents shrinking and keeps them nice and soft.

**TO** give a fragrant and elusive perfume to handkerchiefs, place in the boiler a small quantity of orris root tied in muslin.

**TO** prevent the steam from creeping into other parts of the house when you have the copper on, keep all windows open wide, and all doors shut.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE CAUSES HEART FAILURE

"I suffered terribly with High Blood Pressure. The distress, flashes and headache were so bad that I had to give up business. Now after a course of Menhoids I feel 30 years younger and go in the city every day. Yours, J. M. D." To sufferers from High Blood Pressure, this Melbourne man's story is interesting.

Thousands of otherwise healthy people die prematurely from High Blood Pressure and the frequent symptoms are: dizziness, palpitation, headaches, falling eyelids and memory, flutters, sleeplessness, and kidney and bladder disease. Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids are the great antidote for High Blood Pressure, and if you suffer in this way get a flask of Menhoids from your chemist and take them regularly for 3 months, and then occasionally afterwards. Menhoids purify the blood stream of poison, flush out kidneys and bladder, relieving the terrific pressure which causes heart failure and keep the blood pressure at a safe level. Menhoids are a pure herbal remedy and are safe for the most delicate sufferers. Large flasks of 30 Menhoids are 6/6 (sample flasks of 10 are 3/6) with the Dial Chart with every flask. Demand Genuine Menhoids in the green packet and refuse substitutes of this valuable medicine which is sold by all chemists, or sent free direct from W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 255 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.); Melbourne, and D. Maclean and Co., Berry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.



C. F. Lloyd and Co., 311 La. Collins St., Melbourne, and D. Maclean and Co., Berry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.

## Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

Modess is the finest sanitary protection you can get. Softly comfortable, inconspicuous, and assuring perfect protection. Yet it costs only 2/- at all chemists and department stores.

**2/-**  
For Twelve

## CLEVER IDEAS

**IF** VOILE and crepe-de-chine dresses are hung out without wringing they will never shrink.—Mrs. Stevens, "Raincourt," Angathella, Qld.

**BEFORE** STAINING floors, make sure that all cracks and holes are filled in. If this is not done, you will probably not be quite satisfied with the result. The filling can be done with a mixture of glue and sawdust. Press this into the crevices with an old penknife, afterwards smoothing it down with the flat side of the blade. When dry, it will take the stain quite successfully.—"Clever May," Melbourne, Vic.

**A** MAT placed in front of the hearth in one's living-room naturally gets harder wear than any other. It is a good plan to change your mats round periodically, letting each one in turn do a brief service in front of the fire. In this way you can have a pleasant change of color now and then, and also distribute the wear more evenly.—Mrs. G.E.M., Rockhampton, Qld.

**WHEN** JOINING hand-knitted garments do it this way: First, press the parts, then tack together. Now, over-sew with matching wool, remove tacking, and with sewing-machine stitch along as close as possible to the top-sewing. Press again. Treat all seams this way and they will never sag, while the inside of your garment will be as neat as the outside.—Miss Violet Ryder, Charles Street, New Norfolk, Tas.

**TO** MEND broken china or glass, make a cement by taking a quantity of thick gum arabic solution, and stir in a quantity of plaster of paris, until the mixture becomes a thick paste. Apply to the fractured edges of the china or glass, and allow to set. The whiteness of the cement renders it valuable for white chinaware, being almost invisible when joined together.—"Okey," William Street, 8th, Brisbane, Qld.

**JOINTS** COOKED in a gas stove sometimes have a gassy taste because they are placed in the oven before the stove is lighted. You should always see that your oven has fully ten minutes to get warm when the gas is only half turned on. Open the door for the first few minutes that the air within the oven may free itself of gas. When this has been done close the door, turn the gas full on.—L. Fitzpatrick, 16 Gilderthorp Avenue, Randwick.

**IF** FOOD gets burnt in an aluminium saucepan, do not try to remove the burnt part by scraping or scouring with



When food is burnt in an aluminium saucepan don't try to remove by scraping.

a knife or any sharp utensil. Instead, take and slice a large onion, put it in the saucepan, fill it up with boiling water, and boil slowly for a time. The burnt part will loosen and rise to the top of the water. The saucepan can then be washed and rinsed in the usual way without any damage being caused to it.—J.A., 80 Chester St., Teneriffe, Brisbane, Qld.

**WHEN** ICING lamingtons, hold each firmly on the end of a skewer, ice each side, then sprinkle with coconut. This method obviates the waste of coconut which occurs when the wet cake is rolled in it.—C.C., 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.



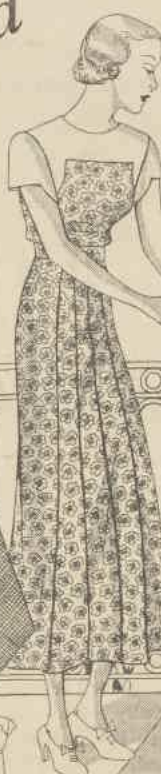
# Our FREE PATTERN

HERE is a smart little frock for which you can have a pattern by simply sending in the coupon below. It can be made in a variety of ways, two of which are illustrated.

There are patterns for a graceful dinner frock, short-sleeved and long-sleeved street frocks, and a splendid smock suit for the lad.

Our free pattern is cut to fit size 36-in. bust and all turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

# and FASHION SERVICE



Free PATTERN

## FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, our free pattern is available for one month from day of issue.  
 SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.  
 MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins Street.  
 When free patterns are required, by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:  
 Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.  
 PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 State .....  
 Pattern, Coupon, 17/2/34.

W X 352.—Small boy's linen Jumper and Trousers. Material required, one yard 30-inch for jumper and three-quarters yard 36-inch for trousers and collar. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WX358.—Separate sleeve, cut to fit size 36-inch bust pattern. Material required, three-quarters yard 36-inch. To ease where the armhole of the frock has to be altered to fit the sleeve, pattern pieces are given for portion of the back and front bodices, showing the altered armhole. PAPER PATTERN, 6d.

WX359.—Separate sleeve, cut to fit size 36-inch bust pattern. Material required, three-quarters yard of 36-inch. PAPER PATTERN, 6d.

WX360.—Satin Evening Gown, with gored skirt and full double cape. Material required,

six and one-eighth yards 36-inch and half yard 36-inch for capes. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem three and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/2.

WX355.—Linen Frock, with yoke and paneled skirt. Material required, three and three-eighths yards 36-inch and seven-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX356.—Silk Blouse, with front fastening and divided skirt, suitable for sports wear. Material required, four yards 36-inch for skirt and one and seven-eighths yards 36-inch for blouse. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Lubri-Lax Makes Radio History!

Lubri-Lax is proud to announce that final arrangements have now been made for the broadcast of the most extravagant series of programmes in radio history. Such magnificent entertainment has never before been offered to Australian listeners. Two thousand hours of station time, involving enormous expense, have been acquired, famous artists engaged, to bring to you thrilling adventure stories—fascinating musical interludes—sparkling comedy sketches—and educational health talks. Here are but a few of the brilliant features to be presented:—

- SUNDAY**  
 3.00—4.00 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company, "The Curse of Pharaoh's Tomb," a drama of King Tutankhamen, the most interesting drama from life ever put over the air. In thirteen episodes—"Fighting With Death."  
 4.15—5.15 p.m.: Adventure Talks by Captain Frank Hurley in person. Thirteen thrilling episodes—"Fighting With Death."  
**MONDAY**  
 11.15 a.m.: Health Lecture—Sister Mack.  
 11.30 a.m.: Health Lecture delivered by a member of the medical staff.  
 11.45 a.m.: Sister Mack's Women's and Children's Welfare Session.  
 1.15—2.15 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company presenting one of the great historical dramas. Related to 20th Newcastles, 30th Canberra, and 30th Geelong.  
 2.15—3.15 p.m.: Northey Du Maurier, D.M.S.T., L.R.C.C., Health Lecture. Related to 4th Brisbane, 1st Melbourne, 30th Geelong, 20th Canberra, 20th Newcastle, 20th Geelong, and 30th Geelong.  
**TUESDAY**  
 11.15 a.m.: Health Lecture—Sister Mack.  
 11.30 a.m.: Health Lecture delivered by a member of the medical staff.  
 11.45 a.m.: Sister Mack's Women's and Children's Welfare Session.  
 1.15—2.15 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company presenting one of the great historical dramas. Related to 20th Newcastles, 30th Canberra, and 30th Geelong.  
**WEDNESDAY**  
 11.15 a.m.: Health Lecture—Sister Mack.  
 11.30 a.m.: Health Lecture delivered by a member of the medical staff.  
 11.45 a.m.: Sister Mack's Women's and Children's Welfare Session.  
 1.15—2.15 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company presenting one of the great historical dramas. Related to 20th Newcastles, 30th Canberra, and 30th Geelong.  
**THURSDAY**  
 11.15 a.m.: Health Lecture—Sister Mack.  
 11.30 a.m.: Health Lecture delivered by a member of the medical staff.  
 11.45 a.m.: Sister Mack's Women's and Children's Welfare Session.  
 1.15—2.15 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company presenting one of the great historical dramas. Related to 20th Newcastles, 30th Canberra, and 30th Geelong.  
**FRIDAY**  
 11.15 a.m.: Health Lecture—Sister Mack.  
 11.30 a.m.: Health Lecture delivered by a member of the medical staff.  
 11.45 a.m.: Sister Mack's Women's and Children's Welfare Session.  
 1.15—2.15 p.m.: Mayne Lynton, Nancy Stewart and full company presenting one of the great historical dramas. Related to 20th Newcastles, 30th Canberra, and 30th Geelong.

Lubri-Lax brings to you this marvellous entertainment, and it brings also health and peace of mind to thousands of sufferers. Lubri-Lax—the ONLY concentrated lubricating laxative—definitely cures constipation—quickly and safely. Take Lubri-Lax and free yourself for ever from constipation and the ill that follow. Get a jar of Lubri-Lax from your chemist to-morrow.

"When Nature forgets — remember Lubri-Lax!"



Medium Strength—Trial Size, 2/—Large Size, 2/6. Double Strength, 3/6  
 AT ALL GOOD CHEMISTS.



WX361.—Ring velvet Jacket with cape sleeves. Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX362.—Moroccan Frock with back opening. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX363.—Flat crepe Frock with diagonal seaming in skirt, suitable for large and medium figures. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, five and a half yards 36-inch. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Size 44-inch bust requires five and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX364.—Silk pique Coat with roll collar and flared capes and sleeves. Material required, seven and one-eighth yards 36-inch and five-eighths yard 36-inch lining. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, 4d.

Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.  
 Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins St.  
 Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.



AN OSTRICH  
WILL EAT  
FRENCH NAILS



Can you  
swallow this?

DON'T be an ostrich. Face up to the fact that many of your favourite foods—sausages, pork or duck or bacon are dreadfully rich—that is, when you eat them without Mustard. A fresh dab of Mustard, with its clean tang, makes them thoroughly digestible and nourishing, and ever so much more tasty. So, when next you sit down to a rich meat course, remember—

it's nicer  
with Mustard  
— Keen's Mustard



Elizabeth Craig  
would like you to have her Custard Book

ELIZABETH CRAIG, whose word on cookery matters is law to millions of women, is a great believer in custard. She thinks it is one of the most wholesome dishes in the world, but she also thinks that most women do not know enough about the scores of delightful ways in which it can be used.

So she has written a book containing many different recipes for custard dishes, for the preparation of which she recommends Foster Clark's famous Creamy Custard as being scrupulously pure, convenient to use, and highly economical.

If you fill in the coupon above you can have a copy of Elizabeth Craig's book free.

Foster Clark's  
creamy CUSTARD

25-111

## For Young WIVES & MOTHERS

By M. TRUBY KING

Daughter of Sir Truby King, Authority on Baby Welfare.

The Over-Wrought Mother

Should she continue to feed her Baby?

IN my article, "Natural Feeding Is Best," I sought to point out that there was no necessity for the mother who is living on short rations to wean her baby prematurely.

It should be added, however, that no mother should be expected to continue to feed her baby at the breast to her own definite detriment.

NURSES daily come in contact with mothers in poor circumstances, who are only too glad to be able to feed their babies naturally, as it means a saving to them of both time and money.

But there are always a few cases in which the advantages of human milk to the baby and the advantages to the mother of not having to set aside any money for the purchase of artificial foods, teats, bottles, etc., are outweighed by the highly nervous, over-wrought and worried condition of the mother, with consequent physical ill.

We may say, then, that the happy, healthy mother should not take her contented babe from the breast; but that the fretful ailing baby of the constantly tired and really under-nourished mother would undoubtedly do better on properly prepared humanised milk—at the same time giving the mother the necessary rest, and means of recuperating (as far as possible) from her bodily disabilities.

### "Worried" Milk

No baby, whether of rich or poor parentage, thrives well on "worried" milk. For this reason, friends and relations should strive to make the lot of the nursing mother as happy and free from worry as possible. If this cannot be done, and the mother is constantly tired out, "sick of life," and losing weight, the baby should be weaned gradually over a period of about six weeks.

Each case, however, must be individualised when deciding whether early weaning is advisable or not. A passing tiredness or slight indisposition is not an adequate reason for weaning.

In the rare cases in which natural feeding constitutes a real mental and physical strain, medical advice on the advisability of weaning should be sought.

THERE is no denying that the financial difficulties of these times make the proper fulfilment of motherhood a much harder task than it should be. Often the nursing mother cannot take sufficient daily rest, her nervous system suffers and she cannot sleep.

There is no sense in any mother continuing to nurse her baby at the breast when every movement of her day is a tremendous effort, and when she finds it impossible to shake off the feeling of perpetual weariness and irritability. Sometimes the problem is solved by what is called complementary feeding—

that is, giving baby only a short time at the breast at each meal and making up the deficiency with humanised milk.

In such cases as I have cited, one must also take the other members of the family into consideration. The whole household should not be burdened by the constant, unproductive efforts of the mother to continue natural feeding to her own detriment. Peace and comfort (so far as both are possible) are necessary for a happy home; therefore the welfare of the husband and children should not be needlessly sacrificed.

Fortunately, however, such cases are rare, and in many of them, the Mothercraft Nurse who visits the home can do much to relieve the mother's burdens



A BONNY TRUBY KING BABY.

by gifts of clothing and food—thus making it possible for her to keep baby at the breast.

Worry lessens the quantity of breast milk very quickly, and many a baby has been saved from the tragedy of early weaning by an understanding and tactful nurse who has given help in the right direction, thus restoring to the mother her happiness and peace of mind, with consequent increase of her milk supply to meet baby's needs.

### Truby King Baby Patterns

Mothers may obtain a complete set of baby patterns by sending a P.N. for 2/-, plus a 2d stamp for postage, to the Sister in Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## DOMESTIC Insect PESTS

By ENTOMOLOGIST

Hot Weather  
brings flea plague

In hot weather the housewife is frequently surprised at the plagues of fleas which appear to come suddenly, as it were, from nothingness; where there was not a flea in evidence yesterday there may be thousands to-day.

THEN again there is the problem of the empty house; a house may have remained empty for months, but as soon as anyone enters it myriads of fleas swarm out hungry for blood. Where do they come from?

The answer lies in a curious phase of their life history. When the flea larva passes into the chrysalis state it has the power of remaining dormant over a long and indefinite period. Thousands of flea pupae may lie undisturbed in the dust on the floor of an empty room awaiting a favorable moment for the adult flea to emerge; a moment when there will be a supply of fresh blood available for them. Let someone walk across the floor and the vibration releases some sort of hair trigger, and in an instant the fleas burst from their cocoons, where they have been lying waiting, and rush to feast themselves upon the invader.

The eggs of fleas are laid in the dust which accumulates in the cracks in flooring, and under carpets; they are white, and somewhat resemble fine sugar. Up to a hundred may be laid

by a female at one time, so that it is little wonder that fleas increase so rapidly. Many thousands of eggs may sometimes be found in the bed occupied by a pet dog or cat.

The grubs or larvae are small, white, elongated creatures, which feed in the dust. When fully fed they spin small cocoons, and change into the pupae or chrysalis. The peculiarity of this pupal stage has already been described.

The presence of dogs and cats in a house invariably brings fleas, and any pet animals should be kept scrupulously clean, and thoroughly washed, at frequent intervals, with carbolic soap or dog soap.

All floors should be scrubbed with hot soapwater to which kerosene has been added. The soapy liquid should be applied liberally, and allowed to soak into the cracks. Every flea, either in the adult or immature state, with which the mixture comes in contact will be killed.

Fleas are carriers of bubonic plague from infected rats, and are also under suspicion as vectors of other diseases.



Gargle that  
SORE THROAT with  
"MELASOL"

FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Check that sore throat at the outset. Gargle with quick-acting Melasol in warm water and prevent a more serious illness. Use it for the children.

Melasol contains 40% Tiroil, the powerful Australian germicide and deodorant. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritant. Recommended by the medical profession.

Also unequalled for—Poisoned wounds, cuts, sores, and skin eruptions. Invaluable for Personal Hygiene.

Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist—2/-, 4/6, 9/6

MELASOL  
Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Tiroil, the new Australian germicide. Eleven times as strong as carbolic but non-poisonous and non-irritant. "Sure in Action—Safe in Use."

## GROWING



... because  
they get MILK  
in their diet!

LIKE other fussy or nervous children, they refuse to drink milk, but their clever mother gets them to eat a quart a day—in Hansen's Junket! Junket is one of the best foods for growing children. Light, easily digested, delicious... it actually creates an appetite in "finicky" children. Give your children Hansen's Junket regularly. Don't accept inferior substitutes from your grocer.

### ★ Raspberry Marsh-mallow Surprise.

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 quart milk, raspberry flavouring, 1 lb. marshmallows, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup boiling water. Make junket as instructed on tube, flavour with raspberry and chill. Cut marshmallows and melt in double boiler, add sugar which has been dissolved in the boiling water. Blend thoroughly, cool, and just before serving pile on junket and decorate with hundreds and thousands.

HANSEN'S  
Junket  
TABLETS

• Sold at all grocers and chemists.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## THIS AGE of SLIMMING

Slim if you will...but slim for Health as well as for Fashion

By Evelyn

**D**ESPITE all the publicity given to voluptuous curves as presented by one Mae West, it is very doubtful whether such "curves," so reminiscent of the 'nineties, will come back into fashion, for we are living in an age of speed!

**M**OTOR boats, aeroplanes, racing cars—all are "streamlined" to give the slim, sleek, body lines that are so desirable if they wish to keep pace with rival machines.

The craze spread, it would seem, from racing machines to film actresses, until now practically every woman regards it as her duty to be slim and slender. In other words, feels it her duty to have a "streamlined" body!

Many and varied are the remedies used by film actresses to keep slim, suffice to say that practically all the great artists have to watch their weight very carefully. Once they had to indulge in harmful diets, and in this regard it is said that many of them refrained from eating any food at all on at least one day to each week. Nowadays, however, they slim with safety—slim for health as well as for beauty, and many of them have their physicians prescribe a tonic, reducing medicine.

Some 12 months ago Marlene Dietrich sponsored what became the rage for a while, a slimming and beautifying drink. This was her recipe:

Overnight, put two tablespoons of

well-washed, stoned raisins in a tumbler and pour over the juice of a lemon, and, if possible, the juice of half a grapefruit. Cover with a muslin cloth or a saucer. In the morning add a little hot or cold water, as preferred, and strain off the liquor. Drink this before breakfast, and eat the raisins as a prelude to the first meal of the day.

Try this if you like, but I know of two enthusiastic Australians who did, and thrived on it to the extent of several pounds!

Drastic slimming diets are definitely out of fashion, which is a matter for general rejoicing. Those who took up the fad and reduced their daily allowance of food to less than the quantity required for an anemic starling are paying for their foolishness in bad health, sallow skins, wrinkled faces, and a seriously-impaired temper. Far worse even, some women—including well-known film stars—have paid with their lives.

On the other hand, strenuous exercises are also taboo. Over-exercising merely develops muscles and brings up "bulges" in the wrong places.

Obesity is a peculiar thing, and varies in different countries.

In Italy and Spain, where the climate is very warm, the food supply plentiful, and the habits of the people easy-going, the number of very fat people is greater than in other countries.

The Eskimo is subject to obesity also, but this is due to gormandizing. As you know, these people depend for their lives on the result of their hunting and fishing, and, of course, when hunting is good the Eskimo is well fed. It is common knowledge that an Eskimo will lie on the flat of his back while his wife feeds him with titbits of flesh and blubber until he is unable to move.

This state of affairs, of course, is almost incomprehensible to people like ourselves, who have learned that too much fat is a menace to health, for it is well known that people who maintain their normal weight live longer than those people who are much overweight.

### Watch Your Weight!

**I**N Australian women—who, by the way, are not naturally subject to fat—there are four periods when obesity is prevalent and should be carefully guarded against for health's sake: 1, round about the age of 20; 2, at the age of about 35; 3, at that most important period—middle age; 4, after childbirth.

At any of these periods a woman is particularly liable to gain too much flesh, which frequently spoils her youth and her appearance.

After childbirth many mothers are forced for a time to forsake social and athletic activities for the more important matter of caring for baby. The body functions are disorganised and are unable to maintain an even balance so that without due care fat is acquired very quickly.

Despite the fact that Hollywood actresses have been setting the fashion and

**WORRY**, ill-temper or selfishness will make you look far older than wrinkles and faded hair—or a "plump" figure. The well-poised, sweet-tempered, unselfish woman always looks attractive, even though age has stamped little marks on her face.

"streamlining" their figures for a considerable period, there are still quite a few people who believe that nature made them fat and therefore they "will not risk harming themselves" by judicious reducing.

On the other hand, many think that fat is a sign of health. And the popular conception that a rapid increase in weight is a sign of health is also wrong. Insurance companies have for years claimed that death visits the fat before claiming the thin.

The insurance companies are right, for our bodies will carry for a time the extra load of fat without demerit, but sooner or later there will appear the signs of strain and damage.

The heart is constructed for a normally-proportioned person, and cannot be expected to pump blood for long over the much larger area of the corpulent without showing signs of strain. Shortness of breath is one of the earliest symptoms of heart strain caused by obesity, the heart muscles eventually weakening and the person concerned becoming giddy on the slightest exertion—such as rising from a chair or sofa. In such a condition there is a constant fear of sudden heart-failure.

"Fatty heart" is not the only danger from obesity. Pause for a moment and consider the effect on our muscular system. Instead of gaining strength with fat, our muscles actually become weaker. This is easily explained, the extra fat forcing us to use more effort in walking, causing early muscular fatigue. Fatigue needs rest, and rest means that fat is accumulating. So that the fat person is trapped—for the more she weighs the less she exercises because of fatigue, and the less she exercises the more she weighs.

So, in realising the serious nature of the higher grades of obesity, the present fashion of a slender rounded figure is, in reality, good public health propaganda—apart from that inner urge to "streamline" to health and beauty.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

**PATIENT:** Can you tell me whether it is possible to have one's tonsils removed by diathermy at one of the big metropolitan hospitals, and could such treatment come under the hospital contribution scheme?

**A**LL big hospitals have a diathermy machine, and, doubtless, the treatment could be carried out if desired; the financial part would be a matter for discussion with the hospital secretary.

Removal of tonsils by means of the diathermy has several obvious advantages; for instance, there is no need for bed and wasted time; the treatment is carried out over a series of visits, and the patient can go straight back to work.

On the other hand, there are disadvantages which it would be out of place to discuss here, but which are sufficiently grave to warrant some men disagreeing with the method; there is no doubt, however, that the method often works extremely well.

A diathermy machine is a powerful electrical instrument, and should only be used by persons qualified so to do; there have been several cases of fatal electric shock when such an instrument has been used by people who do not understand the machine, as with all other forms of electric treatment. In big hospitals, of course, only experts, either doctors or special technicians, touch them.

**PATIENT:** My child of three years of age is very constipated; what can I do for him?

**I**T is impossible to lay down a hard and fast line of treatment since there are different possible causes for the constipation.

It may be due to diet; there may not be a correct ratio of fats to proteins and carbohydrates; too little fruit and vegetables may be causing it. On the other hand it may be due purely to wrong habits. Whether the effort is successful or not the child should be sent to the closet at the same hour every day.

Over-use of purgatives when the child is young tends to develop a laziness of bowel action; continued use of the same purgative may have a similar effect.

Lastly, the child may not be getting

sufficient exercise, and the abdominal muscles may not be strong enough to help the act.

**PATIENT:** Is it true, doctor, that an accident can make a man appear to be drunk, whereas actually he may have had very little or no alcohol?

**Q**UITE true; the nervous effect of a severe accident, such as a car smash, may produce a large degree of shock in an uninjured person, and cause him to be emotional, unsteady in gait, and halt.

### EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



**STAND WITH** your feet about a foot apart, bend and touch the ground by your right foot, straighten and stretch the body back from the hips as far as possible, bend to the other side and repeat. Do this twenty times a day and watch your waist and hips become slight and firm.

ing in speech. If such an unfortunate happens to be driving a motor car and an accident occurs, he is quite likely to be charged with driving under the influence of alcohol even though he may not have had enough to make a "mouquette" feel queer.

### MISS MARIE LORRAINE

The Beautiful Film Star of "Two Minute's Silence," now showing at the Civic Theatre, is another of the lovely stars who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.



## "Colour, Texture, Line—Yes, We're Talking about Faces!"

FROM TWO-MINUTE TALKS BY AN ENGLISH BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

"When will some women wake up to the fact that merely to answer a greasy cream over the face at night is not enough—for beauty? Take a long look in your mirror and be honest. Is your skin yellowish? Is it inclined to be coarse? Yes? Well—change it! Change it now. Don't let a poor complexion handicap you in life, in love, in business."

"Get some mercolized wax from your chemist. Apply a little night and morning. In a few days it will have absorbed and so carried away minute particles of dust and powder, dead skin and other impurities which now veil the natural beauty of your complexion. Just pat the mercolized wax gently into the skin. When you wipe it off, particles of the dull, ageing skin come with it. The change, of course, is gradual, but in a few days it is complete. You will look and feel fresh, radiant, attractive! And, with good reason, for you will actually have changed your skin from old to new!"

"So much for colour and texture of the skin. For while this wonderful wax has restored the natural colour, it has gradually refined the

very texture of your skin. Round the nose, the chin—you know those danger spots!

"Now—line. The gentle patting, massage, not rubbing you have used in applying mercolized wax, in time will help to improve the contour of your face and neck. Nightly attention, a little patting upward, a little tapping with the finger-tips about the eyes, a little smoothing up, up—prove what this does for facial beauty. Once you have achieved a clear complexion, such cosmetics as you may wish to use will be more a matter of fashion than necessity. Just now, however, it is the thing to make up. But how carefully, how cleverly, this must be done! Here's a valuable tip."

"Smart women overseas now tint cheeks with collandium, shape lips with prolectum, and finish with the pure, fine Barri-Agar Face Powder. Very little of this powder is sufficient to give a soft, flower-like finish to the skin, so cleverly, so rightly, different from the coarse effect of ordinary powders. All chemists sell mercolized wax, collandium, prolectum and Barri-Agar Face Powder."

SLENDER beauty representing the spirit of the age—Toby Wing, of Paramount.

## You can even bring ALLURE to Your VOICE

Intensive Training Will Work Wonders in a Few Short Months.

If you possess a beautiful face, develop a beautiful voice to match it. If you are not rich in physical loveliness, let the allure of your voice create a magnetic aura about you.

**N**OW, note what Claudette Colbert—the Paramount star with the charming, low-pitched voice—has to say:

A gentle voice is the birthright of every woman, but, alas, most of them use it in the interim between childhood and the adult stage.

City noises, telephones, and many of modern civilisation's accoutrements are so blamable for the raucous feminine voices we hear. Early training in voice placement and enunciation is, of course, highly desirable, but if parents have overlooked this part of one's education, intensive training will work wonders with the human vocal cords in a few short months.

First, one must listen to one's own voice intently. Do not allow a single word to escape you, even in a crowd or over a telephone. Never raise the voice, even if traffic is drowning out the conversation, or stalling interfering with a telephone call. It is this impulse to shriek over noise that develops an ugly nasal voice.

Keep your voice at a low pitch no matter how much your friends or family ridicule, for they will come day after day to the beauty of your speaking voice.

Correct enunciation is essential. Never slur over phrases or mellow the end of a sentence, for this leaves a slovenly impression upon your hearers.





## The one soap

whose colour is your promise  
of skin loveliness

for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

THE greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages... Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And there's your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive Oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green colour is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. It's clean, wholesome odour tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial colouring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.

Olive Oil is the reason. Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. zing beauty experts could not resist Palmolive, for this reason.



## HAD TO BE CARRIED UPSTAIRS

### Rheumatism Since Childhood

#### Now Dances and Plays With Her Children

She was only 12 years of age when she began to suffer with rheumatism. So it is not surprising that, having freed herself from the complaint, she dances and plays with children now when she is 30.

This is her own description of how she transformed her life:—"I first had rheumatism at 12 years of age. Three years ago I had to be carried upstairs at night. I also had rheumatic fever. Then I took Kruschen Salts. Thanks to it I am now 30, and dance and play with the children. The Kruschen bottle is always on our table, and I take a small dose in every cup of tea or coffee. So if I forget it in one, I still get the benefit in another. I am now 30 years of age and feel younger." (Mrs.) P. M. R.

Rheumatism has its origin in internal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of dangerous body poisons. These poisons not only infect your joints with rheumatism and gout; they infect your heart; they infect your

teeth; they dull your brain; they slacken your nerves; they prepare the way for many obscure conditions of ill-health.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate your liver and kidneys to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system. The reward of this internal cleanliness is a freshened and irrigated bloodstream. Poisonous uric acid is expelled through the natural channels, and the pains of rheumatism cease.

Start on Kruschen to-morrow. Keep up "the little daily dose," and you'll soon joyfully agree with thousands of others that rheumatism meets its master in Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.



"I believe she is connected with some of the best families."  
"Yes; by telephone."

"Have you ever been on the stage?"  
"Yes; Went on as Hamlet and came off as Omelet."

Lord Ave-one: Don't you think you ought to call me "dear?"  
His American Wife: Yes, at any price.

Why They All Came—The invitation read: "The party will be gin at 10 o'clock."

# The TIME Has COME ...

## To Make Ready for Winter and Spring Glory ...

Says the OLD GARDENER

A GENERAL planting of all winter and spring flowering plants will soon be commenced. In preparing the beds, manure well, and dig thoroughly. Farmyard manure is a general manure and contains three necessary fertilising constituents, viz.: phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen.

WELL, here I am again, Miss. Yes, I'm late, but I have had such a busy time, you know. I have been around all my gardening friends this morning, and what a wonderful time I've had—and what nice gardens they are making. Yes, of course, I will have a look at your garden, too.

February, Miss, is always a busy month—plenty to do—weeding, watering, and, of course, you must not forget mulching. This is most important. This is also the time for main sowing

ing the spring—they are the glory of the garden.

Anemone and ranunculus are very slow germinators, so do not worry if they seem a long while coming up, but once they show above the ground they soon make sturdy growth. Both these can be purchased from any seed shop in the form of small bulbs, or corms.

Ranunculus corms are claw-like in shape, so be sure when planting to place the claws side down. Some people, Miss, plant them wrong side

## A GOOD TIP ... from the OLD GARDENER

LOOK up your calendar and find out the date of the full moon and sow your seed the day before full moon!

This may sound a little surprising to some, but try it—quicker germination and stronger plants will be the result.



of seeds for all the winter and spring flowers.

You remember a couple of weeks ago I explained to you about sowing the stocks, marigolds, Iceland poppies, etc? Make your main sowing of all these now, also ranunculus and anemone.

These two, if sown now, will give you flowers the first season. And who would be without these beautiful flowers dur-

ing the winter. Ranunculus, by the way, does better when "double-handled." Plant them first of all, in a semi-shaded corner. Then, when they begin to send their shoots above the ground, dig them up, and, with a sharp knife remove the young plants from the small corm. Several plants can be had by "double handling" in this manner. Better flowers, and more vigorous plants will be the result.

## Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

### "Pack Up Your Troubles—"

DURING the holidays we met a hiking party which, I venture to state, derived the greatest possible enjoyment from their holiday, though they embarked on it without any financial resources.

For four years, they told us, the family had been on the dole, and the chances of a Christmas holiday looked very thin.

However, armed with sufficient food for ten days, mother, father, and two children set forth with a tent, a pram and a hurricane lamp as equipment. They hiked thirty miles in that ten days. Their itinerary included French's Forest, Palm Beach, Avalon, Dee Why, Manly, and Balmain.

All four looked amazingly healthy, and were sorry that their novel and completely inexpensive holiday had come to an end.—M.D.

### The Color Question

A BUDDING authoress friend of mine decided to hire a pearling lugger and gear and go down to the depths in search of local color.

Accordingly she donned a diver's suit and descended to a depth of seven or eight fathoms, where she was to be left for a while.

However, when a grinning black face suddenly appeared within a few inches of the window of her helmet, she was completely overwhelmed.

Actually, it was a member of the crew, an expert diver, who decided to go down and see how she was getting on. On being duly hauled up she explained that her conclusion was that someone had escaped from "Dave Jones' locker."—J.N.

### Enforced Seclusion

SOME time before we were married, my present husband and I spent a day with another couple, friends of ours, at a riverside town. We travelled by an excursion train and, on arriving at the station for the return journey, found we had some time to spare.

We all sat down on the river bank in the twilight, but my husband had the misfortune to choose a spot quite close to an ants' nest. By the time we boarded that train, he was in a very unhappy plight. He retired to the lavatory and removed his trousers in order to give them a vigorous shake.

Unfortunately, just as he was doing so, a train passed going in the opposite direction—and it took his trousers with it.

When he failed to return to us, the other man of our small party went to find out what was wrong. He came back to us overcome with mirth. But for my husband it was no laughing matter.

He had perforce to remain in seclusion until we reached our destination, where an obliging railway official lent him the necessary wearing apparel.—M.H.

### Unrehearsed Farewell

AS our train was on the eve of drawing out of Central Railway Station, two ladies rushed into the carriage, all of a flurry. One of the two was particularly flustered, and when the ticket collector came round had not regained her composure.

The collector held out his hand for the ticket. Whereupon the good lady setted it firmly and warmly and, without emotion, bade him good-bye.—M.C.

SOW viola seed this month. The yellow and blue varieties are most popular. If the colors are kept separate, some very pleasing and attractive color schemes can be arranged. For instance, a matted bed of ranunculi with a blue and gold border is very effective, especially if done with violas.

Why not go in for a distinctive color scheme in your garden, Miss? Try, for instance, bold masses of one color, with suitable borders. Bring some individuality into your garden—arrange it differently to those of your neighbors.

To go along the street, or travel round the neighborhood, and see all the gardens made alike, and then to suddenly come on to a garden quite different in color and arrangement, is so refreshing that it attracts the eye and holds one's attention.

NOW while all those seeds are developing into sturdy plants, prepare your garden beds to receive them.

Clean them all out. Get rid of the old spent plants. Manure the beds well, and dig thoroughly.

One of the main essentials of good gardening is thorough cultivation and systematic manuring.

Remember, you must return to the soil the necessary plant food which has been used up with the growth of the previous crop.

Plants chiefly use the top foot of soil as a source of food supply. It is mainly in the surface foot that air circulates supplying necessary oxygen. So you understand, Miss, that unless we thoroughly mix the manure with the soil and keep the whole garden in a satisfactory and good "physical" condition, success cannot be ours. Consequently, good cultivation is most essential for good growth.

If we try to understand the surroundings of our plants, and get some knowledge as to the influence affecting them we can then practise methods that will help them to overcome difficulties that stand in their way.

So, to make a success of our garden, you must give careful attention to the raising of strong, healthy plants, and, in addition, see that through their growing period a thoroughly-balanced fertiliser is given them.

## Rid Your Home of FLEAS!

When fleas become established in rugs and carpets there's only one sure way of getting rid of them. Sprinkle Pulvex Powder throughout your home. Pulvex can not harm children or animals—it is non-poisonous and harmless to everything except insects.



COOPER'S  
**PULVEX**  
KILLS all fleas

Wholesale Distributors:  
Wm. Cooper & Nephews (Aust.) Ltd.,  
4 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

In the heat of Summer  
... enjoy the cooling,  
fragrant, soothing luxury  
of ...

Roger & Gallet's

GENUINE

Jean-Marie-Farina  
Eau de Cologne

Originated in Cologne  
in the 18th Century.

So closely have Roger & Gallet, the famous Paris Perfumers, guarded the formula, that no imitations have ever rivalled this perfect product.

Prices from 2/6 to 50/-



# TRY Frozen SALADS

Wherever Ice is procurable these nutritious delicacies can be made

By MARGARET SHEPHERD  
Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

**A**PETITES are temperamental affairs these close February days and require coaxing. So, when you are planning the menu, be sure to consider frozen salads, either sweet or savory, for dessert.

**T**HE first essential of all good salads is fresh, crisp ingredients.

The freezing itself is a very simple matter if you are the lucky possessor of an electric refrigerator, otherwise a baking powder, coffee tin, or a small hilly-can can be used. Care must be taken to seal the edge of the lid with an inch-wide piece of cheese-cloth dipped in melted paraffin. Then bury the tin well in chopped ice, and an equal quantity of coarse, ice-cream salt. The variety and kind of ingredients determine the time for freezing.

Foods should be chilled before being put into the freezing can. Thicker mixtures freeze more quickly.

The less sugar they contain the quicker they freeze, as sugar lowers the freezing point. Quick freezing ensures a finer and smoother mixture. The savory, frozen mixtures are suitable as a main course for luncheon when accompanied by coarse, wholemeal bread.

## FROZEN CREAM CHEESE SALAD.

Quarter lb. cream cheese, 1 cup finely-chopped, toasted almonds, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 cup cream, a pinch salt, paprika, 7 or 8 finely-chopped gherkins.

Put the cheese into a basin, break it down with a fork; add the prepared almonds, gherkins, salt, paprika and lemon juice. Mix all together, then add the stiffly-beaten cream. Put into a can, or a refrigerator tray; pack solidly, and chill until firm enough to cut. Then cut into blocks and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, with slices of tomato.

## FROZEN SWISS SALAD.

Quarter lb. ripe cheese, 2 tablespoons cream cheese, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon finely minced olives, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup finely-shredded salad.

Rub the cheese through a sieve, add the cream cheese, vinegar. Work it together well; add the finely-chopped

## Snappy... "Pick-me-up"

If you have slept in or have the "morning-after" feeling, here is a drink that will not only sustain you through a busy forenoon—it also supplies the necessary amount of vitamins for the day:

1 egg, 1 yeast cake, 1 cup orange juice.

Break down the yeast cake, mix it with the well-beaten egg, then add the orange juice. Mix well. Serve cold in a tumbler.

olives, and cream; lastly, the shredded cabbage. Pack into ice and salt for four hours. Serve with a coarse, brown bread.

## RICE SALAD.

Half cup rice, 1 cup preserved ginger, 1 cup ginger syrup, 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup finely-chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon Parmesan or other strong cheese.

Cook the rice in 1 quart of boiling water. Drain and spread out to cool and dry. Put it into a basin with the mayonnaise, chopped ginger, and syrup; then add the cheese and celery and mix all together well. Fold in the whipped cream. Pack in ice and salt for four hours. Serve with a chilled, salad dressing, and coarse, brown bread.

## HAM MOUSSE.

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, and paprika, 1½

## COLOR HARMONIES In Vegetables

"I don't like carrots, mummy," or "I can't eat these peas." How often distracted mothers have to contend with their wee tot's unreasonable dislikes for vegetables—chockful of nourishment, and so necessary for the building of sturdy little bodies!

PERHAPS if we place more emphasis upon attractive service and say less about the fact that they are good for us, we can make vegetables more popular with children.

Carrots and peas offer interesting color contrast. For variety, the carrots and peas may be arranged to make a pretty yellow flower with a green centre.

For this arrangement, cook small carrots whole and season with butter and salt. Place them in a round serving plate with the large ends at the centre and the small ends pointing outward like petals of a flower. Place a mound of hot buttered peas in the centre. If small carrots cannot be obtained, large carrots may be cut lengthwise so that the pieces are about the same size and shape.

A similar arrangement may be used with a roast or steak, placing the carrots with the large ends next to the meat and the points out. For this purpose the carrots may be slightly browned in hot fat.

The green-and-yellow color combination suggests a salad made of green string beans and carrots cut lengthwise. Serve with either French dressing or mayonnaise. Rings of tomatoes may be added for further color interest. This makes a nourishing salad for luncheon.

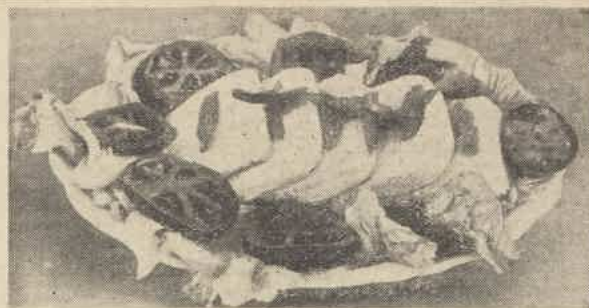
## POT-LUCK

YOU CAN remove fat from soup or stock by soaking the fat up with clean pieces of tissue paper. When the paper begins to absorb the liquid all fat will have been removed.

ADD A large potato, cut into halves, to soup which has been over-salted, and cook for a further fifteen minutes. The potato, having absorbed most of the surplus salt, can then be taken out.

IF YOU ever find yourself short of eggs, you can turn out a deliciously light suet pudding without eggs, by mixing the ingredients with hot water.

TO CRISP lettuce add a tablespoon of vinegar to the water in which the lettuce is placed, and let it stand.



NOTHING COULD be nicer to the eye or taste on a hot, steamy day than a block of frozen cream cheese, containing chopped gherkins and toasted almonds, and served with crisp lettuce and slices of firm, ripe tomato. See recipe for full directions.

cups milk, 1 cup cream, 2 cups finely minced ham, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins.

Soak the gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix; add the milk and stir until smooth. Boil and simmer four minutes, stirring constantly. Add the seasonings, ham, gherkins, and mix well together. Then add the partly-whipped cream. Pour into a mould or in the can for freezing. When thoroughly chilled, turn on to lettuce leaves, and garnish with radish roses.

## TOMATO FRAPPE.

One large tin tomato soup, shredded lettuce leaves, 1 jar of cream, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour; mix well, then add the tomato soup, a little at a time. Stir until it

thickens and boils, then simmer. In five minutes, season. Stand aside to cool. When cold, add the partly-whipped cream. Turn into a can or refrigerator tray. At the end of one hour, stir—and stir at the end of every half hour, thereafter. Turn on to shredded lettuce leaves in a sherbet glass.

## FRUIT FLUFF.

One level tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 4 bananas, 1 orange, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup whipped cream, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar.

Mash the bananas well. Add the fruit juices, grated orange-rind. Add the gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water five minutes and dissolved over boiling water, with the sugar. Add to the above. When cold, fold in the whipped cream. Pour into a can and freeze.

## A LONG, COOL DRINK...

**PEACH CUP** is a refreshing drink, and is delightful for parties on summer nights. If liked, tinned pineapple or any other fruit may be used instead of the peaches.

To make Peach Cup you need:  
3 large bottles of elder,  
1 pint soda water,  
1 tin sliced peaches.

Ice and mint.  
Mix the peaches with one bottle of chilled cider, then divide the other two bottles and the soda water between two or three large jugs, or place in a large bowl. Divide the peach cider equally between jugs, or



throw it into the bowl. Add plenty of ice, and top with a sprig or two of fresh mint. Serve in tall glasses. This will be sufficient to fill twelve.

## BEST RECIPES

## APPLE TIME Again!

Win £1 for Your Best Apple Dish

UP on our highlands, and down on the picturesque slopes of Tasmania, apples are ripening to golden and rosy goodness. Soon every woman of the home will be serving a series of apple dishes.

The Australian Women's Weekly will award £1, also consolation prizes, for the best apple recipe received. Send us yours! Winners announced March 3. Here are the results of this week's best recipe competition:

### STUFFED COD WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Two pounds of cod in one piece, 1 cup chopped parsley, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1½ cups chopped parsley, few drops anchovy essence, 1 egg, milk, butter, salt, and pepper. Split fish on under side and make a stuffing with parsley, truffles, anchovy essence and pepper. Bind with beaten egg or a little milk. Place the mixture in fish, and tie securely with three or four pieces of twine. Place in a buttered fire-proof dish with milk to half cover; add a few dashes of butter, and bake in a fairly hot oven for 40 minutes.

### ORANGE SAUCE

Grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 dessertspoon castor oil, 1 lb of butter, salt, pepper, and 1 cup of water. Place rind and juice in small saucepan; add castor oil mixed to smooth paste with water, and stir over a slow fire until mixture thickens. Season, and add butter. Pour over fish when cooked and placed on dish. Garnish with chopped parsley and orange peel.  
£1 Prize to Muriel Corner, King St, Petersham, N.S.W.

HUGH Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! my Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising nest...!

### HOT CRAB SAVORY IN TOMATO CASES

Take off top of tomatoes, scoop out contents. Put puree into saucepan with bay leaf, pepper, salt, sugar, celery, or celery salt, quarter teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon butter, and cook gently till soft. Prepare crab and put into tomato mixture when mixture is cooked to re-cook crab makes it tough; remove bay leaf, then fill tomato cases, put in oven and heat well. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. M. Wagborne, "The Lodge," Parliament House, Brisbane, Qld.

### OYSTERS IN A BOAT

Half loaf of stale bread (Vienna or sand-wich), 2 doz. oysters (or 1 tin of oysters or any lined fish), ½ cup of melted butter or the very best dripping, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup of milk, 1 tablespoon of flour, juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, nutmeg, and chopped parsley to taste. Cut the top off the loaf, remove all the crumbs. Brush inside the case with melted butter (or dripping) and put in a medium oven to crisp. Treat the top the same way. Dry the oysters and chop them, keeping 10 whole. Blend butter and flour in a saucepan over the fire; stir in the milk very slowly. Keep stirring till it boils. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and chopped parsley, also the lemon juice. Some of the dredged breadcrumbs can be added if liked. Add the chopped oysters (or fish), make very hot, and pour into the bread case. Heat the whole oysters and lay them on top. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and thin slices of lemon, put the top on, and serve at once, cutting in thick slices across the snail.  
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Brady, Nelson Rd., South Melbourne, Vic.

PIECES OF old linoleum make useful splashboards for the kitchen sink. Smaller pieces can be utilised as mats to protect polished surfaces from hot dishes.



"What a happy little fellow he is!"  
"Vita-Weat's done that. It's put him right inside—and a well child's always a happy child."

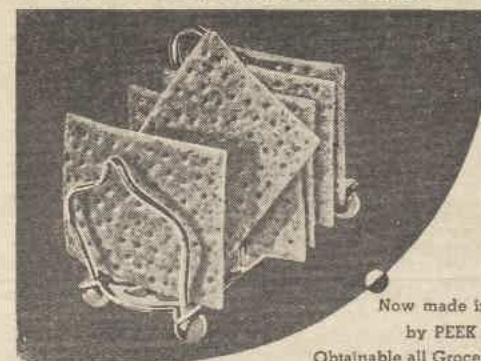
## Keep him well and he'll be happy!

VITA-WEAT crispbread is particularly valuable in the diet of the youngsters because it gives them all the goodness of the whole wheat grain in a form that MUST nourish them. Because Vita-Weat is free from unconverted starch, it never overstrains the digestion—never clogs the system. Because it is crisp and firm its mastication properly exercises young teeth and gums.

The precious vitamins of whole wheat, the protein and the carbohydrates, they're all stored up in Vita-Weat. And another thing—Vita-Weat makes the internal organs function normally and regularly.

# Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD



Now made in Australia  
by PEEK FREAN  
Obtainable all Grocers & Stores.



HE did not feel absolutely certain whether she was genuinely disappointed or whether she was only making an excuse. There is the inscrutability of experience and the inscrutability of youth, and she combined the two with the inscrutability of woman.

"Oh," he said, "what a pity! Well, in that case, will you give me an evening? They're putting me up at an hotel, and I expect they'll want us in bed reasonably early, but I might see what can be done. Would you care for that?"

She was thinking it over. Something was clearly on her mind. She looked out of the window. She turned and reached for some cigarettes and offered him one, held out a lighter for him, and waited. She wasn't exactly troubled, but she was weighing things up.

"What I thought was," he said, "that after dancing in the drill-hall at Linster, it would be a relief to go out and dance somewhere really decent, and so I brought my evening clothes."

She smiled. "You thought of everything."

"Except a red carnation, but I can get that here."

At last she puckered one eyebrow.

## ONLY One SORT of WOMAN

Continued from Page 5

"Don't be disappointed, will you?"

"Can't you come?"

"I can't. Really, I can't. Not this week, anyway. And I would have liked to very much indeed."

"This seems about the worst time I could have picked," he sighed. "Do you think you could come out somewhere now, to tea, and dance a bit with me in this get-up?"

She suddenly reached out and took his hand in a very confiding way indeed. She held it comfortably.

"I'll tell you what it is. I have to make my own living. And I'm a mannequin for one thing. That's in the day-time. Of course, there isn't always work, and when there is I simply have to snap it up. I'm showing frocks all this week, and I'll be leaving in a very few minutes. That stops my going to watch cricket, you see."

"And in the evening?"

"Well, you may scoff at the drill-hall at Linster, but I enjoyed it. It was a change. I'm making a little overtime at present, and to take me out for the evening comes a bit expensive. That's the point. It sounds objectionable, I know. But I'm attached to a sort of dancing school,

and sometimes the men we've taught want partners for the evening, and they don't pay me. They pay the school. Of course, I do get a sort of tip. And I get supper. But I have to work for it, and it's business. I can't ask you to go to the expense."

"Oh, indeed!" said Brian proudly. "and why not?"

"It comes too high."

THERE are few trials young men in love so much resent as being told this sort of thing. Brian bristled.

She puckered her eyebrow again.

"I'm not saying you can't afford it. I'm simply warning you. I don't see how it can be worth doing unless you're an old man, rolling in chums and money. And you seemed so disappointed. I wanted to explain."

"Well, but you say 'expensive.' How much do you mean? A guinea or two?"

Something—he did not quite know what, and he might have been mistaken—seemed to tell him he had ridiculously underestimated fees. He

was mixing up her school with the Palais de Danse, and she didn't quite know how to tell him so. He was becoming irritable. At last she put his mind at rest.

"The fact is, I'm supposed to be booked up for several nights to come with one man who wants to see London and dance everywhere in turn, with me as his partner. He's a silly old man, but I taught him the steps and so I have to go. I expect you realise it's rather distasteful, but in a sense I've got used to it, and I never was any good in an office. Suddenly, one day, I shall get fed up and do something absolutely different. I expect, but I do need money. It's mercenary, I admit. And what I was wondering just now was whether, if you cared to, I could persuade him to make a four of it; and you could take one of the other girls. We could all share a table, and I don't see why I shouldn't dance with you part of the time."

She waited, serious and a little apprehensive. She was anxious to console him, and yet not certain how he meant to take it. Clearly it wasn't in the least what he had had in mind when he arrived.

"We could keep expenses down that way," she ventured. "The other man drinks champagne, but there's no rea-

son why you should, and I could arrange for this other girl to fall in with things."

It was a toss-up whether he should be even more peeved now, mistaking her offer for patronage, or whether he should grin and take it in the right and sensible way. Men are apt to be singularly sensitive about being told by girls what they can afford and what they can't. Fortunately he was sensible. He grimaced amusedly.

"I'd rather do that than nothing, of course. I can't very well expect you to give up an office of such profit."

She said: "Had it been any other time, or, as far as that goes, any other engagement, I'd have managed it. But you do understand, don't you? I can't afford to offend him now, and he's only here for a week. For all I know, you don't need to have money, but I was thinking that if you did, it was up to me to warn you."

She slowly let go his fingers, which she had held for quite a long time.

He said: "Well, we'd better make it to-night, then. Once the match begins it won't be so easy."

She nodded. "I'll fix it, and if you'll ring me up about seven o'clock, I'll tell you the arrangements."

So they went out—a foursome. If the evening was a failure, it was really no one's fault. It couldn't be expected that Brian would have been even interested in the other girl. The white-haired, big-faced and corpulent individual who hustled and bumped Jane round the floor merely annoyed him.

Sometimes he caught Jane looking at him sympathetically over her shoulder, and that made up for things a little.

She danced with him only twice, for her employer seemed inclined to resent more than that. He also took it into his head to order supper while Brian was dancing with Jane, as if he realised in it a chance to get his own back; so that when Brian returned he found four glasses filled and supper on the way.

Jane tried to explain that Brian didn't care for champagne, but Brian was in a touchy mood, and shook his head and squeezed her finger and said: "No, leave it. It's quite all right."

Even so, Brian's share of the bill at the end staggered him. There was naturally a fee for his partner, and, finally, as he didn't want Jane to have to make excuses for him, he also made his partner the usual present. By that time he was cleared out. The elderly gentleman had his own car and insisted on driving everybody home, and the only consolation was that Jane held his hand in the dark of the car. And when they parted she whispered, "Ring me up."

He did so, but they could only talk to one another.

HIS cricket claimed him thenceforward, and she could not manage to get along to see it.

On his last day he telephoned her again, and she said:

"I was thinking—if you want to—awfully—why not come along to the Biarritz to-night, alone? I shall be there with Mr. Willard, and if you turned up as a sort of surprise and came across and spoke to us I should be bound to be able to dance with you a little."

He had to make the saddest answer. "I'm terribly afraid I must leave this evening. I have to be back at the bank first thing to-morrow morning."

But there was another reason, too. Sadder. He had spent every bean he had. He simply couldn't go out again. And of all the problems and ordeals love can bring behind it, none is more painful than the grim discovery that the girl we love so hopelessly is too expensive for our pocket.

He supposed they would laugh at him like anything if they ever heard about this in Linster.

Brian's salary was three hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum. He lived above it. He had drawn out every penny he had a right to when he had left for the Test Trial; now he had nothing but a tender memory of being out of it. It seemed pretty absurd to have spent as much as he had on one night, and he didn't really believe the older man had paid his proper share. He couldn't have.

As for his cricket, no one could say what line the selectors meant to take. Some cried for the old hands and others for new blood.

He hadn't enjoyed the Trial, but he supposed he had satisfied them. He had had the best analysis of anyone on either side. He wasn't very proud of it; he wasn't in the right mood to be proud of anything. On the contrary, he was humbled. He supposed a lot of local people would congratulate him, but that would seem merely empty.

SOONER than he had expected, however, Brian walked again along the road in which Jane dwelt. He looked up at the numbness. He came to Jane's house and looked at a notice on the door, "Bell Out of Order." So he knocked, and when he had been admitted and shown up, he said to Jane:

Please turn to Page 38



**2 LARGE GLASSES OF WHOLESOME LEMONADE for 2<sup>d</sup>**

There is nothing as good as Foster Clark's real-lemon lemonade or orangeade cubes for picnics, holidays, or indeed any time. Buy a 2d. packet at any grocer or store. One 2d. packet contains two cubes. Stir one cube into a large glass of water and you have a delicious, wholesome and economical drink.

Foster Clark's Lemonade, also in bottles (24 glasses), 7½d. Note the reduced price.

**FOSTER CLARK'S**

*Real lemon*

**LEMONADE CUBES**

**OR ORANGEADE**

**2<sup>d</sup>**

**PER PACKET**

**EACH PACKET MAKES TWO LARGE GLASSES**



HAPPILY at work on a colorful centre-piece showing the novel design described, and which can be had on application.



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Conducted by EYE GYE

**For You to Embroider**  
Exquisite Traced Linens in the Fascinating Egyptian Design. Send for them!

EGYPTIAN designs such as this are being freely used overseas. Your room will be given a unique look if you place this centre-piece on your table. Worked in the bright colors, as directed, it is bound to be the admiration of your friends.

linen, stating, of course, clearly the articles desired, and they will be sent to you by return mail. No delay. And should you require any special article or size, this will be arranged for you.

All are in superb cream linen as stated, with spoke-stitched edge, and clearly stamped with the enchanting design. They are post free.

Sandwich d'oyley, size 5 x 12, price 6d.; round centre, 18 x 18, price 1/6; round centre, 20 x 20, price 1/9; supper cloth (round), 30 x 36, price 5/-; table-centre (oblong), 14 x 20, price 1/3; table runners, 12 x 36, price 2/-; duchesse sets (three-piece), price 1/9; tea-cosies, price 1/2; traymobile cloths, 14 x 28, price 2/-.

All these traced linen articles quoted on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at—  
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.  
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

EVERY bride-to-be, anxious to fill her glory-box with unusually lovely pieces for the attractive home she is dreaming of, will be intrigued with this lovely new design, which can be had already traced on supper-cloths, tea-cloths, serviettes, table-runners, duchesse sets, table-centres, d'oyleys, traymobile cloths, etc.

And every home-lover who would like something unusually sweet in design and color, will spend many odd minutes and happy hours in restful, rapid stitchery.

THE colors of the original centre-piece, illustrated, which a young needle-lover is working, were black, leaf green, tangerine, and peacock blue.

The quaint "scarab" was simply out-

lined in black stemstitch and filled in with the stemstitch, in stranded embroidery cotton.

The borders are similarly worked in the same colors.

The effect of the colors, so rich against the cream linen ground, is delightful.

All you have to do is send a postal note or stamps for any of the traced

## The Two-in-One BAG

Designed by an artist for our readers. . . .

When you set off from home, it's the smart envelope bag you see here. Later, when shopping, it develops into the capacious bag you see below.

If you would like a transfer to decorate this utility bag, send for the Butterby design, No. 1287, price 4d.

Materials required for the bag are: 1/2 yd. burlap, 1 1/2 yd. binding, 1/2 yd. cord, 1 press-stud, and the transfer. This transfer can be obtained on application.

Cut a piece from the burlap 25 in. long by 14 in. wide. Bind each end. Now cut



THE envelope bag when folded sports a gay little butterfly design on the flap, and looks as neat as it is useful.

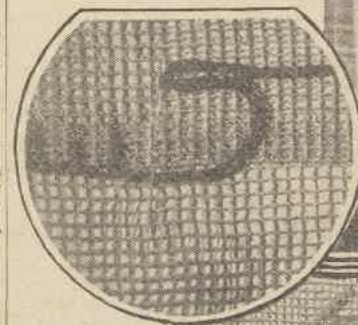
## WINDOWS the Highlights Of Your Home

Give them brighter curtains of soft mesh, with attractive borders of wool embroidery.

Now that the vogue for wool stitched bags has died down, women are seeking for new worlds to conquer with needles and colored thread.

THOSE delightfully filmy mesh curtains that flutter so easily in the breeze, look even more attractive when stitched in the latest wool designs to match furnishings.

Apply the designs lightly—a few



THE TOP and bottom hems of these gay little curtains are buttonholed in the widely-spaced stitch shown above.

stitches here and there are quite sufficient to brighten up the windows.

Simple patterns

are the best: zig-zags, and other running patterns, as well as buttonhole or blanket-stitch edgings.

Designs can be based on one of your own invention or like the ones illustrated. Color arrangements to correspond with your scheme of decoration are easily thought out.

Fairly thick soft wools in bright colors should be used. Any colored wool left over from jumpers or socks may be worked in these curtain designs, and on plain cream or buff-colored net they look delightful.

The pattern is obtained by a darning-stitch worked in and out of the net, straight across or diagonally.

COLOR DIRECTIONS: Outer pyramid, orange. Inner pattern rising into towers, flame. Centre panel and running line under flame line, jade. Inside panel, finishing at buff border, orange.

For a curtain covering the lower half of a window, about 40 inches by 30 inches, a complete width of net will allow just enough fullness, using the selvages as edges.

Turn up a 3-inch hem at the base and buttonhole-stitch it along, working into the fourth square down and leaving two squares between each stitch. Then darn in your pattern of color.

At the top of the curtain buttonhole-stitch down another hem, 3 inches deep, and make a line of darning-stitch five-eighths of an inch from the top, which will form a "frill" when the rod is run through the casing.

## A STURDY ROBOLEINE FAMILY!

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Homer St., Undercliffe.



Roboleine has proved a real blessing to thousands of anxious mothers who have seen their ailing little ones brought back to vigorous health by this magical tonic food. Roboleine is not a "medicine." It contains no drugs—nothing but a concentration of Nature's own most valuable body-building foods, rich in vitamins. Not only is Roboleine a complete food in itself—in addition it causes the body to extract the utmost nourishment from the ordinary diet. Read what Roboleine contains. RED AND WHITE BONE MARROW, to make good red blood. CREAM OF WHEAT, a source of energy. EGG YOLK, containing lecithin, the greatest nerve food known. LEMON JUICE for building lungs. VITAMIN, a wonderful tasteless concentrate of cod liver oil, the most powerful source of vitamins A and D. If you do not know from experience what Roboleine can do for ailing children, send the coupon for a sample. Three teaspoonsful a day (the proper ration for children) costs less than 3d., surely little enough to pay for that priceless blessing, perfect health.

### READ WHAT USERS SAY

"My little girl weighed 4 lbs. at six months. I enclose her photo on her first birthday, when she weighed 21 lbs. after six months Roboleine treatment."

—Mrs. Iversen, Charleston, Queensland

"Since taking Roboleine baby's weight has increased 10 lbs. in four months."

—Mrs. Pollack, Point Street, Fremantle

"My baby weighs 14 1/2 lbs. at four months. He was rapidly losing weight until he became a Roboleine devotee, but we are sure our worry in that direction is now over."

—Mrs. McCann, Nicholson St., Balmain

"We interview 500 mothers a month with their infants, and frequently order Roboleine to be added to baby's diet."

—Sister in Charge, Baby Health Centre

"I have known children after several illness to make fine progress and put on condition after taking Roboleine."

—Marion Miller, Gt. Newport, Geraldton

### COUPON

Mair & Neil Ltd., Box 1562 E. G.P.O., Sydney. I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

Name

Address

W.W.L.

**Roboleine**  
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

MAKE YOUR JOB EASIER...

with this Healthful

## 1934 BREAKFAST

DON'T stand over the stove cooking hot, rich food for the morning meal! Save work—serve crisp, ready-to-eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes—and improve your family's health! Kellogg's are nourishing, easily-digested, and make the ideal light meal for kiddies or grown-ups. Serve with milk, cream, sliced bananas or other fruits.

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**



Oven-Fresh Always

The new, exclusive inner-wrapped Kellogg's Fresh and crisp after opening



THAT a snappy handbag could prove to be really a shopping bag in disguise is shown by this sketch. Made of burlap and embroidered in brightly-colored wool, it is equally suitable for either purpose.

a smaller piece, 12 in. by 8 in., and oval one end. On this end press the transfer with a hot iron. Embroider with brown wool, or, if preferred, several shades of one color.

Bind all round except the straight end. This piece forms the flap. Place right side down on wrong side of burlap 6 in. from one end, then machine down. Turn on to wrong side, folding the bag in halves. Sew side seam. Cut cord in half, and sew either side of flaps for handle.

To fold up, turn overlapping sides of bag facing, then fold bag in halves. Turn down flap, and fasten with press-stud.



From the Heart  
of the Crude

SINCE  
1861

## three distinct advantages

- 1 Atlantic is refined from 100% Paraffin Base Crude—the costliest and richest crude in the world today. Yet it sells at regular price.
- 2 Atlantic flows freely—even at temperatures below freezing point. It lubricates from the moment you step on the starter—and rids you of the mechanical troubles due to "lazy" oil.
- 3 Atlantic shows no evaporation loss under severe test at 760°F—twice the temperature reached by the parts of your engine which require lubrication. Therefore you use less.



# ATLANTIC

PURE PARAFFIN BASE MOTOR OIL

Atlantic Union Oil Co. Ltd., Marketers of  
Petrols, Industrial Oils, Greases, etc.

AHE 27

## ENTER HAPPINESS "STEVE"



30 NEXT BIRTHDAY—  
AN OLD MAID! YET HER  
MIRROR TOLD HER SHE WAS  
STILL ATTRACTIVE. WHY DID  
MEN PASS HER BY?



ONE DAY SHE OVERHEARD TWO  
FRIENDS DISCUSSING HER. WHAT  
A PITY SHE'S SO CARELESS ABOUT  
"B.O."! ONE SAID IF SHE'D ONLY  
USE LIFEBOUY!

—AND—FROM THEN ON—  
SHE DID!



HAPPINESS AT LAST—A HUSBAND WHO  
adores her. THANKS TO LIFEBOUY'S  
GENTLE PROTECTION, THERE'S NO "B.O."  
NOW TO SPOIL HER CHARM

### What untold harm "B.O." may do us!

(Body odour)

PORES are constantly giving off odour-causing waste—but no one excuses "B.O." (body odour)! Are you safe? Be sure—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. The quickly-vanishing, hygienic Lifebuoy scent tells you Lifebuoy is different. Its rich, creamy lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Be sure you do  
get LIFEBOUY

...because the special Lifebuoy scent never clings (like imitations)—it rinses away with the lather, but leaves protection behind.



A LEVER PRODUCT

2.10L.56

## ONLY One SORT of WOMAN

Continued from Page 36

"I've only come to mend your bell. But I shall be glad if any little job like that."

"What do you mean?"

"My blessed bank," said Brian, "think I've been pinching money."

Jane, surprised to see him, was even more surprised at his tone. He leaned upon his stick.

"I had to share the joke with someone. Think how it will amuse the Linster ladies, if it ever comes out—as it will, because everything comes out in Linster except blots on your fair name. I was one of those nice people of whom nobody would have believed anything wrong. But it'll be surprising how soon they'll believe this. It's sensational. That's what it is."

She looked at him levelly.

"But why are you up in town again?"

"I've been to head office to discuss the point. I insisted on going, and asking for an inspection."

"Then, aren't you playing for England? I thought I saw something in the paper about you."

"Yes, that's at Leeds. I was selected, yes. A bank clerk's quite a novelty. But a bank clerk who's stolen money would be too much of a novelty, and so I'm crying off. I'm gracefully withdrawing to save them the embarrassment of having me arrested on the pitch."

"They wouldn't do a thing like that." "Don't spoil my pleasing little picture." He was being sardonic, but there was little mirth in him.

"But..." She gave him a short, puzzled glance. "Are you calmly giving in to them?"

He shrugged.

"You haven't got their money, have you?"

"No, but that's not the point. There's an inspector coming down. I can hardly be absent whilst he's inspecting. Even if I were playing for England, that wouldn't be cricket."

"I'm afraid I don't see that."

"You don't?"

"What have you got to fear?"

"I don't know. But I've been hard-up for some time, and my account is evidence against me. I don't say that they accuse me, but the inference is obvious. With all this cricket, I've been spending more than I can afford, and it even happened on my last trip up. When I got back I had to borrow. I didn't know then that there was any trouble at the bank. But it seems that they found discrepancies while I was gone. And when I wanted to borrow a bit, they looked at me funny. I'm rather proud, and my answers were curt. However, if they're going through the books I'll stay."

"You won't," said Jane. "If you've got any courage, you'll do what you would have done in any other case. If you've been chosen, the bank will surely give you leave. They won't want it published in the paper that they wouldn't let you off to play for England."

The awed tone in which she said this pleased him. "The bank will let you go because they'll have to give a reason to the public if they don't. And they can't give a reason when they can't prove anything. Have you told the M.C.C. or whoever it is, that you can't play?"

"I'm going to wire them now." "You're not. You aren't afraid of a bank?"

"Why, no. It isn't that." "Isn't there something called the Big Match Temperament? Well, people like you and I have got it. And, my hat, we need it."

SHE came closer and held him by a waistcoat button.

"You've only got to play the game of your life with all this hanging over you, and you practically prove your innocence at one go. And when it's over, you go back and put your white flannel trousers away, then turn to them and rub your hands, and say: 'Well, what was all that nonsense? And you'll find it has all been cleared up.'"

She added in a small voice: "I know what it's like in Linster, and I'm sorry I made you spend all that money last time you were up."

"The joke is," said Brian, "that if I get the sack and the reason gets about, everyone in Linster will believe it, and they'll be wrong. Just as they're wrong about you now."

Jane made no answer. She only held his waistcoat and looked at his tie.

At last he grunted: "All right, I'll tell you this much. You're the most gallant girl I know. The way you go back there time and again and walk slap through the middle of them, and do your stuff. And if you want me to go back and do my stuff, I damned well will."

She lifted the tip of his finger to her lips and kissed it.

Three days later the evening paper pushed into Jane's hand brought her the news. It is a question whether papers prefer good news or bad, but

people certainly buy more papers when it's bad.

Jane was reading the cricket news. Australia were batting. The English bowling had been collared and the worst news was that Beth, the bank clerk, who could only play in the holidays, but who had been released on this occasion by his public-spirited directors, had failed to get a wicket. Then, feeling things going against him, he had lost his length, and finally he had tried to bowl too fast.

Jane thought for perhaps a quarter of an hour. And then she made three telephone calls, packed a suitcase, cashed a cheque at the green grocer's, and caught a train to Leeds.

Out on the field of cloth of green England were baffling when she arrived, against a total of four hundred runs. Jane sat very close to Brian in the stand, and watched them. There were sure to be people here from Linster who knew Beth and knew her too, and who would see her with him, and hurry back with the news. But neither of them cared a rap what anyone in Linster said or did.

He had only said: "I didn't want them to imagine I was worrying, and now I suppose they will. And what I think about this," he added suddenly, "is that it must be costing you a bit."

She turned. "Do you think I'm hard-up?"

"I wouldn't if you didn't go to such lengths to make Linster think you're not."

She wrinkled up her nose. "Oh, I'm a very clever girl. I tell you."

He looked ahead of him unamusingly, watching the white-clad, heavy-capped figures on the green grass where England struggled for their runs.

There came at last the crack of a broken wicket, and he turned from looking in a gloomy manner at her profile to a consideration of the batsman who was marching home like a soldier. Another look his place.

"I must get on my pads," said Brian. "Give me a winning look."

NOT very long and he was out there. He stood at the crease, a central figure on whom all eyes were fixed, and received guidance from the umpire.

Then he glanced round the disposition of the field, and thought:

"No policemen? H'm. I wonder where they're hiding."

At the other end was a professional of world-wide fame who had been at the wicket from the outset. Since lunch, however, no one had stayed with him very long, and he looked at Brian Oliver Beth and wondered. He was a fast and reliable character, and nothing him dismayed. He looked extremely reassuring, standing there with feet crossed, propping himself upright with his bat.

Brian knew his job. As a batsman he perhaps cut little ice, but he knew better than to alter his whole style because this was a big occasion. Last man in he might be, but he mustn't poke. Nor must he lash out at tempting balls.

This was a test of nerves, and he would play the innings of his life to show Jane Furbisher that he had courage.

The bowler left his mark, ran, and his arm swung.

The red ball left his hand, and came through space towards Brian's wicket. Brian knew what to do with it. He steered it neatly through the slips, then heard a call of "Yes," and ran.

Enlo, he'd got to bat again? Over eh?

The large caps of the Australians interested him as he watched them changing their position in the field.

A new guard. Well, he didn't mind slow left-handers. It was the sort of stuff he bowled, only he bowled it better. One was coming now across his wicket. He drew his heels in sharply together, turned as it passed him waist high, and clucked it.

Four! Applause. Well that was very nice of them. He didn't often get clapped for his batting. And he remembered that the professional had said: "I'm seeing it. You take your time." As though he were afraid that Brian wouldn't stick in long if he got the batting.

But it was essential, in his view, to play care-free cricket. That was the whole point of his being here. Deference. Just like Jane, at Linster. He would pretend he was back at school, playing in a house match.

This time he moved his left foot out, then drew it in again, and played back crisply. He had to bring his bat down sharply on the ball that followed, but the next was a loose delivery, and he jumped out with bravely swinging bat. He got behind that ball with a deep, resounding "pong," and it went bounding to the thrax. A fielder sprang across its path too late.

Four more! Well, he had made nine, anyway.

Please turn to Page 39



## ONLY One SORT of WOMAN

Continued from Page 38

TEA-TIME had arrived. "I suppose," he thought, "they think that after tea they'll easily get me out. No fear. I'm in for keeps."

He was twenty-two at the interval, and they had saved the follow-on. He did not make fifty. He batted on for another thirty-five minutes and made forty-eight, the second highest score of the innings, at which time his partner was well held in the slips, and they turned and came in together.

Brian was happy now. He'd shown them who had a guilty conscience. And then, next day, England were in the field again.

He wondered how he would bowl this time. For a while they didn't use him. He kept calm and cheerful, moving alertly in the field, saving runs by work that was afterwards referred to in the papers as magnificent. He had no nerves; he knew no sorrow. He had not stolen any money; and he had not lost Jane. Jane was here, all the time; very young, and yet so reassuringly experienced in time of trouble.

She had test-match temperament herself; she ought to play cricket. He began wondering what games she did play. Selfish ass, he had never even asked. Probably she was very hot at lawn tennis, or could dive from a great height like a swallow and had never said a word about it.

He questioned how long they would keep these other bowlers on. They hadn't done much good yet. The cricket was a bit dull hereabouts. He picked a blade of grass and set it between his teeth, and walked across

waited. Another batsman was arriving. More clapping; this time out of courtesy. Brian watched him. Presently he was crouching over his bat like a putting golfer.

Brian ran his little distance, and his fingers worked their magic on the seam of the ball. It broke in sharply, then broke back and seemed to curl round the bat with very wicked intention; a ball dropped quietly to the ground. There was a momentary silence before everyone appreciated what had happened, and then a bombardment of applause. This time he nearly smiled; his face puckered, and he caught the ball as it was sent back to him, and played about with it. Two more balls to complete the over.

He didn't get another wicket, but it was a maiden, anyway. Two for 0. And that was how it started.

He actually ran through the side. The wicket suited him perfectly. He was full of determination and his heart was high. He was to all intents and purposes unplayable. He was, in fact, almost a riot. He got Australia out for 101 and was chaired when the English side came in.

He didn't bat again. It wasn't necessary, and that was just as well. It would have been a pity to have spoilt it all by ending with a duck.

"Shall I come back with you to Linster?" Jane had asked. "I'd love to see their faces if I do, especially if they've heard in advance about me being here."

And in the train she added: "And I want to ask you this one thing: What

## THIS IS HOME.....



AN EASY CHAIR awaiting you with a silent urge to sink into its comfy depths and reach for a book to cope with passing moods. A bowl of fragrant blossoms close by—a soothing reminder that life is sweet and that to-morrow the sun will shine again, even though it storms to-day. Here is our haven. Here, you and I can relax and become our real selves... with book in hand soar away in imagination with other beings to other lands... plumb the wonders of the world. Forget awhile the rush and the striving... and then, with energy, with hope renewed, confidently face another day.

—EVE GYE.

at the end of the over. Rotten place seeds was. Too much snick.

And suddenly his name was called. England's captain wanted to confer with him. He was to bowl. He was to go on at the pavilion end. He took that blade of grass from his mouth, removed his sweater; he never wore a cap. He looked up at the sun and wrinkled his skin.

He smiled at the wicket-keeper as he changed ends. He spoke to the umpire, whose name had been a household word when he had been a little boy. He did not look towards Jane. He concentrated on the job. He paced out the distance from his crease, marked a spot with his heel, kicked at the sawdust, looked round the field, asked a man with a wave of the hand to move round a little. The man ran to obey.

What a lovely morning!

They were changing the number of the bowler on the score-board. He stood turning the ball in his hand as if he were going to perform some sleight-of-hand. And then, all at once he started to run. He changed direction as he always did; his arm appeared from behind him as his shoulder swung back, and then his hand came up and bowled the ball. It was a cunning ball, a ball of great guile and perfect length. It beat the batsman, and the stumps, and the wicket-keeper, but one of the slips stopped it with his foot.

Brian walked back to his mark. He ran again. The ball appeared once more, with even greater mystery. The batsman was uncertain what to do, but suddenly chopped down his bat and blocked it awkwardly, just in time.

Again Brian bowled, varying both pace and pitch; he spun the ball in the air. The batsman mistook its quality and thought he could lift it out of the ground. He was held in the gully from a skier.

There was an interval. Cheers went round the ground, swelled to an uproar and died away again. Brian tried not to smile or blush or pose. He

did you mean by saying that the only amusement in Linster was the women?"

He turned to inspect her. She looked too luxurious to be quite real; he simply looked and loved, and loved and looked. And then he pulled himself together.

"I don't know," he made reply. "We all say something silly some time or other, or we should be too much for anything. It isn't what you say that matters. It's the tone you say it in. I didn't say it in that tone. I simply said something about it being too ridiculous that just because a fellow could play cricket they should try to make such a fool of him."

And then something new occurred to him. "As far as that goes, how do you know I said it?"

"Well, it was the first time I'd cared what anyone said, and as it was you... I listened."

"I say... what do you mean... by that tone, anyway?"

Well might he ask. Her voice had become a husky sigh. She did not turn away. She smiled and shrugged, and suddenly she said:

"Why... what tone?"

And as they were alone, and that tone could mean one thing only, and as in any case they weren't afraid, and they had waited some days and had been very good indeed till now, and what with one thing and another—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, there was kissing, in unexpected earnest and reality, at last.

THE mean-faced inspector said:

"If there was any hint to which you took exception you will accept the bank's expression of regret and will, I hope, forget it now. In any case I was told before I came down that if everything was in order you were to be transferred back to the head office. It would be a little more convenient there, they think, to spare you for those—er—international cricket matches."

And he smiled so that his face did not look quite so mean.

(Copyright)

## WILL YOU SEE THEM THROUGH?

Every man is a hero to his own children  
—the Greatest Man in the World.



Few fathers there are who do not respond to the trust—who do not think ahead and visualise the secured future of their boys and girls. But can you do for them what your father-love impels you to do?

## A Prudential Policy Makes Planning POSSIBLE

Taken out on the father's life in the heyday of his earning capacity, such a policy will place his children out of the reach of personal tragedy or misadventure. By putting a few shillings a week aside, you may take out a policy which will provide you at the right time with funds to complete your

children's higher education and thus increase their earning capacity. Or it may provide money to start your son in business, or comfortably endow your daughter. Whether you live or die you accomplish the result you have planned for.

## PLAN PRUDENTLY—

Any Prudential Representative will show you how—and tell you also of the various types of children's policies designed by the Empire's Greatest Assurance Institution to meet the needs of Provident Parents.

Assets exceed £263,000,000 English Sterling

There are 28,000,000 Prudential Policies in force—Share in the Confidence of this Vast Army

THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
ASSURANCE  
COMPANY  
LTD.

(Incorporated in England)

Head Office for Australia and New Zealand  
HERALD BUILDING, 66 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

C. F. WARREN, F.I.A.

General Manager for Australia and New Zealand



GET A PRUDENTIAL GRIP ON THE FUTURE

To...  
THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE  
CO. LTD.

Herald Building, Pitt Street, Sydney

Please send particulars of your  
Endowment Assurance Policy to  
mature in \_\_\_\_\_ years. My age  
next birthday is \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# TEDDY and TEDDY

## TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Fred was alone in his little room at Mushroom Grove. He had decided not to go out until Wunderlust returned, because someone always had to remain at home to answer any urgent calls that might come over the phone.

Fred had settled himself comfortably in a chair and was reading about the good ship "Honor" that had been captured by pirates and robbed of all her treasures.

He was so interested in the book that he did not see coming through the open door behind him—who do you think? No; I don't think you'll guess, for we haven't heard of her for a long time—it was the wicked WITCH.

She had never liked Fred, for had not he helped one of her prisoners to escape? Yes, that was still clear in her mind, and she chuckled to herself as she knew he could not escape now.

"So my little lad," she gave a dry cough, "I have the pleasure of seeing you again. Well, well, talk about luck meeting you here."

Fred jumped from out of his chair. "Oh, oh! you!" cried poor little Fred. "H'm, aren't you glad to see me, sonny? Now, now, look how pleased I am to see you." She put out an arm and grabbed him by the shoulder. "You better come with me quietly or you'll live to regret it," she said, tugging him towards her and sitting him on her broom.

In a minute they were out of the house and speeding in the direction of such a big, black, ugly cloud.

The broom seemed to nose-dive down to the earth at one time, and Fred saw distinctly three Japanese maidens sit-



THREE JAPANESE MAIDENS

ting down on a lawn. He cried to them for help, but he was too far away for them to hear. Soon he left them many miles behind and came to earth on a very dark looking place.

"Get off, will you?" said the witch, gruffly.

Fred needed no second command, he was off in a moment.

"Now let me see," she went on, "I won't put you in a cell where I have other prisoners, you might do some harm. I know what I'll do, I'll get my workmen to build a very strong cell right in the middle of the thickest part of the wood, where there will be no way of escape for even a clever fellow like you," she chuckled.

Fred was taken into a big gloomy-looking house while the witch addressed about half-a-dozen ugly looking men, and told them how and where to build the cell.

"Go on, get to your work," grunted the witch as she dismissed the ugly men. An hour or so elapsed, then a gruff voice seemed to come out of nowhere, "The cell is finished, will we come up and take him to it."

"No, I'll take him myself," said the witch, speaking into a tube in the wall. The witch took no time in getting to the cell, and locking her prisoner in securely, set off home very pleased with her day's work.

FRED buried his little head in his hands and cried aloud. After being in this position for a few minutes, he pulled himself together. "I'm a coward, that's what I am. There must be some way of escape, and I mean to find it." No sooner had he said this than the bars around the cell all fell down. Fred could not believe his eyes. Was he dreaming? Had he been drugged? He pinched himself. No; he was not asleep, and he couldn't have been drugged, for he hadn't eaten or drunk anything for hours. He grew braver and crept over to the bars that were now lying flat down. And what do you think they were? They were big friendly worms, who had let the workmen think they were iron bars.

Fred tried to thank the worms, but none of them appeared to understand him. But they really did, for as soon as Fred had said, "There must be some way of escape and I mean to find it," they thought, well, here's a brave boy who deserved to be set free, and instantly they fell to the ground.

Fred, of course, had his magic shoes on, which soon took him safely back to Mushroom Grove.

(Another story about Fred next week.)

## Just Chatter

KITTY MORGAN, of Glam (South Wales), lives about 12,000 miles from Sydney; Lillian Greaves, of Melbourne (Vic.), is quite a little artist; Elsie McKay, of Diamond Creek, does not like the hot weather; Anne Weiss, of Tambar Springs, attends Gundaharra Intermediate High School; Nellie Munro, of Temora, is fond of reading stories; Peggy Barr, of Willoughby, recently went for a trip to Bathurst.

Dora L. Smith, of Hummish, went to Katoomba, for two weeks during her holidays; Marie Patterson, of Richmond, does close shirtings; Margaret Armstrong, of Borneo, lives working on a plantation.

Glady McGee, of Den Why, went to Newcastle for her Christmas holidays; George Mackness, of Chatterham, writes a most interesting letter; Denise Highman, of Oranmore, is a great lover of birds; Beth Searle, of Mirambah, does clever shirtings; John Armstrong, of Denigha (Vic.), is fond of swimming; Mary McKenna, of Tongahill, went to Woy Woy for her last holidays; Alice Marshall, of Bunnahill (Qland), has a big sleeping doll.

John Gillman, of Fendal, Beaham, writes an interesting letter; Heather May, of Lidcombe, writes a very interesting letter; Gwen McIntyre, of Young (N.S.W.), is at present learning shorthand and typing and music; Alice Cunningham, of Mildura (Vic.), is coming to Sydney next Easter; Mary Wright, of Bundaberg (Q.), is fourteen next March; Rene Allport, of Brisbane (Q.), has a big sleeping doll that can walk.

Irene Jones, of St. George's, Canterbury (N.S.W.), writes a most interesting letter; she corresponded with a girl of fourteen; Millie Hadden, of Auburn, writes clever stories; William Pitt, of Ashfield, is very fond of Sydney's beaches.

Introducing Gwendolyn Kohler, of Waverley, a little.

## WHEN SPRING COMES

By NEENA NILON  
The air is soft on hill and plain,  
Against the bright blue hills,  
The trees do stand like sentinels,  
My heart with rapture fills.  
All earth seems full of joy,  
While beauty all about us lies,  
No troubles decked in tender green,  
Are swaying in the breeze.  
Gay butterflies are also seen  
A-sipping with the bees.  
Then when everything is lovely,  
And there's joy in everything,  
When the birds are making music,  
Then you know that it is Spring.  
Prize of 2/- to Neena Nilon, Box 46, Forbes, for this clever verse.

## Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—  
I had such fun the other night trying to say a tongue twister correctly, and, try as I might, I couldn't say it properly once. Now, here it is: "Theosophist Thistle-bones the successful thistle sifter sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles thrud three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb, now mind that thou when sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles thrust not three thousand thistles in the thick of thy hand."  
Alice Beville (13), 300 West Botany St., Rockdale, wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter received during the week. She tells me all about a trip she had to Mt. Kosciuszko, and, not only is her letter very well written and extremely interesting, but wonderfully well expressed.  
Well, good-bye, Pals, until next week.  
Cheerio,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

ADY: Oh, so you have been in touch with a Royalty, have you?  
Tramps: Yes, Mum. I was once stung by a queen, bee!  
Prize Card to Jack Desborough, Gidley St., St. Marys, N.S.W.  
What is there in an empty box? Plenty of room.  
What room can no one enter? A mushroom.  
What flies without wings?—Dust.  
Prize Card to Violet Fletcher, Victoria St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.  
Freddy: Dad, what's a family tree?  
Dad: Mine. Every time I want it one of you boys have it on.  
Prize Card to Leah Wright 187 Hornsby St., Balclutha East, Victoria.  
Policeman (taking particulars from a musician who has been knocked down by a car): Did you see the car?  
Musician: No, but it had a horn that sounded "doo" in the key of B Sharp.  
Prize Card to Peggy Barr, St. Sydney Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.  
School Visitor: If I gave you six shillings, took away four, and returned two, how many would I have left?  
Little Benny: I don't know, sir. We always do our sums with apples.  
Prize Card to Mary Wells, Falcon St., Nth. Sydney.  
What do you expect to hear in a turn?—The bark of the tree.  
Foreman: slow then, Jones, what about carrying some more bricks?  
Jones: I'm not feeling very well, sir. I'm troubling all over.  
Foreman: Well, then, lend a hand with the stone.  
Prize Card to John McGee, Blenheim St., Darwen Junction.  
Teacher: Sambo, give us a sentence containing the words "defence, defeat, and defeat."  
Sambo: When the horse jumped de fence, de feet came before de fall.  
Prize Card to Rose Le Brun, Mildura P.O., Victoria.  
Teacher: Johnnie, you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind you?  
Johnnie (cheerfully): A patch in my pants I told Mother you'd see it!  
Prize Card to Anne Weiss, "Leona Downs," Tambar Springs, via Gunnedah.  
What are the handiest bookmakers?—Dirty fingers.  
What is it no man wishes to have, yet does not wish to lose? A bald head.  
Why is it that a motor bus cannot be hit by lightning?—Because it has a conductor.  
Who was the first man to travel round the moon? The man in the moon.  
Prize Card to Jean Tucker, 23 Nelson St., Newcastle, N.S.W.  
What letter separates Sydney from Frances?—O (ooah).



EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, as the Mad Hatter, in Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland" picture. Color him with paints as chalks, and a prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry.  
BARBARA HERRINGTON, of Chalmers St., Menzies, sent along a delightful painting of "Alice," and wins the prize of 10/-.



# AN Awful LITTLE FIBBER

Continued from Page 11

FOR, as he neared Cissie Finchaw's cottage his pace decreased. He began to emulate the friendly snail. He looked up at the windows with a positively loopy expression. Then, suddenly, he saw Daphne's car, and over his face came a look of almost incredulous excitement. He slapped his side, he grinned, he hesitated, and then he tripped up the path, knocked at the door, seemed to parley on the doorstep, and was admitted.

Robbie leaned against the fence and laughed aloud. So this was Daphne's little romance! This was the dark, frightfully good-looking man in the bus, the perfect gentleman, the devastatingly attractive stranger. They had said she was an awful little liar, hadn't they? This was what she had lied about!

Robbie lit his pipe and waited. In a moment he fully expected to see the red-haired young man thrown out neck and crop. But time passed and he still did not reappear. Robbie began to be uneasy. Perhaps it was as well that something should be done about it. He decided to return to the cottage. The door was slightly open. He went in, and stopped short. Daphne was facing her new visitor, on her face a look of intense embarrassment and exasperation.

"Oh, please do go away!" she was saying. "You are being most frightfully silly. Of course I don't love you!"

"It's all very well saying that now. You led me on. That's what you did! You led me on! You let me take you to the bus. You brought me here and made me light a fire for you and cook a meal for you. You smoked twenty of my cigarettes, and then you flung me away like an old shoe."

"I didn't. I like old shoes. Oh, will you please go away?"

"No," said the young man firmly.

"Yes," said Robbie, with equal determination.

The young man wheeled round as if he had been shot.

"Look here," he said, "who are you?"

"Another of this lady's victims," said Robbie, "but a rather more polite one. Why not go while the light of retreat is decently open?"

"Well, don't let her treat you as she's treated me. Treated me shamefully, she has. False and perfidious. They're all alike. My mother always said so."

The young man decided to go. He did so, scowling. The other two looked at each other. They began to laugh.

"Well," said Robbie sternly, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes," said Daphne, "I am."

"Your marvellous boy friend. Romance of your young life. I say, you really are an awful little fibber, aren't you?"

"Not about things that really matter," said Daphne. "When it is a case of telling a good story, yes."

"Well," said Robbie sternly, "aren't you glad it's only me who knows the truth of this last adventure?"

"I," Daphne corrected him absently.

"I, then. The occasion is too serious for grammar. Aren't you glad?"

"It depends," said Daphne, "exactly what use you mean to make of the truth."

"And that depends on how far we



KAT: Why do you insist on your husband being a musician? He'd have to play second fiddle anyway.

stand and fall together. It would be as well, don't you think, if Cissie and her crowd went on thinking that I was your romantic hero? I mean, they've come to that conclusion already. It would be a pity to disillusion them in favor of that bucolic gent that has just departed."

"M'm—perhaps you're right."

"Then, in that case, without stretching the truth, which I am sure we should both hate to do, couldn't we make romance go a little further?"

"How far?" whispered Daphne.

"That depends exactly on you!" said Robbie.

(Copyright)

# HAZARD

Continued from Page 8

REYNOLDS laughed, too, and slapped his fat thigh. "Strike me, he's a lucky devil. Well, there's your hundred, give me the seed." They exchanged their goods, and Reynolds rolled the gold pearl out into his hand, glistening over it, while Clarice counted the notes again as she thought an adventuress, whose part she played, might have done.

"You're a shrewd one," he commented. "Well, let's have a drink to seal that deal."

Clarice shook her head. "I can't, I have to hurry back to him. He is pretty bad, you know."

He opened the door for her reluctantly, and she felt his hot little eyes fastened on her back. As she passed through the saloon, a woman who leaned against the table was singing a number that had been born in Paris.

... It died pathetically in Samarita. No one noticed the Englishwoman as she slipped behind the crowd and out the door.

Outside in the clean night once more she cried, sobbing violently as she ran. The strain had been tremendous, almost greater than she could endure. The shame, the shame of theft and bargaining with thieves! And yet a woman would do that and more for the man and the child that were hers.

As she reached Darcy's she saw Robert coming out of the gate. He started towards her. "Darling, there you are," he said, "I was coming to find you. Where have you been?"

Dear God, the haven there was in the shelter of his arms; she clung to him shaking, drying her eyes against his shoulder. He held her firmly.

"Dear, what is it? Where have you been . . . what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing darling. Do hurry please. We have to get Peggy and pack. We have to catch the boat, and it sails at dawn. . . ."

"What are you talking about? You are all right, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes, I'm all right now. Please hurry, Robert. I'll tell you as we go. You love me enough to forgive me anything . . . anything, don't you?"

"You know that darling. Tell me what has happened."

She told him.

As they walked back along the road to the town his face was white and drawn. He hated the whole business as much as she did. But he saw the force of her logic.

"You do understand, don't you?" she pleaded. "The pearl was stolen anyhow. Reynolds would have got it, and Darcy the money. . . . well, Reynolds has it any way, and we have the money . . . for Peggy. It wouldn't matter just you and I, we could get on alone, I suppose, but Peggy has to have a chance you see."

And at the dawn they stood in the prow of the ship while the engines throbbed and heaved into life; beyond the dip of the horizon lay Tahiti, and there was life and hope and health. The child climbed on to the rail. She was looking for the suds of a mermaid's washing in the newly-churned water that was liquid fire in the scarlet dawn. Clarice watched her, and suddenly the shame went from her heart, and the tiredness from her soul . . . this was her vindication.

She was content.

(Copyright)



RESEARCH has proved that school children given extra Milk food increase their height, their weight, and also their proficiency in school tasks. You can easily give your children this precious advantage by putting a few buttered MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS in with each school lunch.

The most convenient milk food for the school lunch is ARNOTT'S FAMOUS MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS. It's wonderful building and sustaining quality more than offset the strain of school work and the vigorous energy of the playground.

## ARNOTT'S

FAMOUS

## MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS

Try also ARNOTT'S FAMOUS GINGER NUT and SPICY FRUIT ROLL BISCUITS.

Always Ask Your Grocer for Arnott's and Make Sure You Get Them!



## No more frock disappointments!

There can be no doubt that the purchase of a ready-made frock frequently causes disappointment... a disappointment that can be avoided by taking advantage of the unique service made available by L. L. Coles.

## 21' buys a frock made to your own measurements

Thousands of women are already experiencing the anticipation of wearing perfectly fitting frocks made by L. L. Coles. The moderate cost of this individual service brings it within the reach of all. Complete satisfaction is assured. If you are not satisfied with your frock, you can return it and your money will be refunded immediately. Post free anywhere in Australia.

Fashionable frocks in Maroon, Floral Rayon, and Navy Velvet made to your own measure (S.W., W., and O.S.).  
21' 12/11  
(E.O.S. 3/- extra.)  
TEENY FROCK: Bleached Kameko Paj.  
Write for full particulars to

## L. L. Coles FASHIONS

MANCHESTER UNIT BUILDINGS,  
CORNER SWANSTON & COLLINS STS.,  
MELBOURNE, VI.  
Phone, P.1372. Established 1905.

## ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED

Asthma, Bronchitis or Catarrh sufferers should consult

### A. WESTON CARR

SYDNEY'S LEADING ASTHMA AND CATARRH SPECIALIST

His new scientific preparation cures Asthma in its worst stages, and hundreds of sufferers throughout Australia and New Zealand testify to the amazing results they have received from his treatment. In many cases patients who have tried almost every remedy without success report that this wonderful preparation has effected a complete cure.

Write to A. WESTON CARR, Dymock's Block, 436 George Street, Sydney, for his free brochure, "Asthma and Catarrh—Their Cause and Cure," which places you under absolutely no obligation.

"WAIT! Wait!" he cried, impatiently. "If you loved me as I have loved you ever since that night you leapt into my heart at the theatre..."

He had carried her off her feet; she had consented to the marriage. That was her real mistake. Afterwards, when she was alone, away from his influence, the old fear returned. All the determination that was in her came to her assistance to insist upon a delay. It was an agony to have to tell him of her changed mind; she was fighting also against her own heart.

For the first time she discovered that there could be fury as well as passion in Harry Hasted. He had already plunged into making arrangements for the sudden wedding when she phoned him, telling him that she must see him.

"You have been playing with me! In everything in life there is a risk, but you do not care enough to take a simple risk with me. Very well, but I do not want to see you or hear from you again," he said.

He was a man who would stick to what he said. That was another of his good qualities that made for her unhappiness, as, with an absence of response to her letters, she realised the strength of it. It was only when he had gone that she knew how much he meant; how blank life was, without him. If, after he had gone, he had written her giving her a chance to join him, she would have petitioned all her caution.

Her only consolation was the thought that his love was the sort of passion that could not be killed. He would return to Melbourne some time; they would meet, and then...

She was certain that she could win him again; yet, there were agonising doubts. The money that came to her, unexpectedly, after the death of an almost unknown uncle, seemed like a mockery. A few months before it would have saved the parting with Harry.

So she was in Sydney with the idea of finding him. The company had finished its New Zealand tour long ago.

It was just after she had engaged her Darlinghurst flat that she saw him. Her heart leapt. He was striding along some distance away, and she followed, hesitating on the impulse to attract his attention. He had turned suddenly into one of the buildings.

She checked the impulse to follow. It was a shock to find him living in such a shabby place. She hesitated, doubtfully, and then walked haltingly, doubtfully away. Perhaps it would be better to write to him, saying she had

# The FIRST VIOLIN

Continued from Page 12

come to Sydney to find him, and arrange for their reunion in her own dainty flat. It would make a more fitting setting. But by the morning she had decided again to see him.

Now her heart was filled with horror. She did not want to meet the mockery of what he had appeared that Harry Hasted had become. The change seemed incredible; the only explanation could be that Harry, hurt more than even she had imagined, had turned to drunkenness for solace, and it had destroyed him. Perhaps his dismissal from the grand opera, which he had jestingly suggested, had come to help his downfall.

An over-burdening sense of responsibility settled in her heart. She had been the cause of the destruction of a man who had been in every way fine.

"And I love him still! I will always love him! Perhaps, if I marry him now I will be able to lift him up again. I will write to him to come!" she told herself.

But she did not write. Much as she wanted to see Harry, her heart shrank from meeting the apology for what Harry had been. Yet it was horrible to think of him, foodless perhaps.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Tooser, "he won't argue too much about where the money has come from. I'll just grab

PICTURES taken by The Australian Women's Weekly may be obtained from our Photographic Department at low costs. Why not inquire about that portrait or picture you like?

the cash. But what's the good of giving him money? He'll only loose it!"

"Perhaps," suggested Hatty, "you could see that he has some meals—good meals. That will pull him together! You could tell him that a friend—a male friend, mind—left the money for the purpose. But I would like you to give him some money, too. He might want his boots mended, or something!"

Hatty had noticed an unwonted shabbiness in Harry in her short glimpses of him in the street.

"I'm git 'is boots mended!" grunted Mrs. Tooser, scornfully.

She agreed to be the agent for Hatty's benefaction, however. Hatty had to help him, but the help put the man she had once loved further away from her. He had reached a stage when he could accept charity without question, and a frowny landlady could despise him. It was pitiful.

The wise thing was to forget him; to go back to Melbourne; take up the threads of her life there. But the helplessness of the derelict Harry tortured her. Distasteful as it was, she must see him.

"I told you it was no good giving 'im money!" said Mrs. Tooser, when again she went to the shabby residential. "E made a proper mess of 'imself last night. E was shakin' like a leaf when e went out not 'alf-an-hour ago—to the 'ospital," e said, but I know where's e 'ospital!"

Hatty made a sudden resolution. She was being maddened by indecision. "I want to see him!" she said.

"I don't expect 'it'll be long before he's back. Is dooe's bound to be left open, because the lock's gone. You can go there and wait. Or you can wait here!"

Hatty elected to climb the dingy stairs. She wanted privacy for her meeting with Harry. The further she proceeded into the house, the more it appalled her. It was choking with musty smells. The door of No. 10 was ajar, and she went in. The "flat" was merely a bedroom with an attached kitchenette, which was a disorder of bottles and unwashed dishes. The tumbled bed was still unmade, and, except for a decrepid brush, and a broken comb on the dressing table, there was nothing but the furniture in the room. Harry had evidently parted with all his natty possessions. With an ache in her heart she sat on a creaking cane chair that—many years ago—had seen better days.

She knew the footstep directly. Momentarily she was thrilled. It was not the faltering step of a drunkard, but the old, familiar, happy gait by which her ear had always been able to identify Harry's approach.

He stood in the doorway, astonishment on his face.

"Hatty!" he cried. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I had to come!" she said. "I came over from Melbourne to find you, and—"

"Hatty!" he cried again. Unbelievably she found herself caught in his arms, and thrilled at being there. She should have been repulsed by him, but found nothing repulsive. He was the man she loved.

SHE was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Oh, Harry, I am sorry!" she cried. "I'm sorry for everything—for the pain I have caused you, and all that has brought you to this!"

"On the contrary!" he said, with a laugh, pressing her again to him. "I am very glad to have come to this!"

"I have been here several days, but I was frightened to meet you, when I heard—of your drinking!"

"Drinking!" He laughed strangely. "What else is there for a man to do, whose sweetheart has turned him down, except to drink!"

"I left that money with Mrs. Tooser because I was sorry to hear of how things were with you. It was all my fault. But I've got money now, of my own; and because of the harm I have done you—"

"Why then?" he said, "we both have money. You see, I've been saving first to be able to go back to you and show you what a little fool you were with your fears. I told myself I wouldn't see you until I had saved a pile. I've gone a bit shabby on it, in my clothes, I'm afraid. I was going to Melbourne this week. And I find you here!"

She was bewildered. He was nothing like a broken drunkard should be. He was just like the old Harry, with a face a little older and sterner perhaps.

"I don't know how you came here—"

"Three days ago I saw you enter this house. Oh, Harry, it hurt me to think you should be living in such a place!"

His laugh had all the old buoyancy. "One has to live somewhere!" he said. "But, as a matter of fact, I don't live here! This flat—they call it a flat—belongs to a cousin of mine—Jim Hasted. He's rather a hopeless, I'm afraid; but I look in upon him sometimes and do what I can for him!"

In her relief, her fears seeming ridiculous now, she hugged him passionately.

"Oh, I say!" he said. "Let's get out of here. I can see old Jim some other time. Let's get to some place where I can make love to you properly!"

(Copyright)

H. OEST Holbrook says: I know a special VAREX for my Veneral disease. I know, called Holbrook's Pure Male Veneral.\*\*\*



from SKIN INFECTION

FREQUENT use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap will keep your complexion clear and lovely; its valuable antiseptic constituents afford sure protection against skin infection of all kinds.

10¢ per cake at all chemists and stores.



WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP



CONSTIPATION Ages Women—Ruins their Looks

There are certain signs of ageing which neither cosmetics nor art can conceal. They are caused by failure of the system to eliminate waste matter—Constipation. Don't try to hide these age-signs—get rid of them! NYAL FIGSEN corrects Constipation and restores normal bowel action. The poisons which clog your system will be gently and naturally eliminated. NYAL FIGSEN is a true friend to men, women and children. It is easy to take; does not purge or gripe, and will not upset even the most delicate stomach. Buy a tin from your chemist to-day for 1/3.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figen to The Nyal Company, 4317, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.W. 1/2/34

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing for Bad Legs

Bad legs and various ulcers can be permanently cured by the VAREX Treatment. The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and, above all, there is no need to go to bed.

Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ERNEST HEALING, Pharmaceutical Chemist, VAREX Ltd., 8028 George Street, (between Lowe's and Agents & Coles), Sydney.\*\*\*



SOLVOL TIPPED THE BALANCE towards happiness—as SOLVOL so often does. Beautiful hands have so much to do with charm: no woman can afford to have grimy or roughened hands. SOLVOL keeps the hands smooth and white—removes every trace of grime and grease—softens and cleanses the skin. SOLVOL lather penetrates—use SOLVOL after every dirty job. As gentle to the skin as fine toilet soap.

23-40-19



# OFF to EMPIRE GAMES!

At Least Four Women

Will Go Overseas

THIS STRIKING action picture of Cora Hannan depicts her equalling the Australian record for the javelin throw at the Sydney Sports Ground.

Women's Weekly photo.

**N**OMINATIONS for the Empire Games close officially next month, and prospective candidates are literally putting their best leg forward.

The phenomenal shattering of records which marked the recent swimming and athletic championships is illustrative of what the Olympic Games have done to raise the standard of performance, and tends, too, to present the selectors with some knotty problems.



THE programme arranged for the interstate cricketers during their stay in Sydney is as follows:  
Thursday night: Civic reception at Australian Council meeting.  
Friday and Saturday: Match, N.S.W. v Victoria.  
Sunday: Harbor excursion.  
Monday and Tuesday: Match, Queensland v N.S.W.  
Wednesday: Free.  
Thursday and Friday: Match, Queensland v Victoria. At night, farewell dinner.

## BALMAIN Club REGATTA

THE Balmain Ladies' Rowing Club staged their annual regatta last Saturday. The event that should have been of outstanding merit, and which should have been keenly contested, was that of the junior lightweight championship of New South Wales.

Contrary to expectations, only two crews, both from the Balmain Club, took part in this race. As Balmain is the holder the enthusiasm that generally attends the winning of a State title was lost because of the lack of competitors.

Balmain, Y.W.C.A., and Sydney are the only three clubs in existence in Sydney at present. These three clubs will stage a regatta in which every State in Australia, with the exception of Western Australia, will take part, a fact that speaks volumes for the organisation, and the work of the officials who are handling the matter.

"I do not think the girls are aware of the wonderful opportunities offered them by the various rowing clubs," said Miss Goodman, secretary of the New South Wales Rowing Association. "For a nominal amount a girl can join a club where she has the advantage of a club room, and the opportunity to spend all her time on the water, and perhaps later earn the honor of representing her State."

## Sporting Shorts—Club Activities

MRS. W. CHAMBERS, secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association, and Miss Claire Dromet, the Olympic champion, left on Wednesday for Tasmania, where Miss Dromet will give a series of breast stroke exhibitions.

TENNIS players are reminded that the badge matches start on March 15. Clubs who are desirous of entering their women's teams in these matches should immediately send their entries in to Mrs. Warburton, the badge secretary, 42 Pitt St.

HOOT Holbrook says: I mature my Worcestershire sauce until age imparts a full rich, mellow flavor.

## Swimmers and Athletes Still Break Records

THE selectors for the Empire Games comprise Mr. Underwood, representing the Australian Amateur Wrestling and Boxing Union; Mr. Maxwell, the Cyclists' Association; Mr. Anderson, of the Rowing Association; Mr. Weir, the Athletic Union, and Mr. Bennett, of the Swimming Union.

The only events for which women will be chosen, however, are swimming and athletics, but with their recent performances they are presenting the selectors with a heavy task. There is no definite ruling as to the number of men or women the group of twelve competitors shall include, and, therefore, the keenest interest attaches to the recent record-breaking performances of the women athletes and swimmers at the recent national championships of each sport.

Among the athletes, Edie Robertson, Eileen Wearne, Clarice Kennedy, and Cora Hannan have all broken Australian records in different events during the past month.

Edie Robertson, who represented Australia at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, recently won the 100 yards State championship. Eileen Wearne, who filled second place, created an Australian record when she ran in the heat.

In the 220 yards race Eileen Wearne equalled the Australian record when she covered the distance in 33 4-5ths with Edie Robertson in second place.

The Australian and State records were both shattered by Cora Hannan in the shot put. In the discus throw Cora Hannan again showed her superiority, establishing another record.

Clarice Kennedy's specialties are the hurdle and quarter-mile race, in both of which events her figures compare

favorably with the world's finest athletes.

TWO very fine swimmers who have already matched their skill with that of overseas stars are Claire Dennis and Bonnie Mealing.

The former won the world title at the last Olympic Games in the breast-stroke event, and recent performances show that she has lost none of her form of two years ago.

Bonnie Mealing specialises in back-stroke swimming. During the past few weeks she has defeated Joyce Cooper, visiting British champion, and also lowered her own Australian record for the event.

Lesley Thompson, from Victoria, gave a display of diving at the Domain Baths on Saturday, when she won the Australian title, and that established her claim to consideration, while Edna Davey's name is another that will certainly be discussed when long distance events are the topic. A conservative estimate places the number of women representatives for the Olympic Games at four out of 12.

## Will Attempt Another RECORD

THE Bondi Women's Swimming Club will hold their annual swimming carnival at Bondi on Saturday.

The chief race will be the 220 yards intermediate championship of New South Wales. Kitty McKay, the holder of this title, will endeavor to break the existing Australian record at present held by Frances Bult, of Victoria.

Mrs. Buckle, the honorary secretary of the Bondi Club, tells an amusing story in connection with Kitty McKay. Just ten years ago, Kitty, a very tall girl for her age, entered and swam in the 100 yards junior race. She competed in the heats, the semi-final, and the final, but was disqualified for winning, because she exceeded her time.

"It was not until many months afterwards," said Mrs. Buckle, "that we discovered that the child, whom we all thought was eleven years of age, had only just celebrated her eighth birthday."

Pat Norton, who fought so manfully in the 100 yards championship when opposed to Joyce Cooper recently in the Domain Baths, will also be one of the entrants.

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macmillan House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

## Many Brilliant Juniors Says Joan Hartigan

"There has never been a time in the history of Australian tennis when there have been so many promising juniors; even the girls still at school are showing excellent form," says Mrs. Warburton, secretary of the New South Wales grading committee.

With this fact in mind, Joan Hartigan feels that a big responsibility will rest on her shoulders when she embarks on her trip to Wimbledon.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

THE Australian Lawn Tennis Association has sanctioned my going to Wimbledon as an Australian representative. Naturally, I am very keen to do well, not only from a personal but from a national standpoint.

I feel that if I am successful it will encourage the players from overseas to visit us, and this would be of great benefit to Australian women tennis players. The leading players here are constantly meeting one another in practice and tournament, and consequently become familiar with one another's play.

Experience against different types of players is essential to the improvement of one's own game. For this reason we all hope that it will not be long before we have a visit from some of the leading players of different countries.

In Australia to-day we have a number of junior players who show great promise.

The two most outstanding are Miss Nina Vickery, of N.S.W., and Miss May Blick, from Victoria, who recently won the junior championship of Australia, defeating Miss Vickery in a hard-fought three-set match in the final.

These two girls have met on two occasions, with honors equal. Both are very attractive players, and possess good forehand drives as well as having sound backhands.

Miss Blick has the better serve of the two and gives herself time to properly gain her balance between the first and second serve, a thing so many of us fail to do.

N.S.W. has many good juniors, of whom Edna McColl, Dot Greenwood and Eileen Crystal deserve special mention. Victoria is perhaps stronger with Miss

Truda Cox and Dot and Gwen Stevenson.

Miss Dot Stevenson, who was defeated in the semi-final of the Australian championships by Miss Blick, has outstanding ability. She is much younger and less experienced than her teammates, but has probably the finest variety of strokes, and they are made with effortless ease.

I am sure that before long she will be among the first flight of women players in Australia. We all realise that much credit is due to Mrs. Harper for the wealth of talented Victorian juniors.

With so many junior players of outstanding promise, I feel that the future looks rosy. Indeed, for women tennis players, and trust that my form on the other side will justify the council's action in sending me. Further, that my trip and the proposed visit of the English women players will prove stepping-stones to the promise our Australian juniors are showing.

## HOCKEY GIRL Becomes J.P.

MISS EVIE WINSHIP, treasurer of Saint Andrew's Girls' Hockey Club, Brisbane, has attained the dignity of putting J.P. after her name.

Saints could surely claim to be the only hockey club to have one of its members a Justice of Peace.

With sister Peg, Evie owns a much-travelled car, having on one occasion driven as far as Sydney. Both sisters are keen golfers.

Evie is leaving in April for a six-months' tour to England.

Peeps into Australian Homes

For years I have made my own pickles and sauces and should know something of Vinegars. I would not use any other but Cornwell's. Writes Mrs. K. Muswellbrook

**FREE**  
Recipe Book  
write to Cornwell's  
Box 184D, G.P.O., Sydney

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
**VINEGAR**  
BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY





"ADOREE" Selby Styl-Eez tailored Suede Tie Shoe, with smooth Calf facing and saddle. Black, also Brown. All fittings. Per pair, 35/-

Pair

35/-

IMPORTED STYLES, 49/6



"ROWAN" Selby Styl-Eez Side Tie in soft Calf with Suede slashings. Ultra-smart shoe for Autumn wear. Black only. All sizes. Price per pair 35/-

35/-



"PHYLIS" Selby Styl-Eez Opera Pump with fine detail in Lizard. A beautifully cut shoe! Brown or Black Suede. All sizes. Per pair 35/-

35/-



"LINOX" A lovely Selby Styl-Eez Suede Tie with patent facings. Black only. A smart serviceable shoe. Pair 35/-

35/-

WOMEN'S SHOE SALON—FIRST FLOOR



"ENID" Imported Styl-Eez Instep Tie in fine Suede with metallic leather trims—very sophisticated! Black, also Brown. All fittings. Pair 49/6

49/6



"VERA" Imported Styl-Eez Kid and Suede Shoe. A graceful "T-bar" style, perfectly fitting. Black and Brown. All sizes. Per pair 49/6

49/6

## Belfast Linen FROCKS

2 Styles!

12/11

Even at 18/11—the usual price—they were remarkable value!

It seems almost incredible. But it's a fact, these smart Frocks in our famous quality Belfast Linen are only 12/11! Two trim tailored styles, both with half sleeves. Blue, green, yellow, string, rose, orange shades to choose from. Sizes 33 to 40 inches bust. Finish off the summer with several at only 12/11 each! Come in, or write early—stocks won't last long!

ON THE SECOND FLOOR



FAMOUS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

## Roger & Gallet's OF PARIS

GENUINE

## Eau-de-Cologne

Jean-Marie-Farina

A fresh . . . stimulating fragrance . . . delicate . . . the finest Eau-de-Cologne made exclusively by Roger & Gallet's of Paris. In it you will find all the luxury of true French Cologne—soothing—cooling to the skin on hot summer days—a refreshing addition in the daily bath. A subtle deodorant. Fragrant . . . alluring . . . lingering perfume!



Roger & Gallet's genuine Eau-de-Cologne. In unusual flat-shaped bottles with the new sprinkler tops. They're large sizes, too, for 3/6, 6/6 and 10/6 per bottle.

PERFUMERY DEPT., GROUND FLOOR

REMEMBER—DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!

David Jones' Postal Address: Box 503 AA, G.P.O., Sydney